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AMONG THE THLINKITS IN ALASKA.

WE set forth in April, 1877, from Portland, Oregon, in the steamer *California*, and steamed northward till we entered the Straits of Fuca. Our purpose was to climb Mount St. Elias, the highest peak in the world above the snow-line, to explore the Mount St. Elias alps, and to acquire information about the unknown districts lying nearest the coast, with a view to future explorations. For less is known to-day of Central Alaska than of Central Africa. From Cape Flattery to Fort Wrangell—nearly a thousand miles—the passage is entirely inland, excepting short runs across the Gulf of Georgia and Queen Charlotte's Sound. The shores are forest-covered mountains, between which the steamer passed as between the lofty banks of a river. One of these channels, Grenville Strait, is forty-five miles long, perfectly straight, and, in some places, only four hundred yards wide. Cliffs and snow-capped mountains wall it in. Avalanches have mowed bare swaths through the fir-trees from the summits to the water's edge, and the mountain lakes, lying a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the spectator, pour their waters in foaming cataracts into the sea. Twelve hundred miles from the Columbia River bar we touched at Fort Wrangell, a filthy little town at the mouth of the Stickeen, where the miners from the gold-diggings up the Stickeen River spend the winter in squalor and drunkenness. A native village lies, between high tide and the forest, to the east of the town, along a sweep of the rocky beach. Behind the huts may be seen the graves of some Shamáns, or "medicine-men." Their functions, however, are more spiritual than medicinal, for these savages attribute death and disease to the workings of evil spirits. It is the part of the Shamán to exorcise the evil spirits or to call up the good. His remedies are

almost exclusively incantations and frenzied pantomime, accompanied with the wild hubbub of his rattles and drum. The Shamáns alone have tombs. All the other dead are burned on funeral pyres. At Wrangell we first saw the tall ancestral columns, which are carved from the trunks of huge trees, and sometimes are eighty and one hundred feet high. Their colossal symbolic carvings represent the totemic genealogy of the cabin-dweller before whose door they stand. They serve the double purpose of frightening away evil spirits and satisfying family pride. A few sick or bankrupt miners were hanging about the American town. One ragamuffin, almost picturesque in tatters and dirt, was seated on the shoe-box steps of the "Miners' Palace Home and Rest-rent," playing an asthmatic accordian to an audience of half-naked Indians, wearing yellow headkerchiefs and cotton drawers.

After a few hours' stay at Wrangell, we sailed for Sitka by the outside passage around Cape Ommaney and Baranoff Island, as the inside passage is much longer.

As we entered the harbor of Sitka from the sea the general appearance of the place was tropical.* The snowy cone of Edgumbe first appeared, then the sharp peak of Vostovia—a triangular patch of white against the sky. Everywhere below the snow-line the mountains were green with luxuriant growth. The harbor was protected against the sea by a curved line of reefs, on which grew firs and pines and cedars, with bare trunks and tufts of branches, making them look not unlike palms. The warm, moist atmosphere curtailed all the middle distance with a film of

* Observations at Sitka during fourteen years give as mean summer temperature, 54.2 Fahr. Mean winter temperature, 31.9; average temperature, 42.30.

blue, and, in the foreground, a fleet of very graceful canoes, filled with naked or half-naked Indians, completed the illusion. A line of surf seemed to bar every approach to the town, but suddenly a narrow channel opened. The ship swung sharply to the right and glided into a long, narrow harbor. The Indian village is built upon the beach, and at evening it was covered by the shadow of the adjoining forest. The green spire on the belfry of the Greek church reached up above everything except the former Russian governor's "castle," a huge log structure perched upon a pinnacle of rock near the sea. The church on the lower ground was surrounded by the rambling, dilapidated houses and hovels of the Russian inhabitants, who then numbered about four hundred, their neighbors being two hundred mixed whites and about twelve hundred Sitka Indians. Sitka was abandoned as a military station shortly after our arrival, since which time several efforts have been made to induce Congress to organize some sort of government there.

When we landed at Sitka we forced our way through a crowd of Indians, Russians, half-breeds, Jews, and soldiers, to whom this monthly arrival is life itself, and went directly to the trading-store and post-office. Mr. C. H. Taylor, of Chicago, who supported the expedition, had written to engage Phillips's fur-trading schooner to take us to Yakutat, where we were to begin our exploration. This schooner was the only craft available for rough work in the ice-drifts, so it was with much anxiety that we asked:

"Where is your schooner?"

"Gone to Behring's Bay for a load of furs," was the disappointing answer.

After fruitless efforts to obtain something better, we decided to risk ourselves in one of the

large Indian canoes. The Alaskans, having a superfluity of time on their hands, devote long periods to the most trifling transactions, and, in important bargains, it takes days, and sometimes weeks, to reach an agreement. We found them grasping, shrewd, and unscrupulous.

It was April 16th when we first asked for a large war canoe, or *yahk* (a word which would seem to be related to the yacht of the Germanic tongue), with crew. We negotiated with several of the chiefs, sub-chiefs, and principal men who owned the canoes and slaves to man them. But after wearing ourselves out chaffering with them, we found we could save time by taking the experienced Phillips's advice to "let'm alone." By and by, these aboriginal land-sharks began to offer terms. The winter and spring drizzle set in, and we joined the group of loungers around the trader's stove. We visited "Sitka Jack," an arrant old scoundrel, but one of the wealthiest men of the Sitka tribe. Of course his house stood among the largest, at the fashionable end of the town. These houses were built of planks, three or four inches thick, each one having been hewed from a log, with an adze formed by lashing a metal blade to the short prong of a forked stick. In constructing the native cabin, the planks are set on edge and so nicely fitted that they need no chinking. The shape of the house is square; a bark roof is laid on, with a central aperture for chimney. The door is a circular opening about two feet in diameter. It is closed with a sheet of bark or a bear-skin or seal-skin. On arriving at Sitka Jack's hut we crawled through the door, and found ourselves in the presence of Jack's wives, children, and slaves, who were lounging on robes and blankets laid on a board flooring which extended along



THLINKIT COVERED BASKET AND SPOON. (CHILKÁHT KWÁHN.)

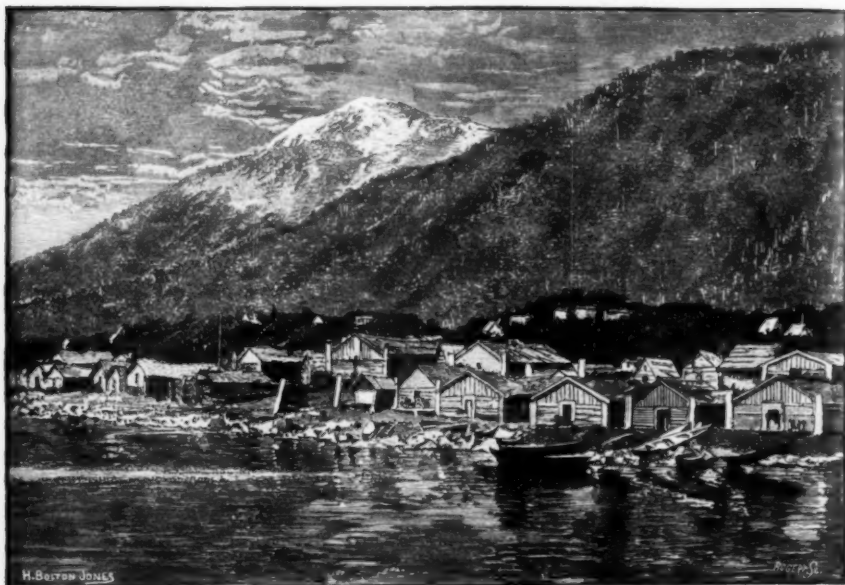


GOING FISHING.

each side of the room. A dirt floor about seven feet square was left in the center, and on this the fire burned and the pot of halibut boiled merrily. Our arrival was hailed with stolid indifference. The family circle reclined and squatted as usual, and went on with the apparently enjoyable occupation of scooping up handfuls of raw herring-roe, which they munched with great gusto. Sitka Jack was absent on a trading expedition to the Chilkáht kwáhn or tribe. One of his brothers-in-law was chief of this tribe, and being a one-eyed despot of sanguinary principles not only held his tribe under absolute control, but inspired his relatives and connections with wholesome awe. His sister, Mrs. "Sitka Jack," was, therefore, a person of great consequence, and her influence surpassed even the usual wonderful authority of the Alaskan women. Evidently she was the head of the house, and as such she received us haughtily. She weighed at least two hundred pounds. She gave us her terms, pointed coldly at the slaves she would send with us, and told us she was the sister of the terrible Chilkáht chief. As we still hesitated, she threw her weight into the scale, and said she would go with us and protect us. We could not get one of the great canoes

holding from sixty to eighty warriors, but finally closed a bargain with Tah-ah-nah-klékh for his canoe, of about four tons burden. He was to act as pilot and steersman. We hired Nah-sach, Klen, and Jack as crew. Jack, our interpreter, was a Sitka Indian who had a smattering of mongrel Russian and English. Myers went with us as prospector and miner.

We had accumulated a cargo that looked fully twice the size of the canoe, which, like all of her kind, was as buoyant as a bladder, as graceful as a gull, and very capacious, so that by skillful stowage we loaded in the entire cargo and left room for ourselves; that is, we could swing our paddles, but we could not change our seats. Jack, or Sam as we had newly named him, was fond of "Hoo-chinoo." This is a native distilled liquor, colorless and vilely odorous. The stills are large tin oil-cans, and the coils are giant kelp. The Sitkans never set forth on an expedition of unusual importance without first getting beastly drunk. Sam had evidently gauged the importance of this expedition as immense. We loaded him in as cargo, and waited for the last man, Myers, who presently appeared, dragging at the end of a rope a half-grown black dog. Myers took his place, his canine friend was put



THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT SITKA.

in the bow, and amid the cheers of idle Sitka we paddled rapidly toward the north. The dog gazed wistfully at the retreating crowd, then suddenly sprang into the water and swam ashore.

For a time we were in mortal terror, lest we should capsize the shell by our awkwardness; an anxiety on our part that was epitomized, at our first landing, in Myers's fervent exclamation:

truncated cone caught the hues of the sunset, and we could note the gloom gathering deeper and deeper in the hollow of the crater. Our Indians were stolidly smoking the tobacco we had given them, and were resting after the labors of the day with bovine contentment. Tah-ah-nah-klékh related to us the Thlinkit legend of Edgumbe:

"A long time ago the earth sank beneath the water, and the water rose and covered the highest places so that no man could live. It rained so hard that it was as if the sea fell from the sky. All was black, and it became so dark that no man knew another. Then a few people ran here and there and made a raft of cedar logs, but nothing could stand against the white waves, and the raft was broken in two.

"On one part floated the ancestors of the Thlinkits, on the other the parents of all other nations. The waters tore them apart, and they never saw each other again. Now their children are all different, and do not understand each other. In the black tempest Chethl was torn from his sister Ah-gish-áhn-akhon ['The woman who supports the earth']. Chethl [symbolized in the osprey] called aloud to her, 'You will never see me again, but you will hear my voice forever!' Then he became an enormous bird, and flew to south-west till no eye could follow him. Ah-gish-áhn-akhon climbed above the waters and reached the summit of Edgumbe. The mountain



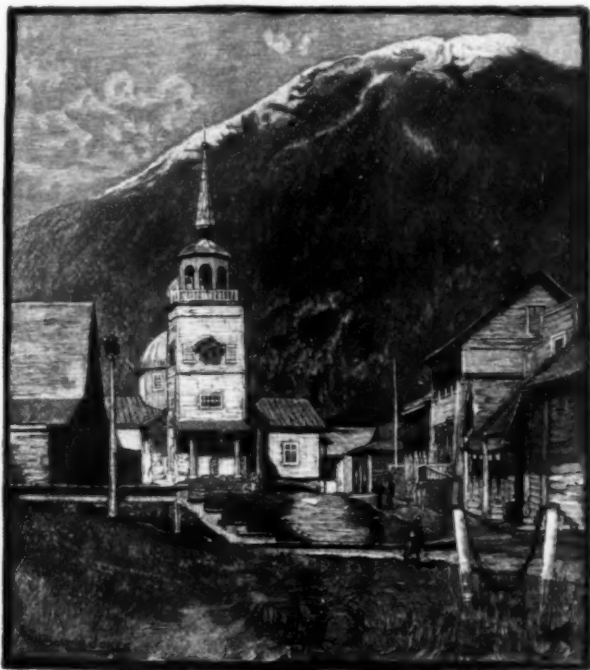
DOMESTIC BOWL FOR SEAL-OIL. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

"Thank Heaven, I kin shift my foot!"

One drowsy evening we saw the peak of Edgumbe for the last time. The great

opened and received her into the bosom of the earth. That hole [the crater] is where she went down. Ever since that time she has held the earth above the water. The earth is shaped like the back of a turtle and rests on a pillar; Ah-gish-áhn-akhon holds the pillar. Evil spirits that wish to destroy mankind seek to overthrow her or drive her away. The terrible battles are long and fierce in the lower darkness. Often the pillar rocks and

We passed a succession of evergreen islands with steep, rocky shores, and in the distance we could see the jagged alps of the main-land. The trees were principally fir, hemlock, and cedar. The evergreen underbrush was so dense and so matted with ferns and moss as to be almost impenetrable. The accumulation of moss was frequently ten or fifteen feet deep. Peat-bogs and coal-fields were common features of the islands, but the



THE MAIN STREET OF SITKA.

sways in the struggle, and the earth trembles and seems like to fall, but Ah-gish-áhn-akhon is good and strong, so the earth is safe. Chethl lives in the bird Kunna-káht-eth. His nest is in the top of the mountain, in the hole through which his sister disappeared.

"He carries whales in his claws to this eyrie, and there devours them. He swoops from his hiding-place and rides on the edge of the coming storm. The roaring of the tempest is his voice calling to his sister. He claps his wings in the peals of thunder, and its rumbling is the rustling of his pinions. The lightning is the flashing of his eyes."*

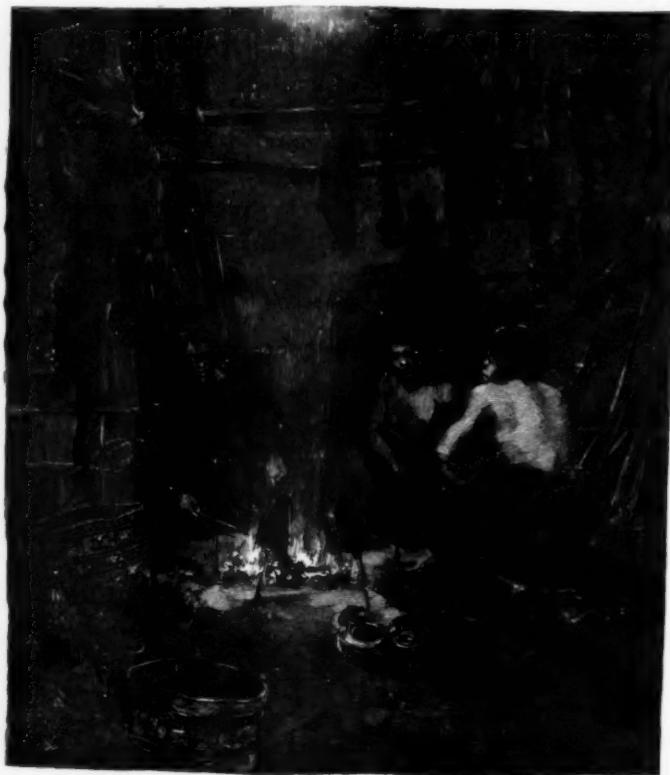
* Bishop Veniaminoff, Wrangell, and Dall have given versions of this legend.

coal was found to be sulphurous and bituminous. Clams were abundant and good. The smallest, when opened, were about the size of an orange. The largest shells were used as soup-plates by the natives. The waters of the archipelago at all seasons are alive with halibut. They are caught with a peculiar hook, fastened to a thick line made of twisted cedar-root fiber. Our bill of fare in Alaska included clams, mussels, herring, herring-roe, codfish, salmon, porpoise, seal, ducks, geese, and halibut—eternally halibut. Venison and wild goat and bear's flesh were to be had only occasionally, and the craving for good warm-blooded meats was incessant with us whites. Another intense craving was for sweets. We devoured our

supply of sugar, and when it was exhausted we consumed much seal-oil, and chewed the sweet inner bark of a species of cedar, of which bark the Indians dry great quantities for the winter.

On the 27th we sighted the mouth of the Chilkáht. Professor Davidson of the Coast Survey has been up this river a little beyond the upper village. The two villages are governed by the Chilkáht chief before alluded to as "Sitka Jack's" brother-in-law. He is a despot and

mostly captives from the tribes of the interior, or from hostile coast tribes. So little distinction is made between the bond and the free that at first a stranger finds it difficult to detect the slaves. They sit around the fire and eat from the same dish with their owners, who joke with them, and place them on a footing of perfect social equality. But the slaves hew the wood and carry the water and paddle the canoe. They cannot marry with-



AN ALASKAN INTERIOR.

does not encourage explorations of his river, though recently he has become so envious of the gold mines on the Stickeen, that it is said he will help gold prospectors to ascend his river. This one-eyed chief is very savage and vindictive, but as he holds a monopoly of the fur trade up and down his river he is very wealthy and influential, and can be of great assistance to any expedition.* He owns many slaves,

out the consent of their master, and they are unpleasantly liable to be offered as sacrifices on their master's grave.

From Chatham Strait we paddled against head winds into Cross Sound. In a sudden turn the whole vast sound opened to us, and the Mount St. Elias alps appeared like a shadowy host of snowy domes and pinnacles. Chief among them were the twin peaks Fairweather and Crillon. About this time we met a canoe-load of Hoonáhs, who had come ninety miles to dig their spring potatoes. On a sunny slope, sheltered by surrounding forests

* A good plan of exploration would be by two parties coöperating: one to go up the Yukon, the other up the Chilkáht, to meet at a depot of supply previously located on the upper Yukon.

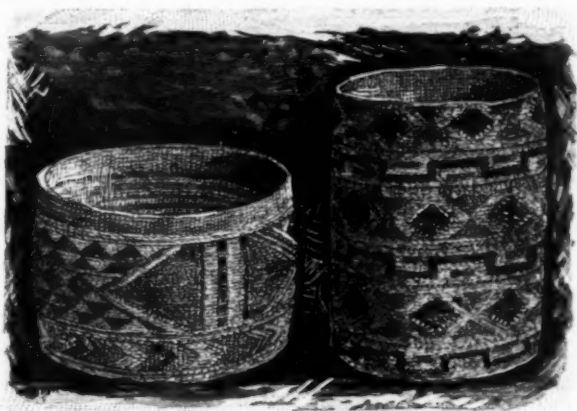


THLINKIT WAR CANOE. (HAIDÁH KWÁHN.)

and sentinel peaks, these people had long ago planted some potatoes procured from the Russians at Sitka, and every year they come to dig last year's crop, and sow the ground for the following spring. The tubers were about the size of large marbles. In the gardens of Sitka are grown excellent potatoes, beets, turnips, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, and such hardy vegetables. The soil is not suitable for cereals, neither is the season long enough.

Near Cape Spencer we camped on a little

island, where Tsa-tate, a young man of the Hoonáh kwáhn, had his summer hut. Three families lived here with Tsa-tate; and, though he was much younger than the other men of the family, he was the head of his clan. Tsa-tate's cabin was like all the other wooden huts we had seen. The cross poles and rafters were hung with fish and snow-shoes and nets. The sides were covered with traps, bows, spears, paddles, and skins of bear, sable, and silver-fox. The women sat around the fire, weaving baskets of different shapes and colors



THLINKIT BASKET WORK. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)



THLINKIT CHIEF'S CLOAK. (CHILKÁHT KWÁHN.)

from the fiber of a long, fine root, which they soaked in water and split into threads. One old woman was chewing the seams of a pair



WOMAN'S WOODEN COMB. (CHILKÁHT.)

of seal-skin boots so as to soften them, and another was pounding some tobacco leaves into snuff. A man with a fiery red head was carving a pipe in which to smoke the tobacco we had given him, and a sick baby, tenderly watched by its mother, lay in a cor-

ner, with its mouth and nostrils stuffed full of some chewed-up weed. As darkness came on and the halibut fishermen returned from the sea, we all gathered about the central fire in Tsa-tate's hut, and Mrs. Tsa-tate lighted the pitch-wood candles, and with down and resin dressed an ugly gash in the sole of her husband's foot. The children slept or poked the fire with an immunity from scolding that would have cheered the heart of every civilized five-year-old. A young girl sat demurely in a corner. Until they are of marriageable age, and entitled to wear the silver ornament through the lower lip, the maidens are carefully watched by the elder women of the family. An old woman stirred and skimmed the boiling pot of porpoise flesh. Tsa-tate, reclining comfortably on a divan of bear-skins, answered our questions and repeated tribal legends. He pointed to his son, a boy about five years old, who, he said, would be his successor, as head of the clan. It was difficult to ascertain the exact law of succession among the Thlinkits, but the chiefship seems to follow the direct line, though, as in all other savage nations, this is scarcely a rule, for the lineal heir may be set aside in favor of a more acceptable man. In the inheritance of personal property the collateral is preferred

to the lineal relationship. The wives, or more properly the widows, being personal property, pass to the collateral next of kin of their husband's totem, for the marriage of two people of the same totem is considered a kind of incest. The widow, in any event, takes with her such possessions as have always been peculiarly her own. She also takes her own infant children; naturally, then, she would take to her new husband the children's inheritance, which may account for the habit of regarding the male collaterally next of kin as proper heir. If there be no male survivor competent to receive the widow, or if he purchases freedom with goods, she then passes into the open matrimonial market, with her pecuniary attractions. Sometimes the heir rebels and refuses to accept his former sister-in-law, cousin, aunt, or whatever she may be. Then her totemic or family relatives wage war on the insulter and such of his totem as he can rally around him, the object being either to enforce her right or extort a proper recompense. Among the Asónques, further to the north and west, I saw a young fellow of about eighteen years of age who had just fallen heir to his uncle's widow. As I looked upon her mummy-like proportions I thought that here was reasonable cause for war. Sometimes a husband already liberally provided for will come into a misfortune in the shape of one or more widows. The only escape is by purchasing freedom. In fact, there seems to be no hurt to a Thlinkit's honor that money or goods will not heal. The scorning of a widow, the betrayal of a maiden, and murder, all demand blood or pecuniary compensation. If in a feud all negotiations fail, and Kanúkh (symbolized in the wolf), the God of War, be unpropitious, and send private war, then the principal antagonists, with their totemic adherents, don their helmets and coats of paint, and stand facing each other in two lines, each



SHAMÁN'S DRUMSTICK AND WAR KNIVES. 1. CHILKÁHT.
2. HOONÁH KWÁHN.



HALIBUT HOOK. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

line holding to a rope with the left hand, and wielding heavy knives with the right. They advance, and hack and hew, with more yells than bloodshed, until one side or the other cries the Thlinkit for *peccavi*. In this duel, any warrior violates the code who lets go the rope with the left hand, unless he be wounded, or torn from it; when he has let go, he is then out of the fight and must retire. If the strife be inter-tribal, or public war, the plan of combat is surprise and sudden capture. The villages, from necessity as well as from choice, are placed always at the edge of high tide. The forces of the aggressive tribe embark in a fleet of war canoes, and by a swift and stealthy voyage strike the village from the sea and endeavor to take it by storm. If they are resisted they generally retire at once. The Chilkáht kwáhn came down suddenly upon the main village of the Sitka kwáhn while I was near by, but succeeded in getting possession of only half the houses, so the opposing forces divided the village between them and kept up a lively but rather harmless combat for three days, at the end of which the invaders were bought off with some loads of furs. A member of the



SHAMÁN'S RATTLE. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

Sitka kwáhn had murdered his Chilkáht squaw in a fit of passion, and this was the cause of the conflict. The goods paid over as recompense went principally to the relatives of the murdered woman. In these tribal conflicts the captured are enslaved, the dead are scalped, and all property taken is held as booty. Hostages and participants in rope duels do not take food from the right hand for several days, because, figuratively (and literally), it is unclean. A head powdered with down is a sign of truce.

We were now within five days' journey of Yakutat, which is near Icy Bay, at which place one of the Mount St. Elias glaciers

ends in the sea. Threats and bribes were alike useless. Pay or no pay, our crew would not put to sea. Tah-ah-nah-klékh pointed to the mountain, and said:

"One mountain is as good as another. There is a very big one. Go climb that if you want to."

Thus perished our hope of climbing Mount St. Elias. We turned our course directly to the main-land, about thirty miles away, and landed a little below Cape Spencer. A sea-wind filled the coast-waters with icebergs, and we had great difficulty in picking our way through them. I noticed that, when journeying through the floating ice in good weather, our Indians would carefully avoid striking pieces of ice, lest they should offend the Ice Spirit. But when the Ice Spirit beset us with peril, they did not hesitate to retaliate by banging his subjects. After picking our way through the ice for three days, we came upon a small temporary camp of Hoonáhs, who were seal-hunting. We found little camps of a family or two scattered along both shores. One of the largest glaciers from Fairweather comes into the bay, and thus keeps its waters filled with the largest icebergs, even in the summer season, for which reason the bay is a favorite place for seal-hunting. The seal is the natives' meat, drink (the oil is like melted butter), and clothing. I went seal-hunting to learn the art, which requires care and patience. The hunter, whether on an ice floe or in a canoe, never moves when the seal is aroused. When the animal is asleep, or has dived, the hunter darts forward. The spear has a barbed detachable head, fastened to the shaft by a plaited line made from sinew. The line has attached to it a marking buoy, which is merely an inflated seal's bladder. The young seals are the victims of the Thlinkit boys, who kill them with bow and arrow. These seal-hunters used a little moss and seal-oil and some driftwood for fuel. In the morning we arose late, and found that our friends of the night before had



1. BROWN WOOD PIPE-BOWL (HOONÁH). 2. PIPE-BOWL MADE FROM DEER ANTLER (CHILKÁHT).
3. WOOD PIPE-BOWL WITH NATIVE COPPER TOP (ASÓNQUE).

silently stolen away, taking with them much of our firewood.

Mr. Taylor decided to return home, and we accompanied him to Sitka. There I reëngaged Sam and Myers, and, obtaining a new crew, returned at once to a bay about twenty miles south-east of Mount Fairweather. My purpose was to explore the bay, cross the coast range, and strike the upper waters of Chilkáht. On the shores of the bay we found hospitality with a band of Hoonáhs. Leaving the crew with our large canoe under the charge of Myers at this place, I took a smaller one and went with Cocheen, the chief of the band, north-westerly up the bay. After about forty miles' travel we came to a small village of Asónques. They received us with great hospitality, and as our canoe had been too small to carry any shelter, the head man gave me a bed in his own cabin. He had a great many wives, who busied themselves making me comfortable. The buckskin reinforcement of my riding trowsers excited childish wonder. I drew pictures of horses and men separate, and then of men mounted on horses. Their astonishment over the wonderful animal was greater than their delight at comprehending the utility of the trowsers. The Alaskan women are childish and pleasant, yet quick-witted and capable of heartless vindictiveness. Their authority in all matters is unquestioned. No bargain is made, no expedition set on foot, without first consulting the women. Their veto is never disregarded. I bought a silver-fox skin from Tsa-tate, but his wife made him return the articles of trade and recover the skin. In the same way I was perpetually being annoyed by having to undo bargains because "his wife said *clekh*," that is, "no." I hired a fellow to take me about thirty miles in his canoe, when my own crew was tired. He agreed. I paid him the tobacco, and we were about to start when his wife came to the beach and stopped him. He quietly unloaded the canoe and handed me back the



THLINKIT WOMAN. (SITKA KWÁHN.)

tobacco. The whole people are curious in the matter of trade. I was never sure that I had done with a bargain, for they claimed and exercised the right to undo a contract at any time, provided they could return the consideration received. This is their code among themselves. For example: I met at the mouth of the Chilkáht a native trader who had been to Fort Simpson, about six hundred miles away, and failing to get as much as he gave in the interior of Alaska for the skins, was now returning to the interior to find the first vender and revoke the whole transaction. Among themselves their currency is a species of wampum, worth about twenty dollars a string, beaver-skins worth about a dollar a skin, and sable or marten worth about two dollars a skin. From the whites they get blankets worth four dollars apiece, and silver dollars; gold they will not touch (except around Sitka and Wrangell), but they accept copper and silver. They are a laughing, good-natured people,



SHAMÁN'S RATTLE. (ASÓNQUE KWÁHN.)



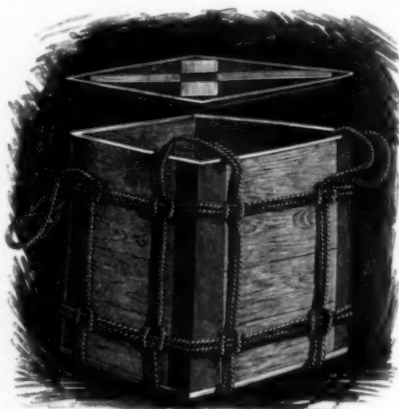
BONE STAKES FOR MARTEN TRAP. (INTERIOR OF ALASKA.)

ordinarily very quiet. Even their large meetings are subdued and orderly. They are undemonstrative. The mothers do not fondle nor play with their children much, but a stranger can win their hearts by kindness to their little ones. They consider corporeal punishment a disgrace, and I did not see a child struck during the time I was among them. A rebuke, a sharp tone, or exclusion from the cabin seemed to be the only punishments. Even the dogs are curiously exempt from punishment and abuse, and a more wolfish, starved, mangy lot of curs it would be hard to find. Good bear-dogs they will not sell at any price. With all their gentleness of voice and manner, and their absolute respect for the rights of the smallest and youngest of the family, their love and affection seemed of the coolest sort. Etiquette required only about forty days of ostensible mourning. The loss of children seemed to cause the greatest grief. They have a curious habit of blacking the face with a mixture of seal-oil and lamp-black, or burnt pitch, but I believe this custom, whatever its origin, is now merely a kind of toilet, to be used according to the whim of the individual.

From this Asónque village I went, with a party of mountain goat-hunters, up into the Mount St. Elias alps back of Mount Fairweather—that is, to the north-east of that mountain. For this trip our party made elaborate preparations. We donned belted shirts made of

squirrel skins, fur head-dresses (generally conical), seal-skin bootees fitting very closely, and laced half-way to the knee. We carried spears for alpenstocks, bows and arrows, raw-hide ropes, and one or two old Hudson Bay rifles. The climbing was very laborious work. The mountains, where not covered with ice or snow, were either of a crumbling schistose character or ice-worn limestone, and sometimes granite. The sides were terribly rugged; some of the face walls were about eight hundred feet sheer, with a foot slope of shell-rock or *débris* of two hundred or three hundred feet more. Ptarmigan were seen on the lower levels where the ground was bare, but I saw nothing on which they could feed. The goats kept well up toward the summit, amid the snow-fields, and fed on the grass which sprouted along the edges of melting drifts. They were the wariest, keenest animals I ever hunted. The animal is like a large white goat, with long, coarse hair and a heavy coat of silky underfleece. The horns, out of which the natives carve spoons, are short, sharp, and black.

After crossing this coast range the country seemed much the same—rugged, bleak, and impassable. The Indians with me, so far as I could understand them, said it was an exceedingly rough country all the way over, and that the Chilkáht River had its rise among just such alps as those around us, only it was warmer in the Chilkáht mountains, and there was more grass and plenty of wild goats,



THLINKIT TRAVELING CHEST.

sheep, and bears. We found a bear that, so far as I know, is peculiar to this country. It is a beautiful bluish under color, with the tips of the long hairs silvery white. The traders call it "St. Elias's silver bear." The skins are not common.

Being unable to go further overland I returned to the Asónque camp. There we fitted ice-guards to a small canoe, and with ice-hooks pulled our way through, and carried our canoe over the floes and among the icebergs, to the extreme limit of so-called open water in that direction. The ice-guards were merely wooden false sides hung to a false prow. From this point, also, I found the interior impenetrable, and went to a temporary

Here he paused again, picked up the corner of his squirrel robe and raised it with a sweeping forward gesture, which he maintained till his words had produced their full effect, when the sing-song intonation would begin again.

Coon-nah-nah-thklé, for that was his name, showed me his sorcerer's kit. There was an immense drum of stretched seal-skin or goat-skin, made to accompany him in his incantations, and to terrify the wicked spirits preying



THLINKIT ANCESTRAL SPOONS. (FROM HORNS OF MOUNTAIN GOAT. HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

camp of seal and goat hunters, who were camped on a ledge of rocks above the crunching and grinding icebergs. The head man of this camp was a young fellow of about thirty, who was both Shamán ("medicine-man") and hereditary chief. He was the most thoughtful and entertaining Thlinkit I had met. He told me that within his own lifetime this place where we now were had been solid ice. He would listen with breathless attention whenever I spoke, and then reply in low, musical intonations, almost like chanting. His narration of the traditions of his people was pathetic in its solemn earnestness. He said:

"You are the only white man that has ever been here, but I have heard of your people. Before I was born—a long time ago—a ship came to the mouth of this bay, and gave the Thlinkits iron to make knives like this one. Before that they had made knives from copper or from stone, like this."

Then he would pause, fix his eyes on me, and hold up the knife. When he saw I had absorbed his words, he would give a graceful wave of the hand and continue:

"Then the Thlinkits had many furs,—foxes, and bear, and sable,—all the people were warm, all were happy, and lived as Yéhl had set them to live [or after Yéhl's example, I don't know which]. There was plenty to eat, and plenty to wear. Now, sometimes we are hungry and wear ragged robes."

upon the life of the sick person. The drum had formerly belonged to a celebrated Shamán, and his spirit was either in the drum itself or had passed into the possessor of the drum, I could not determine which. I found it to be a common belief that anything that had belonged to a dead wizard possessed some inherent virtue. For this reason it was almost impossible to secure Shamán instruments. These Shamáns claim to be able to see the "life" or soul leaving the body or being dragged from it by spirits, and it is their business to seize the soul with the mouth and breathe or force it back into the body. The dress they wear depends upon what malign spirits they determine are at work. I only saw one Shamán exorcising, and I do not believe he would have continued had he known I was observing him. He kneaded, pounded, yelled, chanted, frothed, swayed to and fro, played tunes all up and down the suffering patient, blew in his mouth and nostrils, and literally worried the life out of him. In general practice the Shamán continues this performance till the wretched patient declares he is better or well. If he cures, the Shamán gets large pay. If he kills, he restores the goods he has previously received on account. If any one who is not a regular Shamán does anything for a patient who dies, the self-constituted doctor is held responsible, and must pay forfeit in life or goods. If the patient is obdurate and will not declare



BODY OF CHIEF "SHAKES" LYING IN STATE, PREPARATORY TO CREMATION.

that the spirits have left him, the Shamán makes that statement for him. The hair is generally worn long by the Alaskan women; always short by the men, except the Shamáns, who never cut or comb the hair, nor are the matted locks benefited any by the habit of powdering and greasing for occasions of ceremony. The hair is kept tied up, except when the Shamán is exercising his peculiar functions. Then it is shaken out in long, snaky ropes, which dance over the shoulders. Some take these ropes of hair and stick them all over with flat scales of pitch, increasing thereby the Medusa-like appearance of the head. I made for myself a fair reputation for sorcery while in Coon-nah-nah-thklé's camp by a judicious use of my repeating-rifle and revolver. The chief and I shot at a mark, and I am afraid he was the better shot. He gave me a little amulet (whale totem), which he said would bring me good luck if I would hang it on my rifle. Then he took the weapon and passed his hands over it, and blew on it, which he said would prevent its ever hurting him.

The spirits of the Thlinkit mythology are classified as Ki-yékh, spirits of the air; Tah-ki-yékh, spirits of the earth; Te-ki-yékh, spirits of the water; and Yékh, subordinate or minor spirits. The spirits of those killed in war become Ki-yékh, and the aurora is the flashing of their lights when they are dancing their

war dances. Hence, an auroral display is a sign of war. The chief deity of the Thlinkits, the Bramah, the Creator, is Yehl. One would suppose that he would be the deity of the Tinneh, or interior Indians. Yet among the Thlinkits the raven is held peculiarly sacred for his sake, and the early writers (Veniaminoff and Wrangell) declare the raven to be a foul and ill-omened bird among the Tinneh. Yehl is symbolized in the raven for the reason that one of his chief exploits, the bringing of fresh water to the Thlinkits, was done under the guise of a raven. The sum of Thlinkit philosophy is, "Live as Yehl lived." Their great totem is Yehl's totem or the raven totem, the raven being the symbol. Another scarcely inferior totem is the Kanúkh (wolf), the wolf being the symbol. The third (and, so far as I know, the last) totem is Tset'kh (the whale). Who Tset'kh was before he was a whale and what he did I could not learn.

Their totemic system is the most curious one that ever came to my notice. The totemic relationship is stronger than that of blood. The child follows the totem of the mother, and in family quarrels the opponents must array themselves with their totems; hence, half-brothers are often called on to fight each other. I used to be surprised at having my vagabonds tell me perfect strangers were their "brothers" or "sisters," until I found it meant brother or sister

in the totem. The Kanúkh (wolf) totem is the warrior caste. Men of this caste are the soldiers of the whole people, and are led in war only by chiefs of their own caste. Kanúkh is either the older brother of Yehl or an older deity—I don't know which. He is now the god of war and patron saint of the "wolves," but the myths tell of a celebrated encounter between him and Yehl. It is difficult to arrive at the religion of the Thlinkits from the stories of these deities. In my short visit I certainly could not, and Veniaminoff, who lived among them, has left little information on the subject.

A very wise old raven was pointed out to me as the embodied spirit of a defunct Shamán. Suicides are very frequent, because the tired person wishes to enter upon a happier existence; this and the superstition as to the aurora points to a belief in a spirit life. Then again all bodies are cremated (except Shamáns), and whatever may have been the origin of the pyre, the reason given now is that the spirit may not be cold on the journey to the Spirit Land. A Thlinkit, in answer to my questionings, replied:

"Doctors wont burn."

"But why don't you try?" I persisted.

"Because we know they will not burn."

I once saw a body ready for the funeral pyre. It was lying behind the cabin in a crouching attitude, with a native blanket from the wool of mountain goats thrown over it, and its robes and possessions near by. A hole had been cut through the rear wall of the cabin, for if the corpse had been carried through the entrance, it would have left the dread mystery of death upon the threshold, and the living could not enter. The Shamán attends to the burning. One day a little boy of the Sitká Kwáhn was pointed out to me as a Shamán. He wore the unouched long hair. I asked how they knew so soon that he was to be a Shamán.

"Oh," they answered, "he was alive a long time ago as a Shamán." At the proper time, this boy must take his degree in the college of Shamánism by fasting in solitude in the wilderness. No one must approach him, and his food must be the roots of the earth. When he has become sufficiently spiritualized, the Great Shamán will send to him the otter, to impart the secrets of his order. The novice will meet the animal. They will salute three times. He will fall upon the otter and tear out its tongue and take off its skin. Then in a frenzy he will rush back to his tribe and madly bite whatever comes in his way. These bites are often dangerous, but are sought for as wounds of honor. This frenzy fit among the Haidáhs is called be-

coming "Taamish." If the otter is not forthcoming in due time there are various artifices to compel his presence, such as getting the tooth or finger of a dead Shamán and holding it in the mouth. After the Nawloks, or evil spirits, have thus wrestled with him, the Shamán ever after has his own attendant retinue of Nawloks and Yekhs, or even of higher spirits, whom he summons to his aid. In supernatural matters, therefore, his word is law.

At Coon-nah-nah-thklé's, I found the people using stone-axes, knives, and other implements, some of which I brought away with me. They were made of hypo-chlorite and slate, tempered in oil. The children there were greatly frightened at me, and would not let me approach them. On my return I encountered another Shamán, and purchased from him a finely carved medicine rattle. But a skinny hag snatched it from my hand, just as I had concluded the bargain, and compelled the "Doctor" to return me my tobacco. She said the rattle had been the favorite one of her dead husband, a Shamán, who had left her and his rattles to this nephew, the "Doctor," who certainly did not seem too happy over it. By judicious coaxing and tobacco I succeeded in pacifying her, and renewed my trade with the nephew. The rattle is carved with crane's, owl's, and raven's heads, and has queer long-tongued demons turning back somersaults over it.

From Cocheen's I turned southward and homeward. I had applied for a year's leave with the purpose of exploring the interior of Alaska, and now was anxious to return to Sitka for the reply. In Chatham Strait, near Cross Sound, the old head chief of the Hoonáhs, came and begged me to go to his island to doctor his boy who was very sick. I went but was loath to do any doctoring; for the Thlinkit custom of killing the doctor in case his patient dies, is discouraging to a beginner. The boy was feverish and had a complication of troubles, so I gave him hot-water baths followed with a seidlitz powder. The effervescing of the powder put me at once at the head of the Shamáns. During my stay I built up an extensive practice. I made for the chief some camphorated soap liniment. Eye troubles are common among the Thlinkits, and are due to the glitter of snow and ice and the irritation caused by the smoke in the huts. One feeble old man to whom I had ministered was surely dying, and I was anxious to be off before that event. I visited all my patients preparatory to departing. I gave to some dried onions stewed in sugar, to others cod-liver oil, and diluted alcohol to the feeble old man to keep him up until I could get away. From the father

of the sick boy, then nearly well, I took a fee of some finely carved spoons made from horns of the mountain goat.

At this camp I found traces of a custom which prevails to some extent in Central Africa and is said to obtain throughout the interior of Alaska. When a stranger of rank visits a chief, the latter presents his guest with a wife from among the women of his household. In morals the Alaskans are much inferior to most Indian tribes of the plains. Avarice is their ruling passion. They are the most knavish and cunning of traders. Theft, if successful, brings no disgrace. The detected thief is laughed at and ridiculed. I saw old Cocheen look with fond admiration on Kas-tase-Kúch, his son, when the latter drew from under his robe some articles he had purloined from the village where we had lodged for the night. Their gratitude seemed small and they have no expression for "I thank you." Flaws in gifts were always carefully examined and critically pointed out to the giver. An Alaskan who shot at some decoy ducks near Sitka, went to the owner of the decoys and demanded the return of his wasted ammunition. Two Alaskans were driven to sea in a canoe. A schooner picked them up, but would not or could not take their canoe as it was still blowing a gale. The rescued demanded payment for the lost craft. Another fellow came to the doctor of the post at Sitka and begged for medicine for his brother and then asked the doctor to pay him for carrying it to the brother. I lent Tah-ah-nah-klékh a goat-skin robe of mine and at the end of our voyage asked him to clean it. He did so and demanded full payment. We did not lose much by theft, because our crew knew very well the value would be deducted from their wages. Thlinkit virtues are hospitality, good-nature, peaceableness, filial obedience, and, after their own code, a respect for solemn contracts or engagements. Even when very angry they only sulk. They are demonstrative only in the expression of surprise. My host, the old Hoonáh chief, was disinterested kindness itself. At his bountiful board I had a seat between his youngest and prettiest wives. They prepared seal-flipper for me with a celery-like dressing of some plant. We lived in ease and luxury and a little necessary grease and dirt. When the fire was stirred, and the spears and paddles were put away for the evening, my host smoked his pipe and told tales of the land of the Tinnéh, where all the best furs were and where the mountains were bleak and merciless. His youngest son, a sturdy little fellow of five, shared the pipe with his father, and they passed it from one to the other with amusing solemnity. I told of a

wonderland where the *yahks* were as large as islands and moved against the wind without the help of hands; of great horned animals giving milk; of other great animals on which men rode; of thousands of great stone-houses; of the vast multitude of white people. The Thlinkits received my stories, as they do every statement, with courteous deference. When I rose to go to my own camp the chief selected the handsomest bear-skin from a pile of them, and bade his youngest wife present it to me. When next he came to my camp I gave him, among other things, a fine woollen blanket. He folded it about him and said he would not use it as a hunting blanket. When he went away he would leave it at home, and when he died it should not go with his other effects to his wives and children, but he would be burned in it and it would go with him to the Unknown. A niece of the Chilkáht chief, one of the comeliest of her race, who had married a hideously ugly, but very rich old Hoonáh, the second man in the village, mended my clothes and my sealskin boots, and sang songs or chants for my entertainment that were quite wonderful, I thought, for their flowing measure and rhythm. This is one which I learned to understand the best, called "The Song of the Salmon Fishing":

Why is the young man sorrowful?
Oh why is the young man sad?
Ah-ka. His maiden has left him.
The long suns have come,
The ice now is melting;
Now comes the salmon
He leaps in the river,
In the moon's gentle twilight
He throws up a bow—
A bow of bright silver.
Lusty and strong he darts through the water,
He sports with his mate;
He springs from the water.
All the dark season
He has lain hidden.
Now he comes rushing,
And ripples the river.
Purple and gold, and red and bright silver
Shine on his sides and flash in his sporting,
How he thrashes the net!
How he wrenches the spear!
But the red of his sides
Is stained with a redder;
The maid of the young man leans o'er the salmon
White laugh her teeth,
Clear rings her laughter;
Which passes canoes all busy and happy,
Which outstrips the noise of the many mixed voices
And pierces the heart of her sorrowful lover.
She has forgot him,
She joys with another.
All for another she chases the salmon,
Ah-ka. Your sweetheart has left you.
So do they jeer him,
Ah-ka—your sweetheart is here at the fishing!
Ah-ka—how like you this gay salmon season?

The crabs I saw at this village were wonderful for their size. Two crabs were brought

to me, the largest of which measured a little more than six feet on a line joining the extremities of its outstretched mandibles. The body was eighteen inches long. When broken in pieces one crab filled a camp kettle, and four men made a hearty meal off it, and it was all very good. The boy archers of the village who brought me the crabs held their bows horizontally, and strained the bow against the front of the thumb and back of the little fingers, the arrow passing between the fore and middle fingers, a mode of archery peculiar to the Alaskans. Many of the men and boys of the village were making boxes and firkins, and shaping bows and paddles. They used dried dog-fish skin for sand-paper.

In this village were many little bee-hive huts, temporarily constructed of mats or bark, which were due to one of the most universal superstitions, and especially cruel, as influencing these people. These huts were the temporary shelter to which women were driven at certain times when they most needed comfort and attention, that is, at the periods of childbirth, etc.

When a maiden reaches a marriageable age her lover demands his bride from her parents, and if they answer favorably he sends the purchase-money or goods, and on the appointed day seats himself outside her hut with his back to the door. If they are willing to accept him he is invited in. The maiden sits modestly in a corner. The relatives form a circle round the fire and sing and dance. The wedding gifts are displayed and critically examined. They are laid upon the floor, and the girl walks over them to her lover. According to the Russian priest, Veniaminoff and Wrangell, the marriage ceremony is not complete until bride and groom have fasted four days, and lived away from each other for a month. They then live together as man and wife. I had no opportunity of confirming the accuracy of these statements.

A man frequently takes the name of his son, but, before doing so, he gives a festival and announces his intention. He does not give up his former name or names, but assumes a new one as the father of his son; or he takes the name of a dead ancestor, but first gives a festival in honor of that departed progenitor. They call such a ceremony "elevating" (or reverencing) the dead. Another festival is of a political character. It is to gain popularity and influence. To this end the ambitious person will save for years till he has an accumulation of this world's goods. Then he makes a feast of unlimited eating

and drinking, and all this store of wealth is distributed to the guests present. Festivals also celebrate the arrival of distinguished guests.

In the gray dawn, as we were about to push from shore, the old chief came to us accompanied by two of his wives. My blanket was wrapped round him. He said I had a good heart. I was a young chief now, but some day I would be a great one. Among the Thlinkits, he said, when a friend was leaving on a long journey, they watched him out of sight, for he might never return. I was his friend. I was going away to my own land. He would never see me again. Therefore he had come to watch me out of sight. He then motioned to his elder wife, who handed me a beautiful sable skin, and he continued: "Wherever you go among Thlinkits, show them this and tell them I gave it to you."

The breeze was freshening. I wrapped my capote about me and stepped aboard. We paddled rapidly out to sea, and it was not long before the three figures were lost to view. We were about three hundred and fifty miles from Sitka. In three days we reached Koutzenóo, a large village opposite the entrance to Peril Strait, where most of the native distilled liquor is made. Here we witnessed a drunken revel of indescribable abandon, during which naked and half-naked men and women dragged themselves about the place.

With a comparatively mild climate throughout the Archipelago, with most valuable ship-building timber covering the islands, with a cedar that now sells at one hundred and fifty dollars a thousand feet in Sitka, with splendid harbors, with inexhaustible fisheries, with an abundance of coal, and the probability that veins of copper, lead, silver, and gold await the prospector, with the possibility of raising sufficient garden vegetables, and with wild cranberry swamps on nearly every island; with all these advantages it is surprising that an industrious, amphibious, ship-building, fishing colony from New England, or other States, has not established itself in Alaska. One drawback is that Congress has not yet organized a territorial government, but when this region shall have been opened up to individual enterprise and settlement, it will then be discovered that Alaska is a valuable possession. There is lacking neither the wealth nor the will to contradict this, but to those who are really interested I will say what the opposition does not say:—Go and see! The round trip from New York will cost you about six hundred dollars, which does not include hotel expenses.

C. E. S. Wood.

CHRISTIANA'S WEDDING-DRESS.

DEACON JOEL EMMETT drove old Suke, his fat and lazy black mare, home from meeting one mild September night, with his mind full of thoughts, perhaps I should say a thought, that had been blindly growing there ever since he had first read in his newspaper about the Michigan fires, but which,—he being a slow man,—had not fairly struggled to the birth until that night when Mr. Owen, the minister, had made an appeal from the pulpit in behalf of the sufferers.

Deacon Joel kept up his thinking and Suke kept up a sort of sham trot, which amounted to little more than a walk, until she had passed the North Road that led around the pond and up by the parsonage; then, suddenly, she stopped. It was a way she had.

"Whoa!" said the Deacon promptly, rousing from his abstraction. When she stopped the Deacon always said, "whoa." They understood each other perfectly, still they always kept up this pleasant little farce between them. When the Deacon said "whoa" he always looked around, partly to see if any one was looking and partly to discover Suke's reasons for stopping, which were, of course, his reasons for stopping her.

He never would allow that Suke balked; he said she always had reasons. He was wont to tell with great zest how once he went into the village and forgot to stop at the store and get some red flannel that "Mis' Eben," his housekeeper, wanted for her winter shirts.

"I hadn't got forty rod by the store," he used to say, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "before Suke stopped, and she wouldn't budge an inch, all I could do, till I remembered Mis' Eben's flannel. The creetur knew if I hadn't ha' found it out till I got home I'd ha' druv way back again before I'd ha' faced Mis' Eben without it!"

Probably no one will appreciate this story as Deacon Joel's townspeople did, for they knew "Mis' Eben," and they knew that nobody in Middleport but Deacon Joel could live in the same house with her.

"The Deacon wont stand Mis' Eben more'n a week," Middleport had said when she went to keep house for him after his widowed sister, who had lived with him since the death of her husband, died and left him alone. But eight years had gone and there she was still.

"Mis' Eben, now," he was wont to say re-

flectively, "well, now, Mis' Eben a'n't so hard to get along with as some folks seem to think, if you only know how. When she gets a-steppin' purty high all you've got to do is to let her have the house to herself and go it as hard as she's a min' to."

But to return to Suke: as I said before, she trotted by the pond that mild September night and then stopped.

"Whoa!" said the Deacon, and looked around.

"Well, well, Sukey," he said, unable to find her reasons for stopping in any outward circumstances, "have you stopped to wait for me to make up my mind? I dunno as I'd advise you to wait for that," he continued with quaint humor, "for I a'n't very fast about makin' up my mind, and you might get tired."

Suke tossed her obstinate head and stood still, and Deacon Joel fell away into thought again.

"That was a good letter Mr. Owen read from Uncle Siny's granddaughter," he said to himself. "It made you see how things was out there so plain. I've read the papers, but I a'n't half realized how things was before. Jest as purty a letter as I want to hear, that was." Then, rousing himself from his abstraction,—“Come, come, Sukey! will you stay here all night if I don't make up my mind? Well, I guess it's about made up—I think I'll do it. Come, come, Sukey gal, geddup!” and Suke started off.

"Settin' up for me, eh?" said he, when he went into the house, after making Suke comfortable for the night.

Mrs. Eben White, widow, looked up from the book she was reading, "Memoirs of Seven Religious Men Renowned for their Piety," and shut it with a decided movement.

"There was a tramp around yesterday; I wa'n't a-goin' to leave no doors unlocked for tramps," she said, shortly.

Deacon Joel stooped to stroke a Maltese tabby-cat that had come rubbing around his legs as soon as he came in.

"Pears to me Mr. Owen's a-growin' uncommon lengthy," said Mis' Eben, holding a twisted paper in the blaze of the lamp, "I ought 'o gone to bed an hour ago. I've got to stir around early in the mornin' to get the washin' and ironin' both out the way to-morrow, so 's I can get dinner for the thrashers Tuesday."

"I dunno," said the Deacon, mildly. "Mebbe the service was a leetle bit lengthy. But Suke took her time comin' home; you can't hurry her any, you know."

Mis' Eben gave a grunt as she lit her candle.

"I'd hurry her once if I got behind her with a good apple-tree stick. Spare the gad, an' spoil the nag, I say. But, laws! you wouldn't gad her no sooner'n you'd drown a kitten, an' land knows I've had to drown every blessed batch that hussy of a Tab there's brought to town myself, or they wouldn't ha' been drowned!"

"That's true, every word of it, a'n't it, Tab?" said Deacon Joel, when the door was shut behind Mis' Eben.

"She a'n't ever left you the satisfaction of one little kit, has she? Not even one little kit, poor Tab!"

He sat still a few minutes, absently stroking the cat, and then, as if suddenly thinking of something else, he got up, and, lighting a small lamp, took it into an adjoining room, and set it upon a large old-fashioned chest of drawers.

"I b'lieve I'll look at the things right away," he said. "I've got a box out in the shop that 'll just about hold 'em, and I can pack it to-night, and take it out there without Mis' Eben's knowin' anything about it. I can take it down any time I happen to be goin' to the Port."

So saying, he took a key from his vest pocket, unlocked the drawers, and took out their contents with clumsy, but careful hands. They had been untouched since the same hands had placed them there the day after his sister's funeral, eight years ago, despite all Mis' Eben's hints as to "moth" and "airin'."

There were three comfortable dresses, a good supply of neat, whole under-clothing, and warm flannels, and in the top drawer some small garments, yellow with age, and old-fashioned, that had belonged to "Christiana's little girl," who had died before her mother.

"There a'n't so very many of 'em," he said, as he laid them out upon the bed; "she never was no hand to make up a stock o' things, and lay 'em away idle in a bureau drawer. She was allus givin' away things. There's three nice warm dresses that'll mebbe be a god-send to some Michigan woman. This one," he went on slowly, taking up a soft, blue merino, "I'm half a mind to put back in the drawer. No, I wont," he said, more decidedly, "not when I know there's poor creeturs out there with hardly more'n a rag to their backs. She wouldn't want me to—Christiana wouldn't."

He shook out the folds of the blue dress, his gentle heart vibrating to tender memories. It had been "Christiana's" wedding-dress.

"S'pose *she'd* ever come to such need as Uncle Siny's granddaughter spoke of in that letter," he said; "to have to hide away 'cause she hadn't clothes to cover her poor cold body! I s'pose many another Christiany may be sufferin' there."

He stopped and thought a minute, and then he did a thing born of his soft-heartedness, and the memories which the breath and the touch of the clothes had brought to him; he wrote this on a little slip of paper, and put it in the pocket of the dress:

"If there is any woman named Christiana among the sufferers where this box happens to go, please give this dress to her. The woman who wore it was named Christiana. She is dead. It was her wedding-dress."

That week the Middleport committee, at work in an empty room over the village store, were surprised by Deacon Joel Emmett's coming in with a small box all packed and nailed, and asking them to send it with theirs, and to let him know what was the expense of transportation.

The busy fingers of the relief committee at Wecumseh, Michigan, were unpacking a newly arrived lot of boxes. Here and there some of the sufferers who had not entirely succumbed to the shock of their misfortunes, were lending what assistance they could.

"A lot of stout, whole underclothing," said a woman who was bending over a box somewhat smaller than the rest; "some little clothes, dreadfully yellow and old-fashioned, but neat and whole, and three warm dresses."

"Chrissy Bronson!" she called out to a small energetic woman of about thirty-four, whose short black curls hung in diagonal rows across her cheeks, as she bent over her unpacking. "Here's a dress that looks as if it was made for you; it will fit you to a T."

Chrissy Bronson looked up with a quick movement of the head that set all the little curls pendent from a round rubber-comb to dancing.

"Me?" she said with a cheery laugh. "Give it to some one that needs it. I saved a pair of shoes, a flannel petticoat, and a calico dress—I a'n't one of the sufferers!"

The woman, who was forewoman of the committee, shook out the folds of the neat blue merino dress in a business-like way.

"You are going to your folks on Long Island in a day or two, aren't you?" she said; "what are you going to wear?"

"My shoes, my flannel petticoat, and my calico dress," responded Chrissy, promptly.

"If you've got a pair of stockings and some underclothes to spare I'll take 'em, but let her that has two dresses give to her that has nothing but a night-gown, the Bible would read if it was bein' made now and here."

"It'll fit you better than any one else I know of," said the woman, reflectively; "you can take two breadths out of the skirt and make it over beautifully. You won't have to alter the waist one mite. It's a plain, round waist, made before the days of basques; and look at the tiny stitches! The woman that made that dress had never used a sewing machine, I'll warrant." She broke off abruptly. "Here's a note in the pocket," she said, taking it out and reading it.

"Chrissy Bronson!" she ejaculated, after a moment, holding out the note. "Read that! That dress is yours by a special indication of Providence."

Chrissy's energetic face wore a softened look as she read the little slip. She read it twice and handed it back to the woman, who put it absently in the pocket of the dress again. "How kind people have been to us," she said. "The woman who sent that dress loved it for the sake of the one that used to wear it. I wonder where that box came from?"

"This lot's all marked Middleport, L. I.," answered the forewoman. "Why,"—suddenly—"that's the place where your folks live, a'n't it? I never thought of it when I read the name at first."

"Yes," answered Chrissy, musingly. "Christiana! I remember most everybody in Middleport, but I can't seem to think who could ha' sent that dress. But I'll find her out."

Deacon Joel's handwriting was so small and close, that they had taken it for a woman's.

"Well, you see Providence clearly means this dress for you," said the other, refolding and handing it to Chrissy.

"I will take it," said Chrissy quietly, "but if everybody else a'n't as well supplied as I am, I shall give away the one I've got on when I go away."

Chrissy Bronson had laid violent hands on many a dress before to remodel it; she had been feminine Wecumseh's main-stay in matters of dress-making for years. Since her father died her busy fingers had supported her mother, until, one day, the last thing they could do for her was to make her shroud and lay her in it. I say she had laid violent hands on many a dress before, but when she took her scissors to the marvelous stitches in that blue dress, her quick, capable hand hesitated.

"I declare," she said to herself, "it seems almost wicked to cut one of those beautiful

little stitches. Chrissy Bronson, I do believe you're a great goose! You can't wear it as it is—you've got to cut into it, and you might as well begin first as last."

But before she began she took the slip of paper from the pocket and read it again; then she put it back. She did not say in so many words that she should leave it there as long as she wore the dress, but there was a tacit understanding to that effect between Chrissy Bronson and herself. She was a woman of quick instincts and clear-sightedness, and that simple-hearted, child-like note had touched her.

"When it's all told 't a'n't all been loss to me, this fire business," she said, going at her snipping in earnest. "I don't know but I was growin' to think folks was mostly a selfish lot, always skimpin' you in the cloth, givin' you sixteen yards where you ought to have twenty, and expectin' you to get flounces, an' pleatin's, an' paniers, and every other earthly thing a woman puts on her back out of it. But I shall always remember now how kind the folks all over the country have been to the folks here in Michigan."

Many times since she had left her dead mother there had the thought of going to Middleport to live arisen in Chrissy's mind; but there had been a little property and the surety of plenty of work in Wecumseh to keep her there. After her little property had been burned to ashes the thought grew to a purpose.

"There was an old man I've heard my mother tell of, down in Middleport, that used to say, 'Blessed be nothin', for you a'n't got no taxes to pay!'" she said, with a laugh, when the first shock of her loss was over. "There a'n't anything to hold me to Wecumseh any longer. Everybody that belongs to me is at Middleport, and I'm goin' there. I a'n't afraid but what I can get a livin' anywhere."

And so it fell that one week from the day she put her scissors for the first time into Deacon Joel's sister's wedding-dress, Deacon Joel himself, down at the depot with old Suke and a load of barreled cauliflower, saw a vision; it was Chrissy Bronson in her blue dress, stepping out upon the platform with her brisk, independent step.

Apparently she was looking for no one to meet her, for she immediately walked down the platform, at the end of which Deacon Joel stood, transferring his cauliflower from the wagon to the freight-house.

The Deacon had recognized both her and her blue dress, for Chrissy's deft fingers had contrived to modernize the dress with little alteration. As she came toward him he let the barrel he was handling fall, and it went

rolling away down the narrow platform, giving Chrissy scarcely room to turn out.

"I beg your pardon," said Deacon Joel, following helplessly after it.

Chrissy laughed brightly.

"That was nothing," she said, holding out her hand. "How do you do, Deacon Emmett? Don't you remember me?"

She herself never forgot any one she ever saw. She knew everybody in Middleport that had been there six years ago.

Deacon Emmett shook hands with her in a dazed sort of way, answering at random a question or two concerning her grandfather, "Uncle Siny," and then she went on, crossing the track and stepping out into the village road.

The Deacon finished unloading his wagon, got in, chirruped to old Suke and drove off. Less than a quarter of a mile down the road he passed Chrissy, walking with a quick, firm step that set the short curls under her walking hat to dancing softly.

When old Suke had trotted a few yards beyond Chrissy she suddenly stopped.

"Whoa!" said the Deacon, and then he looked around. Suke's reason for stopping was easily found this morning; hearing Deacon Emmett say whoa, and seeing him look around toward her, naturally Chrissy looked up inquiringly when she neared him.

"Hadrn't you better ride?" suggested he with clumsy grace. "It's a good mile and a half to Uncle Siny's, and I'm goin' right by there."

"I don't mind walkin' one mite," responded she, in a matter-of-fact way, "but if you have plenty of room, and are going right by there, I may as well ride, and thank you."

So saying she handed up the small bundle that was her only baggage, and climbed nimbly to the spring-seat of Deacon Joel's box-wagon.

"Come, Sukey, geddup!" said the Deacon, with a little fear and trembling at his heart lest she should not obey, but, as I live, that animal gave a little contented whisk of her tail and started off as good as a kitten.

"I guess Uncle Siny's folks wa'n't expectin' you to-day," said the Deacon, by way of conversation, after a little, "or he'd be'n down to the train to meet you."

"No; I didn't write what day I'd come," said Chrissy, "for I don't mind walkin', and I didn't want to make 'em any trouble. He's gettin' to be an old man."

"They tell me you've lost all your property out in Wecumseh, and you're goin' to make it your home here in Middleport," said Deacon Joel.

"T wasn't much to call property," said

Chrissy, "only a little house and a little interest in a store there. Yes, I lost it, and there wasn't anything to keep me in Wecumseh any longer. All the folks that belong to me are here in Middleport, and everything I've got in the world is on my back and in this bundle."

"It seems kind o' hard for a woman that's alone in the world to lose everything," said the Deacon, with a sympathetic quaver.

"I don't know," Chrissy replied, with a laugh that had a bit of a tremble in it. "It a'n't so hard for old maids like me as it is for them that's got families to look out for. It would make your heart ache to see some folks that have raked and scraped for years to get a bit of land cleared, and a house made and paid for, lose everything, and have to commence all over again with a lot of half-clad little children around 'em."

The thought of half-clad little children touched a tender spot in Deacon Joel's heart, for the sake of "Christiana's little girl."

"Cluck, cluck! geddup, Sukey!" he said, huskily.

"As for me," said Chrissy, energetically, after a pause, "it's done me good. The letters and things we got from all over the country warmed my heart to folks as it never was warmed before. The boxes you Middleport folks sent came to Wecumseh,"—the Deacon gave a little inward start, not of surprise, but of fear at what she might be going to say,— "and I'm going to tell folks here what was done with their things, and how glad they made some destitute ones. Why," she went on, "the very dress I've got on came from here."

"Geddup, Sukey! geddup!" said Deacon Joel uneasily.

"And I mean to find the dear old lady that sent it before I've been in Middleport many days."

The Deacon breathed freely again, but there was an odd look at the corners of his mouth, that Chrissy noticed, wondering.

There was a short pause, then a sudden thought struck her.

"Perhaps you can tell me who she is. Do you know any old lady in Middleport who had a daughter Christiana that died?"

You see Chrissy, in her positive way, had jumped at her conclusions.

"N-no; I don't think I do," said the Deacon, doubtfully.

"She wrote a note," said Chrissy, explaining, "and slipped it into the pocket—it's there now," she added, in a softened parenthesis—"asking to have the dress given to somebody named Christiana, and that's how I got it. There!" she said, breaking off abruptly.

"That's the house! It a'n't changed one mite. Don't get out, I can step down perfectly well. I am very much obliged to you, Deacon Emmett," and with a nod and a smile she scrambled down, and went in at the door where Uncle Siny's folks stood in astonishment, and Suke and Deacon Joel went thoughtfully on and through their own gateway, a short distance beyond.

"She'll find us out," he said to Suke as he took off her blinders. "She's that kind. She'll find out about what she's a min' to. I sh'd feel like a goose if 'twas some folks, but I dunno as I care—for her!" he concluded, ambiguously.

"I'm glad Deacon Emmett happened down at the train to give you a ride up," said John's wife, when the first greetings were over.

"I don't know," laughed Chrissy. "I can't vouch for it, but I do believe I could ha' walked as fast as that animal of his trotted. Why, it give me the fidgets to see her poke along. And all he did was to hitch at the reins and cluck at her. I don't believe he had a whip in the wagon!"

"Whip? Quaddy!" said Uncle Siny, using his pet ejaculation. "I dunno as Suke ever felt the tickle of a whip-lash in her life. Deacon Joel's father was jest so with his animals, but his grandfather now—his grandfather was different. I've hearn my father tell how 't folks from all the country round 'd bring in their colts for old Squire Emmett to break for 'em. Quaddy! I guess there wouldn't nobody want Deacon Joel to break a colt for 'em, if Suke's the best he can do. His father was jest so. Nice men, nice men, both on 'em, but wonderful easy."

"I should think so," said Chrissy. "Deacon Emmett's as gentle-spoken as a baby; but it struck me that he was kind o' queer,"—tapping her forehead significantly and looking inquiringly at John's wife—"why he looked as if he hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when I was tellin' about the fires!"

"Mercy, no!" laughed John's wife. "There a'n't anything like that the matter with Deacon Joel. Why, bless you! he's one of our solid men here—one of the pillars of the church. He 'most always has a laughin' look on his face, and I s'pose he did feel kind o' like cryin' when you told him about things out there; that must ha' been it."

There were long stories for Chrissy to tell to eager listeners that night.

"And your boxes from Middleport came to Wecumseh," she said, as she ended a long recital of the losses and hardships of the sufferers. "This dress was in one of 'em; it was sent by an old lady who wanted it given to

somebody named 'Christiana.' She said it was the name of the woman who used to wear it and she was dead. I thought I remembered 'most everybody in Middleport, but I couldn't seem to think who it could be. I s'pose you can tell, though."

Uncle Siny stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Le's see!" he said. "There was Anson Wilbur's wife, she was a Christiany. Her father was old Parson Rackett. He was a master hand at tellin' of a story. Quaddy! he never'd spile a good story 'cause he was in the pulpit; I've hearn him tell some purty tough yarns for a parson right in the pulpit. But she must ha' been dead nigh twenty-five year by this time. There a'n't never been many o' the name o' Christiany here. I allus thought your mother named you for old Miss Christiany Petty. She use to think a sight o' your mother when she was a little gal. I never took Em'ly there in the world but Miss Petty use to fetch out some sweet-flag or some cruller babies or somethin' or other she'd laid by for her. But she went to Boston 'fore your mother was married and I a'n't never hearn what become of her."

"When you get father to goin' on genealogies," laughed John's wife, "he dunno where to stop. I've been a thinkin', and I can't think of any one around here but Deacon Emmett's sister,—her name was Christiany."

"I didn't know Deacon Emmett ever had a sister," said Chrissy, a vague fear growing within her.

"Le' me see, she must ha' been dead when you was here—six years ago?" said John's wife. "Oh, yes; it must be as much as eight year since she died! But it couldn't ha' been her, for her mother's dead, too. You said it was the mother that wrote the note. I can't see who it can be."

But Chrissy saw, although she did not see fit to enlighten John's wife. As rapidly as she had jumped at the wrong conclusion, did she now jump at the right one: and when she got to bed, she lay and laughed, with a mixture of tenderness and humor, at the ridiculousness of the thing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was not long, however, before John's wife, too, saw, for Chrissy suddenly dropped all inquiry about "Christiana," and if anything was said about her dress hastened to change the subject. And by and by the Deacon began to drop in in a neighborly way—bringing a basket of juicy Newtown pippins that he had smuggled up from the cellar when "Mis' Eben's" vigilant eye was turned, or making some awkward excuse at first, but soon dropping all excuses and

coming quite as though it was the natural thing to do. John's wife was a shrewd woman, and she began to put two and two together, and one day the answer to her problem was unexpectedly proved for her. She was in at a neighbor's who had been one of Middleport's relief committee, and they were speaking of the boxes sent from Middleport, when the neighbor casually spoke of the box Deacon Emmett had brought down all packed and nailed.

"I expect they was Christiany's things, likely," said the woman.

And John's wife restrained the exclamation that rose to her lips, and only said quietly:

"I shouldn't wonder at all."

But if John hadn't been in his grave these eight years, he would have been buttonholed that night and have had a secret that was hard to keep poured into his ears.

It seemed quite the natural thing, too, as Uncle Siny's folks didn't hitch up to go down to church twice a day Sunday, and as Chrissy, being active and energetic, did "hitch up Zekiel's horses" (as she said with a laugh, pulling on her warm leggins and overshoes) and start off, that Deacon Joel, passing her, alone in his schooner-wagon, should insist upon her riding, and very soon start a little earlier, and call for her of a Sunday evening, quite as a neighborly kindness.

Uncle Siny took all the Deacon's visits to himself, to the inward enjoyment of John's wife, who, being a shrewd woman, as I said before, kept her own counsel.

"Why, Deacon," he said one night, in a burst of neighborliness, "it's real good to have you run in and be neighborly! I use' to say to John's wife, says I, 'we don't have many neighbors, we're so scattered in this part o' the Port, but I wisht what we had 'ud run in and be more sociable,' says I."

"I've allus been a sort o' stay-to-home man," said the Deacon, a little awkwardly, "but, I dunno why, it's seemed kind o' lonesome this fall."

Chrissy bent lower over the stocking she was knitting to send to Michigan, feeling like laughing and crying together at the simple-heartedness of the man.

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Siny, sympathetically. "Quaddy! I sh'd think it would be wus'n lonesome to live with Mis' Eben in the house. 'She's a beater for growlin', now, a'n't she? If a woman'll come out with a good rousin' clap o' thunder, and then clear up, I can stan' it, but Mis' Eben, now, she hangs around in the no'th-east, and rumbles away all day. Le' me see! how long is it she's been a-keepin' house for you? Why, it must be goin' on nine years since your sister died."

A sudden thought struck the forgetful and garrulous old soul.

"Why, Deacon," he said, "she was named Christiany, wa'n't she? We've been a-tryin' to think up all the Christianies around here lately. You see, when Chrissy there was out in Michigan —"

Down went Chrissy's ball of yarn, and down went the deacon after it.

"Father," said John's wife, "don't you think the stove needs rattlin'? That new coal seems to have the most clinker in it I ever saw. Do you like the red-ash coal better than white-ash, Deacon Emmett?"

"I a'n't got a coal-stove in the house. Mis' Eben she likes wood the best, and I've got more swamp wood up at West Farm than I can burn."

"Ta'n't fit to burn, coal a'n't," growled Uncle Siny, taking up the poker. "Gi' me a well-seasoned hickory log, and I do' want no better fire!"

That night, when Chrissy went upstairs, she laughed to herself in a shy way as she pulled out pins, and unhooked hooks, and unbuttoned buttons; and when she had blown out the light, and lay alone in the dark, she whispered to herself:

"Chrissy Bronson, I do believe you're a goose—a great, soft-hearted goose!"

And so matters progressed until the new year came. Chrissy had found plenty of work in Middleport. People who do their work well seldom have to complain of a lack of work. The Deacon used to think sometimes that she was too smart and capable to take a fancy to so slow, unbusiness-like a man as himself. Still the magnet drew him to Uncle Siny's, and still he took Chrissy down to church of a Sunday evening.

The sky was gray and the air was chilly when the schooner-wagon and old Suke stopped at Uncle Siny's gate, New Year's night.

"You better wrap up warm and take my waterproof. I shouldn't wonder if it snowed when you come home," said John's wife, in a motherly way.

"I hope it will. I like to be out in a snow-storm," said Chrissy, with an exultant little quaver in her voice. "Out in anything with him!" she added, to herself, pulling on her warm mittens and stepping lightly up the horse-block.

That Sunday had been a lovely day to her. It was Communion Sunday at the little church at Middleport. That morning the service had been so sweet and solemn, she had felt it as never before. While Mr. Owen talked in a low voice as he broke the bread, she had felt her eyes growing dimmer and

dimmer in her struggle to keep back the tears; but when Deacon Emmett came down the aisle bearing the bread, a tender tremulousness about his mouth, his whole saintly soul shining through his homely face, she had known that the struggle was over, and that they stood thick and blinding in her eyes. She could not have described to herself the rush of feeling that had come over her, but she had felt that it was sweet and heavenly, and that, if there was aught of earthly love in it, that, too, was but a part of the heavenly.

They did not say much as they drove old Suke down to church that evening. A hush of expectancy seemed to have fallen upon them, like the hush in the air about them as it waited for the snow.

Chrissy had always gone right into Uncle Siny's pew Sunday evenings, and when Deacon Joel had come in, later, from blanketing Suke, he had gone into his own, which was three or four seats back of Uncle Siny's; but to-night, when Chrissy heard his step in the aisle—she did not have to turn to know it—it did not stop at his own pew, but came on to where she was sitting with a beating heart, conscious that she and the Deacon had changed places, and he was the cool, self-possessed one now, while she was trembling in every nerve.

"It's snowin' quite fast," said the Deacon, turning up his overcoat collar as they stood in the church entry after the service. "Ta'n't deep yet; it's only a step or two to the shed, and if you don't mind comin' out there with me, I can take more time to fix the blankets under shelter than I could out in the snow. But you better step in by the fire again a minute, for I guess I'll bring Mr. Owen's horse around for him. It allus gives him the rheumatics to be out in the snow."

"Just like him! Thinks of everybody!" thought Chrissy, proudly, as she put her toes up on the stove-hearth.

There had been but few people out that evening, and what few wagons had been in the shed were gone when the Deacon and Chrissy went to theirs. He helped her up into the high-seated schooner-wagon, and she sat there, her waterproof drawn close around her, waiting, while he untied Sukey, with a happy little shiver at her heart that grew into a thrill as he got in and tucked the buffalo-robe carefully around her, wrapping her up to the chin.

"I'm 'fraid you'll be cold, ridin' face to the wind," said he.

Cold! Chrissy felt as if she had warmth enough at her heart to keep her warm in an iceberg!

"Now, Sukey gal! Brace up, for you've

got to go out in the storm," he said to the mare, taking the reins in his mittened hands, backing her out from under the shed, and starting her out into the falling snow.

For a time they were silent, listening to the soft, even fall of Sukey's hoofs, and the crunching of the wagon-wheels on the snow.

"Did you mind my comin' up and settin' in the seat with you to-night?" the Deacon asked after a while, with a little hesitation.

"No," said Chrissy, with a slight catching of her breath.

"I dunno what made me," he went on, musingly. "I didn't mean to, but before I knew it I was there! I guess 'twas because I allus feel as if I must be where you are."

Perhaps I ought not to write what Chrissy did then, for I know her behavior was highly improper, and I can offer no excuse for it; but at those simple, slow-spoken words all that had been in her heart that day, and all she had seen in his ever since she first came to Middleport, swept over her, making the thrill of happiness within her uncontainable, and she bent her face to Deacon Joel's coat-sleeve and kissed it four times! Then she gave a little gasp.

"I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to do it!" she said, unconsciously using his own words.

It was well for all concerned that old Suke was the steady, self-poised animal she was, for that minute the Deacon forgot all about her. He pulled his mitten off his good right hand, and groping under Chrissy's waterproof for hers took it in a strong clasp in which throbbed all unspeakable things.

"Don't ask my pardon for makin' me so happy!" he said, huskily. "I a'n't got much to offer you—nothin' but the homestead and West Farm and old Suke here"—with a quaint humor—"but I've wanted to offer what there is ever since you came to Middleport."

"You—you've offered me a fortune, Deacon Emmett!" said Chrissy, and then she gave a shy, trembling little laugh and hid her face again in the Deacon's coat-sleeve.

On jogged old Suke as steadily as though she were not driving herself, lazily whisking the snow from her mane and tail once in a while and keeping up her even pace. On she went by the dark little pond that was greedily swallowing the snow-flakes, and up the North Road where Parson Owen had driven a few minutes before. Had the Deacon known what she was about he would have said with a laugh that she had her reasons for choosing the longest way home in the storm. That she had her reasons, and that they were of far more importance than even the Deacon would have supposed, I do not

doubt, for when she got opposite the parsonage she stopped!

"Whoa!" said Deacon Joel promptly, coming out of the buffalo-robe; "I declare if the animal a'n't up on the North Road and opposite the parsonage!"

Marvelous things were happening to Deacon Joel that night, and now another happened,—a sudden thought struck him.

"I declare!" he said slowly, "I never thought of it before, but why shouldn't we go in—and be married now—to-night! I dunno what Mis' Eben *would* say!" he finished, with a happy little chuckle.

"And I never thought of it before," said Chrissy (who had regained her normal self under the genial influences of the hour), with a laugh, "but I declare I don't see anything to hinder! I a'n't got any money to spend on weddin' fixin's, and if I had I'd rather be married in the dress I've got on than any other in the world—it's the one that brought us together. We can stop and tell the folks,

and I'll give you the best corn-bread you ever ate for breakfast to-morrow mornin'."

And she did.

"Well, well!" said Uncle Siny, when the thing was made quite clear to his belated comprehension. "Seems to me the Deacon a'n't done much courtin'. There was his father, now, Deacon Elim, he courted his wife nigh onto eight year, and, if folks spoke the truth, like to not got spunk enough to speak out then. She wa'n't a bit like the Deacon; he was soft-spoken, and she was kind o' high strung; it allus beat me to see why she hadn't ha' made him speak up before. She was a Slater—Luke Slater's daughter—'Doctor Luke' we allus use' to call him, 'cause he was the seventh son. Well, well, I s'pose it's all right, but 'pears to me the Deacon a'n't done much courtin'."

"I've gen'ally noticed that when old bachelors once get started they do things up in a hurry," remarked John's wife, sententially.

Mrs. Schuyler B. Horton.

A COLORADO CAVERN.

SINCE describing in *THE CENTURY** the remarkable series of caverns at Luray, Page County, West Virginia, I have visited some recently discovered caves in Colorado, which bear some resemblance to those at Luray. They are near Manitou, half a dozen miles from Colorado Springs, and penetrate one of the foot-hills of Pike's Peak, being known locally by the name of the central one—the Cave of the Winds—which is an absurd name, and should be changed to something with a meaning before being fixed in the nomenclature of the region.

The manner of the discovery closely recalls the history of Luray. In both cases there was a cavern near by already known, but little valued. In the spring of 1880 the Rev. R. T. Cross, formerly principal of the preparatory department at Oberlin College, Ohio, was pastor of a church at Colorado Springs. To interest the boys of his congregation in recreation of an instructive character, he organized an "Exploring Society" among them. The first expedition was in June, 1880, to a cave in Williams' cañon, just above Manitou, about which little was known. The owner of the land, however, seems to have put so many obstacles in the way of their entering the cave that their leader

said: "Very well, boys, we'll go and find a cave of our own!" An hour later the merry young crew had crawled far enough into this new crevice to satisfy themselves that they had distanced the other hole in the ground.

The way to the cave is a pleasant walk up one of the prettiest of the many charming ravines that seam the rugged base of Pike's Peak. The walls of the ravine are limestone rock, stained bright red and Indian yellow, standing lofty, vertical and broken into a multitude of bastions, towers, pinnacles, and sweeping curved façades, whose rugged crests often tower hundreds of feet overhead against the violet sky. These upright walls face each other at their bases so closely that much of the way there is not room between them for one wagon to pass another, and the track lies nearly always in the bed of the shallow, sparkling brook. Half a mile up the cañon a trail climbs, by frequent turnings, up the precipitous sides of the ravine, to where about three hundred feet above the brook the sheer cliff begins. Here a rough stairway, running underneath an archway of native rock, leads to a great chimney, and a niche which serves as ante-room for the cave, which is a labyrinth of narrow passages, occasionally opening out into low-roofed chambers of irregular size, into which protrude ledges and points of rock from the stratified walls, greatly

* For January, 1882.

limiting the space in which it is possible to move about. These passages are often so contracted that you are called upon to stoop in passing through, and if you insist upon going to the end of the route, you must squirm along on all fours for several rods at a time.

The passages and chambers are not upon the same level, but run under and over one another—mainly in three general levels—and show numerous slender fox-holes, which the guide tells you lead to some Stygian retreat you have already visited, or are about to enter. Boston Avenue is one such passage, partly artificial, between Canopy Hall and another large chamber, originally separated at that point by a thin wall of clay. Chicago Avenue is another side-squeezing, but very pretty channel, which forms part of the regular four-hours' walk through the caves; for if one is to "do" the whole of the nearly one hundred chambers already discovered it will take him fully that length of time. Often the end of one of these tortuous underground crevices, or passage-ways, is found in a round sink, like one of the great "pot-holes" sometimes found in a river-bottom, and the like of which I have never seen in any other cave. Many of the protruding ledges, especially in Canopy Hall, are thus perforated, and the guide will tell you that they were ground out by revolving pebbles, but it is easy to show the error of this, and demonstrate that the slow action of water, and the atmospheric agents that have cut the rest of the cavern, are responsible for these "pot-holes" also. Instead of them there will sometimes yawn at your feet, in a way likely to startle you, a squarish chasm, or the path will end in the side of a vertical chimney, seeming endless as you attempt to make your candle-beams penetrate the thick darkness which fills the shaft above and below.

Through several such chimneys, or shafts, you follow your guide in climbing long ladders (ultimately to be replaced by stairways) up to a higher or down to a lower level. Clinging to the spidery supports with only a little halo of light about you, both ends of the ladder or the slender bridge hidden from view, and apparently unsupported, you thrill with a sense of romantic peril, and take extraordinary interest in what the guide is telling of his first explorations of this subterranean maze, when there was no route to be followed, nor even a ladder to assist his getting about. You wonder more and more, not only how such a labyrinth ever was explored, but how its passages can be remembered even with daily practice. I can best picture the tortuous complexity of underground shafts and tunnels,

cracks and crannies, by asking you to imagine the atmosphere a solid, and yourself some pigmy following the tangled and criss-crossed interior of the thickly branching twigs of a tree. However, in remote portions of the cave, not yet accessible to the general public, there exist very large rooms. One of these is two hundred and fifty feet long, and of varying width. Another would be large were it not incumbered by fallen masses and by drip-stone pillars, which are vertically ribbed, as though made of boards set on end with rounded edges outward. A third room, the biggest of all, measures four hundred and fifty feet in length, and is wide at each end, but narrows hour-glass fashion in the middle. The ceiling of this chamber is so high that no candle flame or even magnesium light has ever been strong enough to bring it into view, and the echoes are remarkable. In the greater part of the cave, however, one must continually stoop and dodge to avoid contact with the side-walls or the ceiling.

It is to the ornamentation, however, that I wish particularly to call attention. This exactly resembles that at Luray, except that it is upon a very much smaller scale. The largest drip-formed pillars in the Colorado cave are said to be not more than twenty feet in height and few in number, and the great majority of the stalactites and stalagmites I saw were small, and hung in rows from overhanging ledges like the icicles on eaves in winter. There were also few stalagmites, showing that generally the dripping had been sufficiently slow to allow of the evaporation of all the water before it accumulated in too heavy a drop on the tip of the pendant that its burden of lime was building out. This varied greatly, however, in different parts of the cave, and some rooms, for example, those near the entrance, are almost utterly bare, or adorned only with little fungoid tufts of pure clay, which are left after their solid matrix has disappeared. On the other hand, so profuse has been the discharge of water over several ledges, that the native rock is wholly concealed under a great "frozen cascade" of deposited material—alabaster-white, crystalline, sparkling,—which well simulates ice. Elsewhere there is abundant proof that the water dripped rapidly and spattered, producing those curious botryoidal, cauliflower-like masses called "vegetable gardens." This was like Luray, as, also, was the tendency observed everywhere—though rarely well carried out,—toward the curtain or ribbon-like "drapery" form of stalactite, whose gracefully pendant corners make the Virginia cavern-scenery so strangely attractive. There is much less wall-rock and ceiling hidden under

these water-formed accretions here, however, than at Luray, showing, probably, that at no time was there so large an amount of water present in the rocks as found its way through the Virginia catacombs. The relatively smaller size of all the excavations at Manitou would confirm this explanation of a condition which might be expected in this dryer climate and superior altitude.

The floors of many rooms are laid several inches deep with incrustations of limework, which is embroidered with raised ridges of exquisite carving. These cross one another in every direction, making a series of small, shallow compartments, generally half-filled with the finest of clay; and several strata of this thin floor-rock will often be found superimposed upon one another, and, as a whole, easily detachable from the real bed-rock floor.

Again, where water has been caught in depressions, these basins have been lined with a plush of minute lime-crystals—tufts like small cushions of yellow and white moss. Such depressed patches are very abundant. Moreover, the rapid evaporation of such pools in confined spaces has so surcharged the air with carbonated moisture, that particles of lime have been deposited on the walls of the pocket in a thousand dainty and delicate forms of tiny stalactites and bunches of stone twigs, until you can fancy the most airy of coral-work transferred to these recesses. Here, often, the air still seems foggy as your lamp-rays strike it, and the growing filagree work gleams alabaster-white under the spray which is feeding its strange, exquisite growth. In this minute and frost-like ornamentation, to which the most skillful workmanship of the silversmith would bear no comparison, and where the flowers of the hot-house or the brilliantly tentacled dwellers in some sunny tide-cove would find their delicate beauty surpassed, this Colorado cavern can show far more than its larger rival in the Alleghanies.

The most profusely ornamented part of the

cave is that included in Music Hall, Alabaster Hall, and Grotto, the Bridal Chamber and the Dining-Room, which is central to the rest. Music Hall, which is a chamber fifty feet long, with a level floor, even sides, and a high-arched ceiling, takes its name from the musical tones produced by gently striking the resonant, vibratory stalactites. In their varying length and thickness one can easily find the octaves and so hammer out a tune, which if it be of no great compass, will contain much melody. Quaint imitative devices occur in the abundant excrescences here,—a prairie dog, the sleeping bird, and a score of others which the guides have learned to point out for our amusement, while one end of the hall is a perfect little jungle of stalactites and stalagmites. Many of the specimens here do not taper, but, having grown from their interiors by the water which trickled through, leaving successive rings at the mouth of the slender pendent tube, are of exactly the same diameter throughout; and, having grown rapidly, have not had time to waste into the clay-stained condition of the older formations, but remain beautifully translucent, as you may see by holding your yellow candle-flame behind them. Alabaster Hall and the Grotto are treasure-nooks lavishly ornamented in every pattern of cave-art.

I have said enough to show, I think, that in the Pike's Peak cave, which seems to belong to the same geological age (the Silurian) as its eastern type, the conditions of excavation were substantially the same as in the Virginian "wonder," and that consequently the same kind of spaces in the limestone rock are found in both, and the same sort of interior decoration; with this important difference, however, that the far greater supply of water in one has carved out vastly greater rooms and furnished the transportation for an immensely greater mass of material into the secondary formations of both pendent and piled up drip-rock.

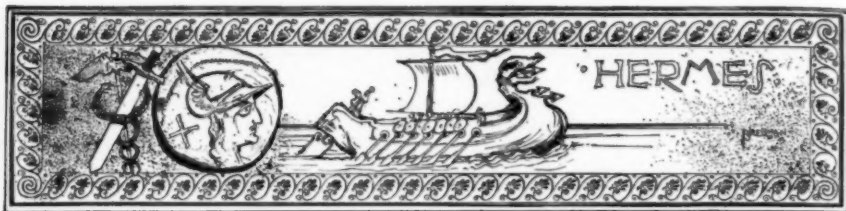
Ernest Ingersoll.

THE PUNISHMENT.

Two haggard shades, in robes of mist,
For longer years than each could tell,
Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,
Have roamed the courts of hell.

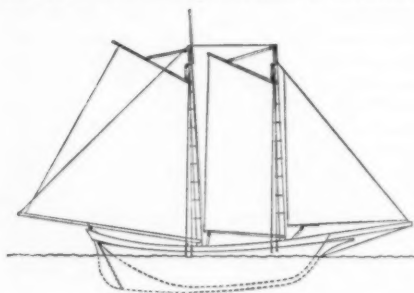
Their blank eyes know each other not;
Their cold hearts hate this union drear. . . .
Yet one poor ghost was Lancelot
And one was Guinevere!

Edgar Fawcett.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN YACHT.

It is an interesting circumstance that what was probably the first distinctively American craft may still be seen occasionally. The pink or pinkie was so-called from the Dutch, probably at a remote period, for Spenser uses the term in his "Faerie Queene." The model was perhaps suggested by the quaint hookers of the Scheldt, although it is far more graceful; and it is a noteworthy fact that a very large proportion of the marine terms employed in the English language are from the Dutch. The American pink was invented for the cod-fisheries; it was at first pointed at both ends, and was from five to ten tons burden, and rigged with two fore-and-aft sails. Afterward, the pointed prow was sheered off and a bowsprit and cut-water were added. These pinkies are highly picturesque and seaworthy, but have been gradually superseded by the broad-stern fishing-schooners of Gloucester



A PINK.

and Essex, Massachusetts. But antique examples of this curious craft are still to be seen creeping in and out about the little sleepy ports downeast or laying their rusty sides on the oozy flats left by the tide. They are most common in the waters about Eastport, especially in the herring fisheries.

The year 1713 was a great era in American naval annals. In that year, Captain Andrew Robinson built the first schooner ever seen. This was at Gloucester. As she glided into the

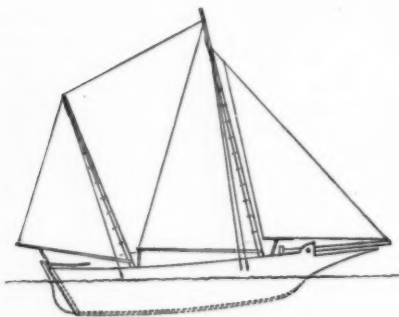
water, a by-stander cried: "Look, how she schooners!" Catching at the word, Captain Robinson replied, "A schooner let her be!" The new rig came at once into wide acceptance. Only eight years later an old chronicler, Dr. Moses Prince, wrote of Captain Robinson: "This gentleman was first contriver of schooners, and built the first of that sort about eight years since; and the use now made of them, being so much known, has convinced the world of their convenience beyond other vessels, and shows how mankind is obliged to this gentleman for this knowledge." This is by no means the only instance of the adoption of American marine inventions by other nations. Captain Howe's patent for double top-sails, for example, is now universally employed in square-rigged vessels. The fore and aft sails of the schooner are really a division of the sails of the sloop; and the sloop-rig, if analyzed to its square root, is evolved from the lateen-sail of the Mediterranean cut into a mainsail and jib. When properly shaped these two sails present one three-cornered sail divided near the middle by the mast, exactly where the yard of a lateen-sail would hang to the traveler on the mast. Subsequent modifications naturally suggested the cutter by dividing the jib in two, and Captain Robinson, as we have seen, divided the mainsail, and added a mast, and the result was a two-masted fore-and-aft schooner. During the last twenty years the schooner's mainsail has in turn been divided, a third mast has been added, and the result has been the three-masted schooner. Each of these modifications has been suggested with the idea of facilitating the handling of the sails, while the principles involved continue the same in each. A fore-and-aft vessel sails several points nearer to the wind than a square-rigged ship, hence a decided advantage in one of the most valuable features of a ship when sails are the motive power. This, of course, is of vital importance in coasters obliged to beat up

narrow estuaries, or in yachts intended for racing.

Exactly when the schooner had square topsails added to her rig it is difficult to ascertain, but one and two top-sail schooners were at one time much in vogue. The square sails, however, have been discarded in this rig for many years in America, while the top-sail schooner—and a very jaunty rig it is—continues to be a favorite in Europe. The *Wanderer* is the only topsail schooner-yacht now flying the American flag. After the invention of the schooner there seems to have been no essential difference between English and American ships for nearly a century. The *Constitution*, built by Humphreys in 1788, had the falling-in topsides of foreign frigates, great breadth on the load-line, a straight keel, full bow, and sometimes a raking stern-post, which were the characteristics of sea-going vessels at that time. But a new era in the modeling of vessels on this side of the Atlantic began soon after the opening of this century; to this we were indebted very largely for the successes of the war of 1812, and for the great activity of our commercial marine until the breaking out of the late civil war, and for the frequent trophies carried off by our leading yachts. Almost simultaneously, a group of master-builders appeared, whose united talents and efforts brought about this revolution in the principles of ship-construction. We think, however, it is no overstatement to say that to no one are we more indebted for this result than to Henry Eckford, who was born in 1775, the year of the Declaration of Independence. At sixteen, in the ship-yards of his uncle, Mr. John Black, at Quebec, he commenced a study of the pursuit in which he was to gain such distinction. At the early age of twenty-one, Mr. Eckford settled in New York, and by his original and scientific methods at once obtained recognition and abundant employment. His careful system of study is well described by his biographer. "Upon the return of one of his vessels from a voyage, he obtained by a series of questions from her commander an accurate estimate of her properties under all the casualties of navigation. This, connected with her form, enabled him to execute his judgment upon the next vessel to be built. In this way he proceeded, successively improving the shape of each, until those constructed by him, or after his models, firmly established the character of New York built ships over those of any other port in the Union. * * * Fashioned after his models our vessels gradually dispensed with their large and low stern frames, the details of their rigging underwent extensive changes, and in the important particulars of stability, speed, and capacity, they

soon far surpassed their rivals." One of Eckford's greatest feats was the construction of the sloop-of-war *Madison*, of twenty-four guns, in the most primitive of navy-yards on Lake Erie, in just forty days after the timber of which she was made was cut in the forest. Cooper, in his *Naval History of the United States*, says: "Henry Eckford was undoubtedly a man of genius. * * * His professional qualities proved to be of the highest order." The two-decker *Ohio*, generally considered to be the finest sailing ship-of-war we have ever had, was built by Eckford, and may still be seen lying at the Charlestown navy-yard. He subsequently built a frigate for the Turkish navy, and accepted an offer to superintend the navy-yards of that government. But after building one line-of-battle ship at Constantinople he died there suddenly. The influence of his genius was such, however, that all the Turkish men-of-war built for years after that were after his models and rig, presenting, in that respect, a striking contrast to the fleets of other nations, with their full bows and inflected topsides.

Another important feature of this period of American naval construction was the invention and development of the famous Baltimore clipper. Already the maritime enterprise of this noted port had been distinguished by the famous voyages of such armed merchant-ships as the *Leila* and *Argyle* in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The Baltimore clipper appeared by gradual evolution in the early part of this century, and was intended originally as a model for a ship that would be advantageous in eluding the British cruisers in the West Indies, who were in the habit of boarding our vessels, and taking away such of the crew as were English citizens. Another cause for the origin of these clippers was the pirates swarming in those waters, and also, alas, the design of stimulating the importation of African slaves. Their origin seems to have been suggested in part, at least, by Commodore Daniels, who was at one time connected with the navies of the South American States, and made a name as a ship-builder. Caleb Goodwin was also one of the ship-builders who distinguished himself at that time in winning fame for the fast ships of Baltimore. These clippers were doubtless due to a study of Spanish, and especially Genoese models. The Latin races, while inferior to the English as sailors and navigators, have, until this age, shown greater skill in the scientific application of the principles involved in the designing of ships. Suggestions might also have been obtained from the small craft of the Channel and Bermuda Isles. When full fledged the Baltimore clipper was a ship with a low free-



BALTIMORE BUCKEYE.

board, broad of beam before the center, having a flaring bow above, but sharp at the water line, and with a deep draught aft, or what is called a long leg, a slightly raking stern-post, and a clean run. They were rigged as schooners and more rarely as brigs, and were heavily sparred, while the masts raked to such a degree that a line dropped plumb from the main truck would nearly or quite touch the taffrail. These lines gave at once a dry deck, stability, and sail-carrying power. When the War of 1812 broke out, the superior qualities of the Baltimore clipper at once became apparent. The Atlantic was swept by these hardy little cruisers, who contributed more to uphold the honor of the stars and stripes than any other element in the war. This fact was fully appreciated by the enemy. Said Captain Wise, of H. M. frigate *Granicus*, to Captain Coggeshall, one of our successful privateersmen, but at that time a prisoner to the English: "Coggeshall, you Americans are a singular people, as respects seamanship and enterprise. In England we cannot build such vessels as your Baltimore clippers. We have no such models, and even if we had them, they would be of no service to us, for we never could sail them as you do. We have now and then taken some of your schooners with our fast-sailing frigates. They have sometimes caught one of them under their lee in a heavy gale of wind, by out-carrying them. Then, again, we have taken a few with our boats in calm weather. We are afraid of their long masts and heavy spars, and soon cut down and reduce them to our standing. We strengthen them, put up bulkheads, etc., after which they lose their sailing qualities, and are of no further service as cruisers."

The Baltimore clipper was the parent of several types of vessels. The famous oyster pungies of the Chesapeake are allied to it, but the latest phase of this form is the Balti-

more buckeye, of which we give a diagram. It is long and low, and, unlike other vessels now built in America, has a raking stern-post and the greatest beam in the fore-section, while the masts have the rake of the old-time clippers. The sails are triangular in shape. But their most remarkable feature, which seems to suggest the Genoese influences already alluded to, is the long, beak-like cut-water, flanked by broad breast-plates at the knight-heads in the bow, in which the hawse-holes look like eyes. These are, by all odds, the most foreign-looking craft in American waters, and are very good sailers, especially on a wind.

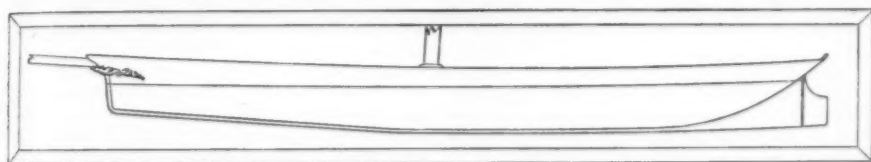
Another modification of the Baltimore clipper was developed in our pilot-boats, which, little by little, assumed the type represented by the *George Steers* and *Mary Taylor*, famous little schooners designed by George Steers in 1845,—a type which continues to be followed, with little variation, in this service even now, after a lapse of forty years. They have a keel sloping up to the fore-foot, deep draft, great dead rise on a vertically sharp floor, and a sheer both at stem and stern which makes them buoyant and dry in a sea-way.

About the year 1844 began the most important era in the history of American ship-building. Our Liverpool packets had already demonstrated the capabilities of our builders and mariners. The *Canada*, for example, under the command of Captain Seth G. Macy, made her trips almost with the regularity of a steamer. Fourteen to sixteen days was the average length of her voyages between the two ports. This may have been an extreme case, but the fact remains that these "liners" made a remarkable record. They carried double crews, that being before the great labor-saving invention of double top-sails. The quarter-masters or steerers had their quarters aft, and the reefs in the top-sails were shaken out whenever the wind lulled, and thus the "liner," in a gale, would often walk past ships which could not make sail or take it in fast enough. Those were the days when the Webbs, the Livingstons, the Browns and Bells, the Claghorns, the Eldridges, the Fullers, the Lawrences, and other excellent artisans of New York, Salem, Boston, or Philadelphia, were in their prime. The increasing importance of the East India trade—especially the tea trade—a few years before the general adoption of the propellor in steamships, and the rush to California after its cession to the United States and the discovery of gold, induced the construction of the famous clippers which carried the development of sailing-ships to the highest point of excellence yet reached in the history of naval architecture. Without moot- ing the question about the respective merits of

the noted Aberdeen clippers and the American ships which, during a period of perhaps fifteen years, circled the globe with their vast expanse of canvas, it is not too strong a statement to say that some of the runs made by our ships at that time have never been surpassed by either sail or steam. The great builder of pack-ets, Isaac Webb, died in 1843. Donald McKay, a native of Nova Scotia, who removed in youth to Newburyport and made a name there and in Boston, began, at the same time, to win a world-wide reputation for clipper ships of a size and speed hitherto unexampled. Many competitors appeared at the same time. The ship *James Baines*, built by McKay, ran 420 miles in 24 hours. The ship *Red Jacket*, built at Rockland, Maine, ran 2280 miles in 7 days, or 325 miles per diem, for a week. The *Flying Cloud*, McKay's most celebrated ship, once made 374 knots, or 433 miles, in 24 hours and 25 minutes, equal to 17.17 miles an hour. To appreciate these distances, compare them with the greatest distance ever made in 24 hours by a Liverpool steamer, the new and now celebrated *Alaska*,

up toward the stem. A similar feature can be observed in the sheer plan of the yacht *Maria*, which is printed below.

At the same time that the American merchant clipper was entering upon its brief but glorious career, evidences of activity in another department of marine architecture became apparent, which, with various alternations, have continued to the present time, and are now attracting more general interest than ever before. I refer to the development of the American yacht. The Romans had numerous pleasure vessels, but there is no reason to suppose they were intended for anything more than floating barges. The Greeks, the Venetians, and other southern people also had their pleasure ships, but the Dutch and the English were the first who are recorded as enjoying yachting for the exercise it gives to the manly virtues, making of it at once a vigorous pastime and a school for seamen. A yacht was built in 1604 for Henry, eldest son of James I. Pepys in his Diary has much to say of a Dutch sailing yacht called the *Besan*, pre-

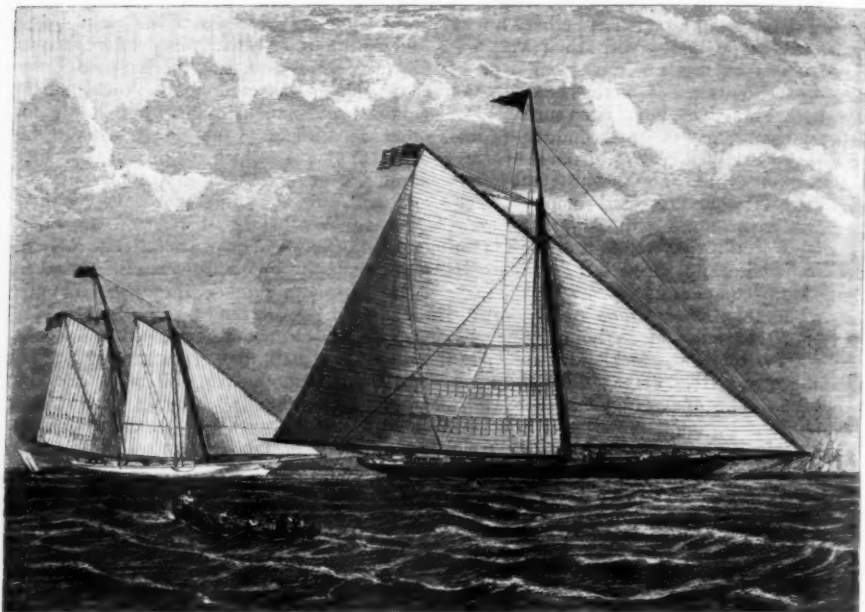


SHEER PLAN OF THE "MARIA."

in the fastest westward passage yet accomplished from Liverpool to New York. Her greatest run was 419 miles in twenty-four hours. This 'proves what all sailors know, but of which few landmen are aware—that, with a strong and steady favoring wind, it is possible for a sailing-ship to equal the speed of an Atlantic steam-ship. The difficulty lies not in the ability of the ships, but in the fact that the wind is unsteady. These American clippers were a modification of the Baltimore clipper, with less beam, a slightly flaring bow, a long, sharp, hollow entrance, suggesting the wave line, the greatest beam about amidships on the load line, and a rising floor with an easy bilge. Although heavily sparred, their masts were generally proportionately lower than in the ships which they succeeded, and the yards were longer, giving a large but low spread of canvas. This type of ship may be said to have culminated in the *Great Republic*, built by Donald McKay in 1855. She registered 4300 tons, and carried four masts. A peculiarity of this noble ship was her rising keel, which, for a length of sixty feet, sloped

sent by the Dutch to King Charles I. in 1661. He had the instincts of a genuine yachtsman, for he not only enjoyed the excitement of a sail in a stiff breeze, but also the snug comfort of a cozy cabin with attractive companions and books. Further on he says: "A yacht was built to beat the *Besan* by our virtuosos, with the help of Commissioner Pett," and succeeded in doing so in an exciting race to which Pepys briefly alludes. This is the first match race on record in the annals of yachting.

The first organization that gave distinct encouragement to yachting was, however, not established until 1815. It was founded at Cowes and was called "The Royal Yacht Squadron." It was followed in 1820 by the Royal Cork, which, however, as the Water Club had existed since 1720. Yachting began in America in an informal way early in this century. It is an interesting fact that there is an American yacht still in commission, whose frame was made in 1819. Originally intended for a Baltimore pungaie, she was turned into a schooner-yacht and

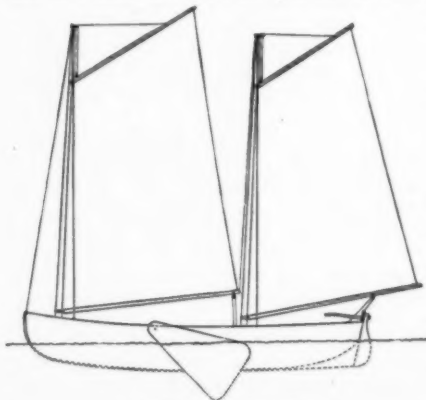


"AMERICA" AND "MARIA."

called the *Hornet*. In 1847 she was completely repaired, and again in 1850 she was overhauled and altered by George Steers, and called the *Sport*. She now belongs to the Hull Yacht Club, and possesses some excellent sailing qualities. In 1836, the *Wave* was modeled by Stevens and built by Brown & Bell. The *Sylph* schooner was the crack yacht in Boston in 1835. But she was beaten by the *Wave* in a thrash to windward off Nantucket Shoals. This seems to have been the first race of American yachts of which

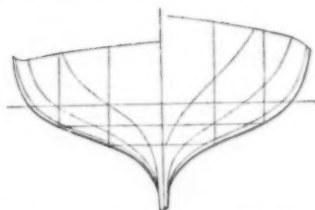
there is any positive record. The interest in this sport was gaining, and in 1838 a number of saucy little craft acquired a name for themselves; among them were the *Mohamet*, *Dream*, *Raven*, and *Breeze*. The latter was fast, beating to windward, and was originally an oyster-boat. But no regular yachting organization was formed until 1844, when the New York Yacht Club was founded, with a membership of nine members and nine yachts. The first regatta in America was sailed July 17, 1845; the *Cygnets* was the winner. All the yachts of that period had a strong rake to the masts. Their canvas was confined to lower sails, excepting sometimes a small jib-headed main-gaft top-sail in the schooners. The head of these sails had very little slant, being about parallel with the booms.

Robert Livingston Stevens was the most distinguished of a family of inventors, who are identified with the progress of ship and steam navigation in America. He was possessed of extraordinary mental activity. But for none of his inventions will he be longer remembered than as the designer of the famous sloop-yacht *Maria*, whose exploits mark an era in American ship-building and yachting. She was built at Hoboken in 1844 by Mr. Capes, after Stevens's plans. Her sheer and sail plans are well indicated in the accompanying diagram and drawing. She was one

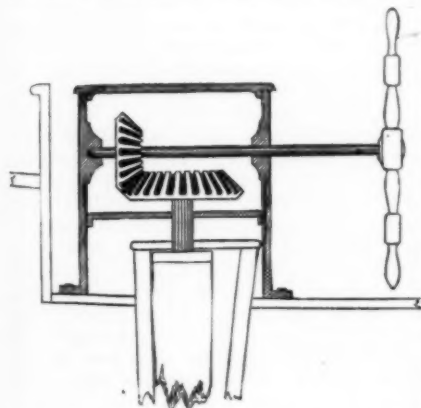


A PIROGUE WITH LEE-BOARD.

hundred and ten feet over all, with a beam of twenty-six feet eight inches. Her draft aft was five feet three inches, decreasing forward to a minimum of six inches under the fore-foot. The main-boom was ninety-five feet long and three feet in diameter, and hollow, being constructed of doweled white-pine staves, strengthened by iron hoops and trusses of iron rods. The foot of her mainsail measured ninety-two feet, and of her jib



BODY PLAN OF A NORWEGIAN PILOT-BOAT.

BEVEL-WHEEL FOR SMALL YACHTS. SCALE $\frac{3}{4}$ OF 1 IN.=1 FT.

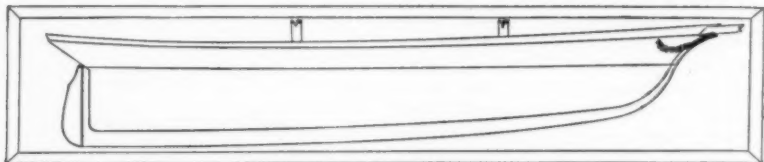
seventy feet, the latter being laced to a boom. The model of the *Maria* was suggested by the low, broad, almost flat-bottomed sloops employed to steal over the shallows of the Hudson and the Sound—vessels depending on beam rather than on ballast for stability, and imitated by many of our coasters, which are so stiff that they sometimes run down the coast without either cargo or ballast. Though having a floor with only moderate dead rise, the lines of the *Maria* were much finer; she had a long, hollow bow, and was so sharp that the extreme point of the bow had to be widened where the bowsprit entered the hull. The deck plan was not unlike an elongated flat-iron, as she was very broad aft, tapering off only moderately from the greatest beam to the broad and somewhat heavy stern. The model of the *Maria* has since then been generally followed by small center-board sloops in New York waters and along the Sound, and on the Merrimac, although never to the same extreme degree. Two features gave especial significance to this extraordinary yacht. One of these was her double center-board. The principle of the center-board was not strictly new, Captain Schank of the Royal Navy having used one in Boston when the British fleet was stationed there; but its general adoption

in American waters makes it practically a cis-Atlantic invention. It is an evolution from the lee-board, such as the Dutch used two centuries ago on the broad, bluff sloops which floated on the canals of Holland. The lee-board can be seen in the pictures of Vander Velde. After the Dutch settled on Manhattan Island they borrowed the rig of the down-cast pinks for the boats which plied in New York Bay, and gave them a lee-board. The name of this peculiarly American craft was taken from the Caribs of the West Indies, brought thence by some hurricane-beaten freebooter, and thus we had the pirogue. It was as a barefoot lad, sailing a pirogue for a ferry-boat between Staten Island and New York, that the late Commodore Vanderbilt began his wonderful career. Pirogues without the lee-board are still used on the Lakes.

Mr. Stevens fitted the *Maria* with two center-boards. The forward one drew twenty feet of water when down, and was weighted with lead. Nicely adjusted springs enabled it to rise easily and rapidly in case it touched the ground. When housed it rose several feet above the deck, and had slots cut to fit the deck beams. The after-board was intended to aid in steering her when running free, as she griped and yawed. She was steered by a long tiller, but since that time the steering-wheel has come into general use in American yachts; even little sloops of not more than twenty-two feet length are now to be seen with a wheel. Several neat inventions are in use for this purpose; a diagram is given here of one of them, called the bevel-wheel. Another peculiarity of the *Maria* was the massive India-rubber compressor on the traveler, to break the strain of the main-boom on the sheet in jibing. This is probably the first time rubber was ever employed for this



THE "SHARK."



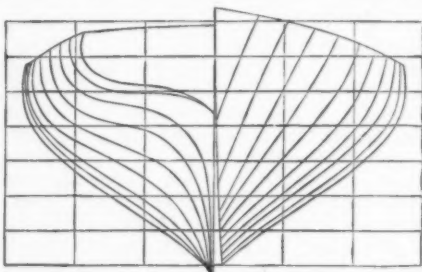
SHEER PLAN OF THE "AMERICA."

purpose. Since then it has been used to ease the bitter end of a fishing-schooner's cable when riding in a gale, at the head of fore-top-mast stays, and even for the lanyards of wire shrouds. Another feature of the *Maria* which was not sufficiently considered at the time, but is deserving of emphatic attention now in view of recent developments in English yacht construction, was the outside lead ballast she carried. Iron ballast on the keel has been not uncommon in the smaller New England yachts, but the use of outside lead ballast by the *Maria* over thirty years ago, even if differently placed than in English cutters, is a remarkable fact. Molds five inches deep were fixed outside on her bottom, carefully shaped to the lines of the floor, for a distance of twenty feet on each side of the keel. Holes were then bored through the skin, and several tons of hot lead were poured into the molds.

Great inventive ability had contributed to the building of the *Maria*, and her performances justified the expectations of her builder. She was known to log seventeen knots, or over twenty miles, an hour in smooth water. But that was essentially

cussing the question were born. The *Coquette* was a little schooner of only sixty-six feet in length over all. But she drew ten feet of water aft, having a sharp-rising hollow floor and a sharp run. She was built by Louis Winde, a Swede, at one time member of the firm of Winde & Clinkard. Mr. Winde evidently borrowed a few ideas on the subject from the famous pilot-boats of the Scandinavian peninsula. A body plan of this model is given here. The resemblance to many of our deep-keel yachts suggests that the Swedish and American yacht-builders were proceeding upon similar lines in applying the principles of naval architecture. It is a noteworthy fact that the only foreign schooner which ever beat the *America* was the Swedish yacht *Sverige*. Great beam and great depth were the prominent characteristics of the *Coquette*, aided by iron ballast carried low. Each yacht in her own domain had outsailed everything, and it was therefore as champions hitherto without a rival that the two yachts were matched against each other for a purse of one thousand dollars. Owing to her larger dimensions, aside from her great powers, it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the *Maria* would carry off the prize. But the wind was blowing fresh from north-east, obliging the taking in of a reef or two. The boats started from a buoy in Gedney's Channel. On the outward run, going free, the *Maria* walked away from her rival; but when they came up on the wind, with a heavy chop running, the *Coquette* not only made up the distance lost, but won by four minutes and forty seconds without time allowance. The *Maria* was afterward rigged into a schooner, and foundered in the Gulf Stream, being altogether unfitted for cruising in blue water.

While these events were firing the enthusiasm of all true sailors, another great ship-builder was aiding to give prominence to American seamanship, to stimulate inter-



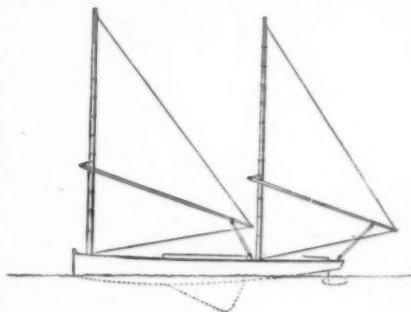
BODY PLAN OF THE "AMERICA."

her element. Her extreme shallowness, notwithstanding the fineness of her lines, did not give her sufficient momentum in a seaway, and for once she was beaten in a match with the *Coquette* in October, 1846. The *Coquette* represented altogether a different type of model, and thus the conflict now raging in yachting circles here regarding the merits of deep and shallow vessels was practically settled before many of those now dis-



THE PILOT-BOAT "GEORGE STEERS."

est in the noble sport of yachting, and to immortalize the American yacht. This was George Steers—a name identified on both continents with the highest achievements of ship-building. He was the son of David Steers, a native of the Isle of Jersey, and, at one time, captain in the British service, and also a designer of ship-models. After he came to the United States he found employment in our navy, and was the first who had charge of the Navy Yard at Washington. We give a drawing of one of Captain Steers's vessels, the cutter *Shark*. It will be seen that she combines qualities developed in the Baltimore clippers, the early English,



A SHARPIE.

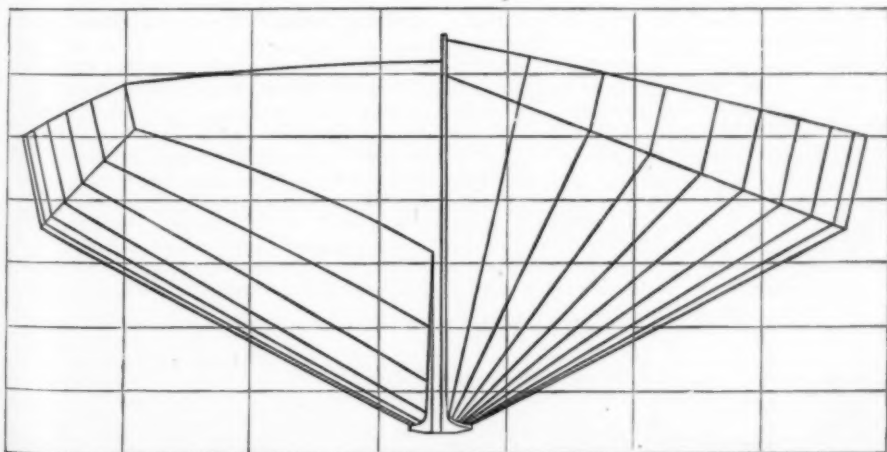


THE "IDLER."

and the present Bermuda yachts. George Steers, whose achievements mark an era in American yachting, was a man of genius—not so much, perhaps, in originating new principles, as in seizing the essential points of the various ideas then floating in the air, as it were, and suggested, in more or less degree, in the models of contemporary builders. He harmonized them in a definite and nearly perfect type, which has been followed, with slight modifications or idiosyncrasies, in most American yachts since 1852. George Steers was not so much an inventor as an organizer of principles of naval construction. The famous *America* exhibited about every principle followed by the American ship-builder, except the center-board, and that he employed in

many of his other yachts, notably the lovely fleet-footed sloop-yacht *Julia*, since then changed into a schooner, and this season appearing again as a sloop. To him we may also attribute, perhaps, the perfection of the V-stern, hitherto a very beautiful feature of American yachts, but now being superseded by the long overhang, such as is indicated in the accompanying diagram of the famous racing-sloop *Gracie*, built by David Carl. The long heel, keel rising forward, long forward section and sharp floor, and full midship section had, it is true, been already employed in the prahus and other vessels of the East Indies, but this did not detract from the merit due the American builders, as they made a new and, doubtless with them original, application of these principles.

George Steers made his first hit with the cat-boat *Manhattan*. He then produced a number of very able pilot-boats, such as the *Mary Taylor* and *George Steers*. The latter was lost on the Jersey shore in a gale of



BODY PLAN OF A SKIP-JACK.



THE "REGINA," SHOWING A CENTER-BOARD CABIN SLOOP WITH DOUBLE HEAD-MAIL.

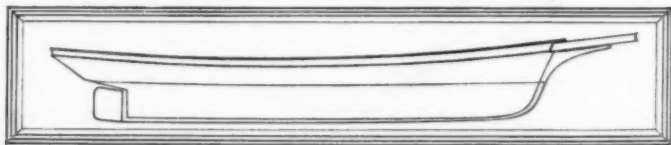
wind, with all on board. The famous *America* was built for Commodore John C. Stevens, one of the founders of the New York Yacht Club, who was always identified with the encouragement of yachting in America, and to whom it owes more than to almost any other of our yacht-sailors. Wearing a huge broad-brimmed hat, he might often be seen steering a yacht in the summer breezes of New York Bay. The *America* was originally under-sparred, with raking masts, and was rigged like other American schooner-yachts of the time, with main and fore sails, a single jib whose foot was laced to a boom, and a small main-gaff top-sail. She now carries two topmasts and flying jib-boom, according to the present fashion with our schooners, and her masts have been stepped with less rake. After the great race, when she carried off the trophy of the Queen's Cup, she was owned, for a time, by Lord de Blaquiére, who stiffened her by adding iron frames,

which impaired her sailing qualities. Recently an overhanging stern has also been added. George Steers also built the steamer *Adriatic* and the screw frigate *Niagara*. It may be added here that the family ability for naval construction has been further illustrated by Henry Steers, his nephew, who designed the *Idaho*, at first a steamer, and afterward a sailing-ship. Under canvas she made the fastest voyage recorded from New York to Rio. He is also builder of the *Idler*, a noted center-board schooner-yacht presenting the rare combination of equal ability on a wind and running free, and able both in rough and smooth water, being what is called an "all-around" boat.

Since the historic race of the *America* at Cowes, occurred the ocean race of the *Fleetwing*, *Vesta*, and *Henrietta*, in 1866, for a

sweepstakes of \$65,000, which was won by the latter, owned by James Gordon Bennett. In 1870 the *Fleetwing*, purchased by Mr. Bennett, and altered and rechristened the *Dauntless*, was beaten by the English schooner *Cambria*, owned by Mr. Ashbury, in a race to New York. In 1871, the same gentleman brought over the *Livonia* schooner to race for the Queen's Cup with the New York yachts, and was badly beaten. In 1881 the famous Scotch cutter, *Madge*, was brought here, and won five out of six races with American sloops.

With the exception of the latter event, these trans-Atlantic races do not seem to have decided any principle or resulted in anything else except to keep up the *esprit de corps* of our yachtsmen. But the sport has been pursued with alternating although growing interest, as is indicated by the fact that the number of well-established yacht clubs has increased in ten years from thirty-five to seventy-six, from Portland to San Francisco. Many large and



MODEL OF THE CENTER-BOARD SLOOP "GRACIE."



THE CUTTER "MURIEL," SHOWING THE DEEP DRAFT ENGLISH TYPE OF BUILD AND RIG.

expensive yachts have also been constructed during this period, although the tendency has been rather toward the production of small and inexpensive yachts, to be sailed by amateurs or Corinthian sailors, thus placing an otherwise costly sport within reach of many who have aquatic tastes—a result which cannot be too highly commended, as it tends to incline our young men to cultivate their health and develop their energies. This may also be called emphatically the age of the cat-boat, a rig peculiarly American, and requiring for its fullest action a broad and rather full model. The cat-boats have also become very popular in England, where they are called una boats, after the famous *Una*, built by Robert Fish, of Brooklyn, and taken to England in 1852.

The Penny Bridge boat, like the cat-boat, is also a peculiarly American craft, and was at one time entirely local. Originally built at Penny Bridge, Brooklyn, by Lenox, Mumm, and other well-known builders, they are literally the flattest sailing-boats afloat. The genuine Penny Bridger is twenty-eight feet long, and about twelve feet beam and thirty inches deep. They have hardly any bilge, rising with scarcely a bend to the rail. The mast is about forty-one feet long, and the com-

bined length of the foot of the mainsail and jib averages seventy feet. A strong outrigger extends five feet from the stern for the main-sheet block and traveler. They of course have center-boards and carry sand-bags and live ballast. In a race, from twenty to thirty men may be seen hanging on the weather side of a Penny Bridge boat. A similar racing-boat is also popular on the Delaware at Philadelphia.

Accompanying this condition of affairs has been an impulse to experiment, and to produce models or mechanical conveniences adapted to meet special wants. Those who object to this or that model should remember that the whole process of naval construction is a beautiful example of adaptation of means to ends. As in the truest architecture, or in the human form itself, so every line, whether of hull or sails, in a ship, however pleasing and

harmonious to the eye, was first employed with a distinct purpose of utility.

One of the features of this period in the history of American yachting has been the invention of the sharpie. Originally intended to float among the oyster-beds in the shallows of Long Island Sound, a disposition has been shown to bring it into favor for yachting. It is really the old-fashioned punt greatly enlarged, with finer ends, fitted with center-board and cabin, an overhanging stern and a rudder attached to a spindle. The original sharpie carries one or two three-cornered sprit-sails. But they have also been rigged as sloops, schooners, and yawls. They are very fast and stiff, and are excellently adapted to the purpose for which they were designed. I have seen a schooner-rigged cabin sharpie some fifty feet in length, and drawing only one foot aft and three inches forward, which has been to the West Indies.

The skip-jack is another curious and by no means ungainly craft, evolved out of the sharpie by adding to the latter a rising floor, as indicated in the accompanying illustration. The advantage of the skip-jack lies in the fact that, while exhibiting excellent sea-going qualities, both as to safety and speed, and almost



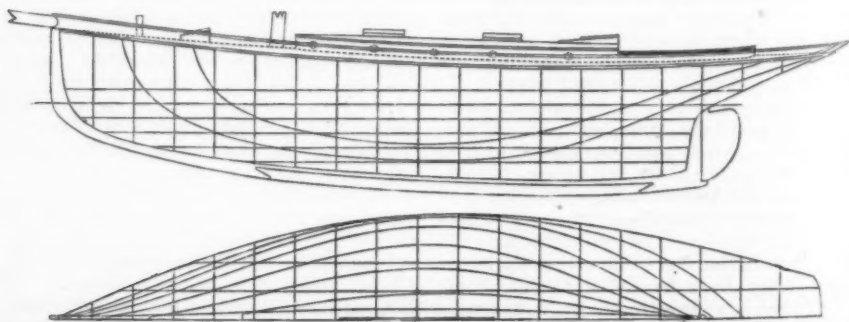
HERRESHOFF YACHT "KELPIE."

the same amount of interior space as other yachts, she can be constructed at much less expense, her frame being composed of straight timbers. Of course, the center-board is an indispensable feature of the skip-jack model. Another peculiar craft not unfrequently seen in our harbors is the boat made without frame timbers, other than the keel, stem, and stern-posts and fashion-pieces. The planking is made of unusual thickness, and the streaks are but two to three inches in width. They are bent to the shape, and bolted together through and through so tightly that calking is unnecessary. A large ship, the *New Era*, was actually built on this plan at East Boston a few years ago, but did not seem to have strength to resist the strain of heavy freight.

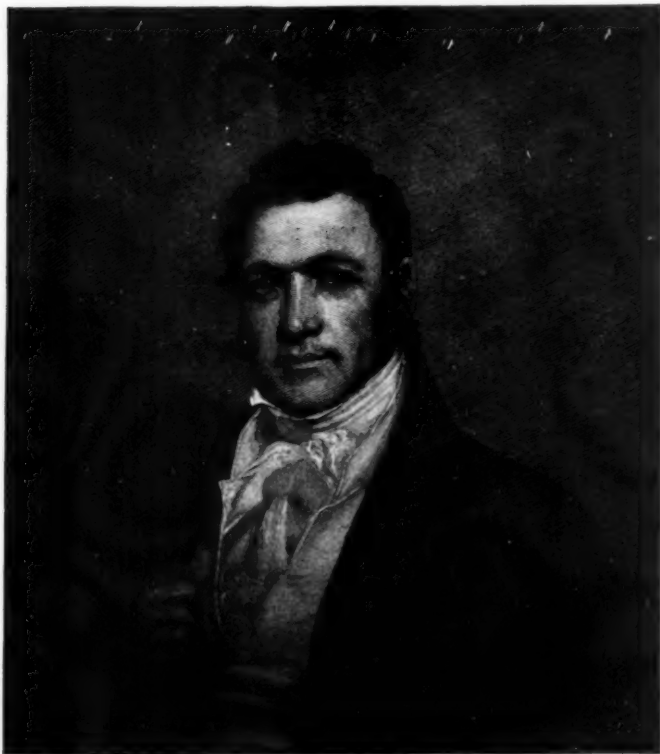
Several iron yachts have also been constructed here during the last decade. The famous cutter-sloop *Vindex*, launched in 1870, and the sloop *Mischief*, both designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, have won such an excellent record that we doubt not iron is destined to become very popular in the construction of American sailing-yachts. The rival of the *Mischief* is the *Gracie*; she is very fast off the wind; but no yacht has ever been altered so frequently. The iron plates of the *Vindex* are only three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. But she seems to show no perceptible wear and tear, after ten years of use. Her great draft, aided by four tons of lead on her keel, her imposing mast, low free-board, fine lines, jaunty rig, and general capacity, make her one of the most striking of American yachts.

Nothing could be more opposite to the solid qualities of the *Vindex* than the midge-like "skimmer of the sea" called the catamaran, another recent nautical invention.

The principle illustrated in the catamaran was borrowed from the Pacific, where the islanders for ages have sailed in large double canoes, propelled by a triangular sail of matting supported on two light spars of bamboo. But Mr. John B. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, conceived the idea of adopting the double-hull principle in our waters, and first attracted general attention to the subject by the catamaran *Amaryllis*, which was exhibited at the Centennial. The turbulent waters of the Atlantic are not favorable to a craft which demands great lightness of construction, the hulls requiring to move separately. But Mr. Herreshoff has succeeded in solving the problem so far as regards inside



SHEER PLAN AND HALF-BREADTH PLAN OF THE "VALKYR."



HENRY ECKFORD.

cruising. Each of the hulls is completely decked and has a center-board and rudder of its own. By a very ingenious contrivance the two rudders can be moved by one tiller. The hulls are joined by transverse beams and galvanized iron rods, trussed, and so nicely supported with elastic arms and links that each boat is separately swayed by the action of the water. A car, with seats, is firmly attached to the cross-bars. The sloop rig is the one adopted in these catamarans. They are generally from thirty to forty feet in length and have become very popular for smooth-water sailing. The catamaran cannot lie as close to the wind as a swift center-board sloop, and is slow in staying, but off the wind her speed exceeds that of any other vessel of her size afloat. The great stability offered by the double hull makes it impossible to capsize it. The catamaran is liable, however, to go down head foremost, or to sink through the straining of one or both hulls. If employed in smooth water, in harbors or on lakes and rivers where winds are very puffy, it is a far safer boat for

lubbers to use than any single-hulled sailboat.

To Mr. Herreshoff we are also indebted for a type of yacht which for certain qualities has not had its superior in America. He is and has been totally blind since he was thirteen years old, but few men living have equaled him for ingenuity and success in certain branches of marine architecture.

From the outset the Herreshoff sailing-yachts were marked by lines so peculiarly his own that it would be impossible to confound them with the models of other builders, although their great success and popularity has at last led the yachtsmen of New England to imitate them frequently, at least in part. They are characterized by a long and full midship section, moderate dead rise (the now famous *Shadow* has a sharper floor than most of the Herreshoff yachts), a clean run, the run and futtock timbers being invariably attached to the deadwood and keel almost at right angles, without any of the gentle, curved modeling or the hollow floor usual



GEORGE STEERS. (BY PERMISSION OF D. APPLETON & CO.)

in foreign and most American vessels, and carried to the farthest limit in the English lead-keeled cutter. These yachts are further characterized by a high free-board and great sheer, both fore and aft, the forward curve, following a parabolic line, beginning about a third of the length from the stern. The blunt stem is also slightly curved, the quarters are rather heavy, the trunk and wash-board are high almost to clumsiness, and the standing-room extends so far aft that the rudder-head is inside instead of on deck, as is usual with small American yachts, and the rudder is of uncommon dimensions. These yachts have been, with but two or three exceptions, invariably furnished with center-boards, and yet have good draft and a deep, rocker keel. Their long bowsprit curves downward and they are heavily sparred, giving the impres-

sion of being top-heavy, and when one first sails in one of these yachts this impression seems to be confirmed, for they are tender-sided, and a light breeze at once carries them well over; but, like the English cutter, when they find their bearings they go no farther, and accidents to them have been exceedingly rare. Notwithstanding their full body, the Herreshoff yachts have been very successful as racers. The lightness with which they are built aids this result while unfitting them for heavy weather. In a race in Boston harbor in 1870, the prizes in each of the three classes were won by these yachts, one of them being the *Kelpie*, of which a diagram is given on page 360. Herreshoff has been most successful with small yachts, especially sloops and cat-boats. The *Shadow*, the only competing yacht which won a race from the *Madge*



COMMODORE JOHN C. STEVENS.

in 1881, is one of Herreshoff's crack models and one of the last he designed before taking to the building of steam-yachts. She has won no end of prizes, and, whatever may be the merits of the case, it is certain that in eating into the wind she fairly surpassed the *Madge* in the first race, when both yachts were on the port tack after rounding the buoy. On that tack the *Madge* did not feel the loss of her starboard topmast-stay, which it has been alleged was the cause of her defeat.

At present we are in the midst of a great transition movement, which has been hastened, but not originated, by the *Madge's* great success in 1881. Twelve years ago the writer predicted, in talking with Mr. Herreshoff, that a movement in favor of narrower and

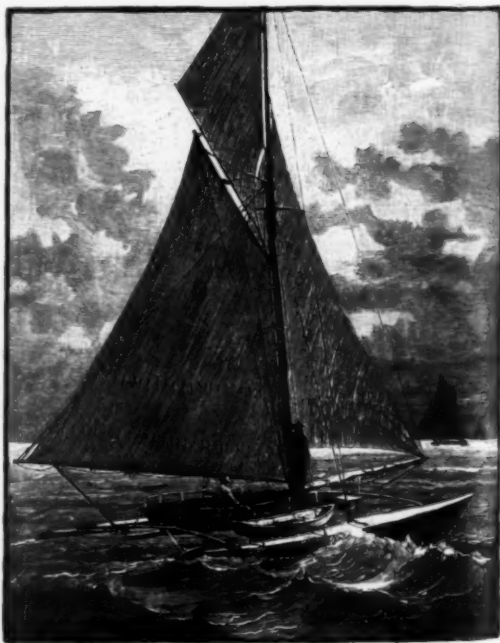
deeper yachts, with double head-sail, was not far off, because after going to one extreme there would follow the reaction natural to an active people like ours, unsatisfied long to remain fixed to one idea, and also because of certain advantages inherent to the deeper boat which we had not sufficiently considered while inshore yachting was most in vogue, but must regard, if long cruises were to become more general among our yachtsmen. Commodore Centre about the same time gave public expression to similar views. Not long after that the building of the *Vindex* gave emphasis to these predictions. The change has come at last, like everything in this rapid age and country, with an energetic rapidity that threatens to proceed to an extreme as ab-



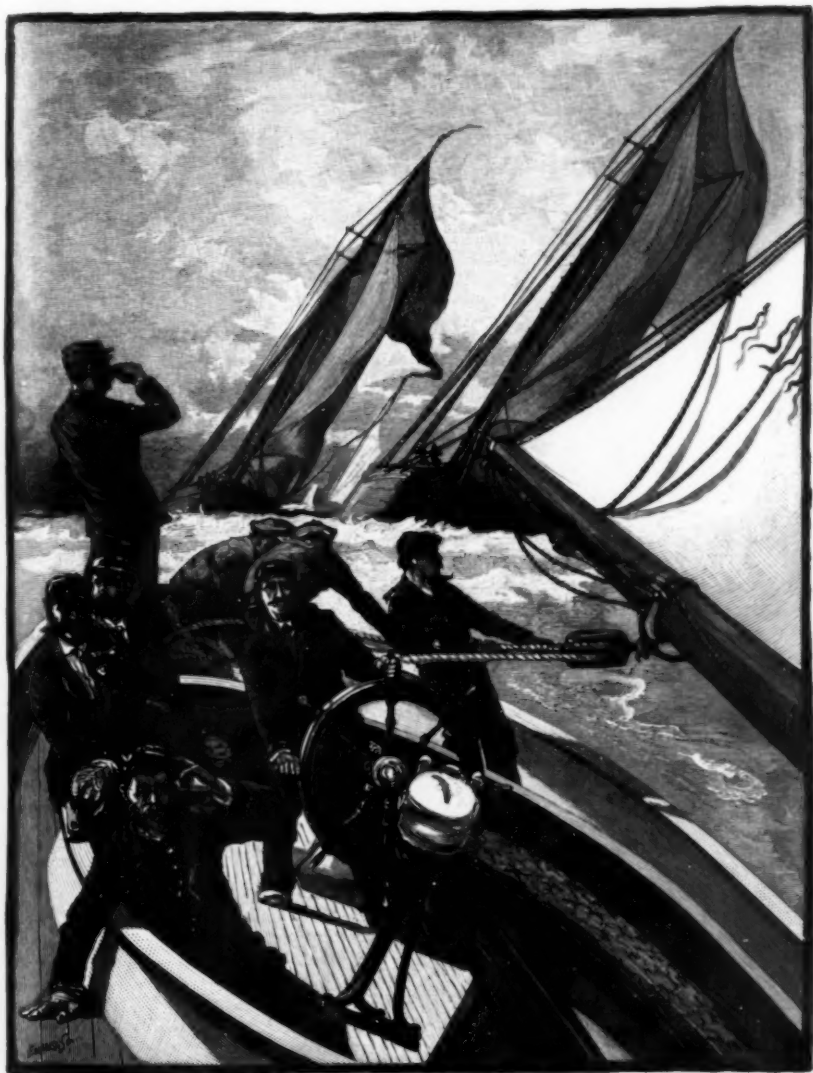
GETTING A CAT-BOAT READY FOR THE SEASON.

surd as that alleged against the advocates of the extreme "skimming-dish" type of yacht. Most of those who favor a change incline to a compromise in one or more details. While, for example, the fixed bowsprit is still retained, the large single jib is fast giving place to fore-sail and jib, called double head-sail, or split jib, as in the *Regina*. The form of the head-sail of the three types is well indicated by comparing the accompanying diagrams of the *Kelpie*, the *Regina*, and the *Muriel*. Flush decks are also coming into fashion, as in Mr. Platt's new center-board schooner *Montauk*, built by the Poillon Brothers, and designed by Mr. Ellsworth, who drafted the fine racing-sloop, *Fanita*. Double-topping lifts and other minor imitations of English rig have been adopted, while in the modeling of the hull greater draft and metal added to the keel are innovations coming rapidly into acceptance, especially in Massachusetts waters. It is curious to look at some of our genuine American sloops and schooners, whose owners have become infected by the epidemic of foreign ideas, with heavy additions of iron patched upon keels that were never intended to

carry them. The introduction of the flush deck, while it adds greatly to the looks of a trim yacht, as a trunk cabin can hardly be considered ornamental, of necessity implies greater depth of model, but of course must be confined to yachts of some size, unless, indeed, many of the principles hitherto followed in American yacht-building are entirely abandoned. One of the most notable compromise yachts yet built is the *Valkyr*, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, of which we give the sheer and body plans. Although a center-board sloop, she draws six feet on a length of forty-six and seven-tenths feet on the water line. While broad amidships, her lines taper aft to a fine, narrow elliptical counter. Her bow is sharp, but wedge-shaped, and her head-rig is, like that of the *Regina*, a long, straight "horn" of a bowsprit and two jibs. Her sheer plan suggests the cutter, while her interior plan is American, and her rig is modified by English patterns. She carries seven tons of her ballast in lead on her keel. The method by which it is fixed to the keel was invented by Dr. Dawson, her owner, and is worthy of notice. The keel was first shaped and then turned over, and a groove hollowed out on the under side of it, twenty-seven feet long by sixteen inches wide amidships. The groove was filled with pigs



CATAMARAN.

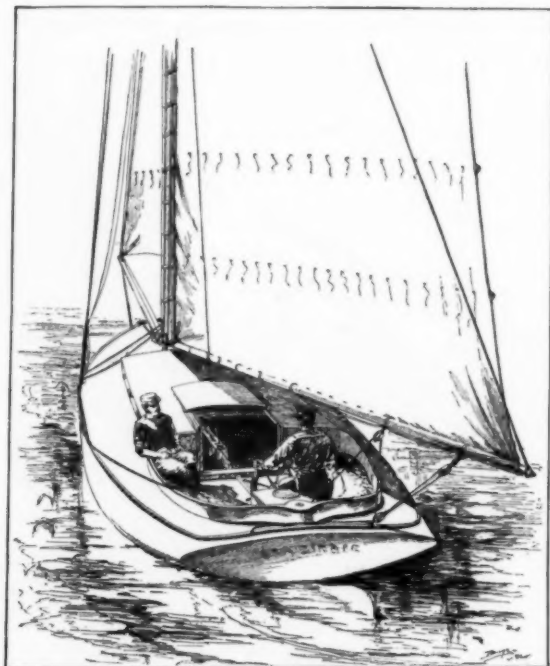


A FRESH BREEZE.

of lead, and then, a barrier of earth and plank having been raised on each side, a quantity of boiling lead was poured into the crevices, which fused the whole into a single mass. This is altogether different from the method generally employed in fixing lead on the keel of the modern cutter. It will be seen from the diagram on page 366 that a keelson is dispensed with, the sharp floor timbers being braced by iron knees, called knee-floors.

Long riveted bolts pass through these and the keel, and entirely through the lead.

Already we have such American-built cutters here as the *Muriel*, the *Yolande* or the *Oriva*, constructed by Mr. Piepgrass. Whatever be the sailing qualities of the latter, she presents one of the finest examples of ship-building skill ever constructed in this country. She is in every respect an out-and-out cutter, except that the bowsprit runs in through a gammon



TYPE OF SMALL AMERICAN YACHT.

iron over the stem instead of by the side of it. The decorations of her cabin, in which great economy of room and admirable mechanical devices have been displayed, was designed by Mr. Eidlitz, the architect. Another architect, Mr. Prague, was employed to design the sumptuous cabins of the *Montauk*, an indication that the decoration of our yachts is keeping pace with the interest displayed in decorating our houses. Mahogany and cherry are the woods most affected for this purpose at present. An excellent adaptation of the latter may be seen in Mr. Lawley's small but beautiful sloop *Countess*.

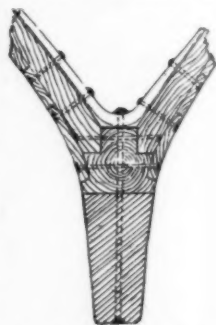
With the arrival of the cutter has also come the yawl rig, first brought into prominence on the Atlantic coast by the yawl *Edith*, of the Eastern Yacht Club, but a favorite rig for some years with the bold mariners of the San Francisco Yacht Club. There the mizzen is called a driver, and is leg-of-mutton shape instead of square-headed. It is a picturesque rig, and very convenient in small yachts intended for cruising and to be sailed with an eye to economy. As such we think it is destined to supersede our class of small schooners.

What then—are we to see foreign models and rigs driving out native inventions? No, very far from this; but in answering the question we

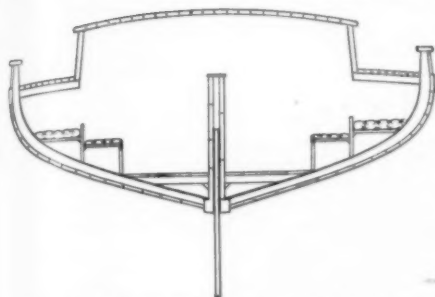
are brought face to face with problems which, with mathematics and without them, by

"rule of thumb" or absolute empiricism, have been discussed almost interminably by salts, scientists, and tyros alike without reaching results acceptable to all, nor can they be ever quite settled, at least not until the question is dispassionately considered from every point of view, and with the fundamental principle of adaptation fully acknowledged. The

American beamy yacht has at the outset greater initial stability than the narrow, deep-draft, heavily ballasted type, and less displacement, therefore, because carrying less weight. The beamy, shallow boat can thus spread more canvas to her length and weight, and gain in speed, other things being equal, by the greater sail-power to her weight up to an inclination of thirty degrees. It is



KEEL PLAN OF CUTTER, SHOWING IRON FLOORS AND LEAD ON THE KEEL.



MIDSHIP SECTION OF TYPICAL CENTER-BEARD SLOOP-YACHT,
40 FEET LONG OVER ALL, 14 FEET BEAM, 3 FEET 9
INCHES DEEP, EXCLUSIVE OF TRUNK.

more difficult to carry her to that point than a narrower vessel, but when that is reached she is far more liable to capsize than the other type at an inclination of forty-five degrees, although the latter reaches that point with less lateral force of wind or waves. Each principle, therefore, has its advantages, while the merit claimed for the narrow cutter in carrying weights and canvas low can be also applied to sloops, if so desired. If the cutter is safer and easier in a sea-way, she is more uncomfortable, as she lies over so far, while by reducing beam a little and increasing



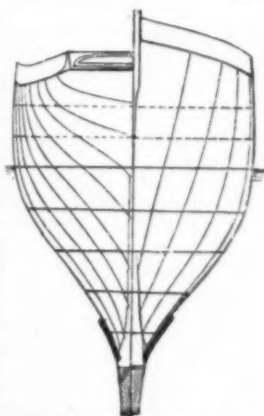
AMERICAN YAWL.

the draft a vessel can be designed that for cruising may combine the chief points of

each type. We find something of this sort in our deep-sea fishing schooners of fifteen years ago. Where they cannot live no other craft of the same size can. The extremes to which each type has been carried are due mainly to the arbitrary rules of measurement adopted by racing organizations. The English clubs tax beam and

tonnage, measuring length from the heel of the keel. Therefore, the English yachtsman tries to get stability out of depth, and cheats the rules by raking the stern-post. Until recently American clubs taxed length, and thus, for a given sail-power, size was obtained by beam rather than by length and depth. All rules of measurement can only be general and arbitrary, but it is by this time evident that no rule can approximate justice without also taxing the spread of canvas carried. This is actually the latest phase adopted in this knotty question, and only three cabin-yacht clubs in America still adhere to the absurd length-over-all system of yacht measurement. Were it not for these opposite rules, hitherto laid down in the interest of racing, there would now be far less divergence between English and American yachts. For the rest, the discussion of the relative merits of each would be more valuable if we would first inquire for what purpose a yacht is intended. Adaptation lies at the basis of the whole question, and it is idle to expect to invent a model that will be equally good in rough and in smooth water, for cruising and for racing, for deep water and for shallow sounds.

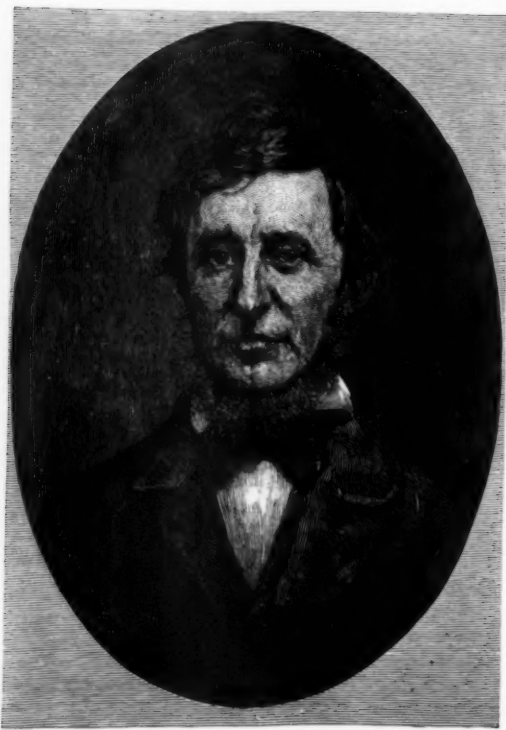
S. G. W. Benjamin.



BODY PLAN OF TYPICAL ENGLISH CUTTER, 38 FEET LENGTH OVER ALL, 6 FEET BEAM, AND 6 FEET DRAFT.



HENRY D. THOREAU.



HENRY D. THOREAU. (FROM HIS LAST PORTRAIT, A TINTYPE, TAKEN BY CRITCHERSON, OF WORCESTER, MASS., IN 1861; PRESENTED TO JOHN H. TREADWELL BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.)

IN "Walden" Thoreau enumerates, in a serio-humorous vein, his various unpaid occupations, such as inspector of storms, surveyor of forest-paths and all across-lot routes, shepherd and herder to the wild stock of the town, etc., etc. Among the rest he says: "For a long time I was reporter to a journal of no very wide circulation, whose editor has never yet seen fit to print the bulk of my contributions, and, as is too common with writers, I got only my labor for my pains. However, in this case my pains were their own reward." The journal to which Thoreau so playfully alludes, consisting of many manuscript volumes, is now the property of Mr. H. G. O. Blake, an old friend and correspondent of his, and his rejected contributions to it, after a delay of nearly twenty years, are being put into print. "Early Spring in Massachusetts," lately published by Houghton, Mifflin

& Co., is made up of excerpts from this journal. A few of the passages have been in print before; I notice one in the "Week," one or more in his discourse on "Walking, or the Wild," and one in the essay called "Life without Principle."

Thoreau published but two volumes in his life-time,—*"A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers"*—which, by the way, is mainly a record of other and much longer voyages upon other and less tangible rivers than those named in the title—and *"Walden, or Life in the Woods."* The other six volumes of his works, including Mr. Blake's, have been collected and published since his death.

It is to be hoped that, in time, we shall have the rest of his journal in print—at least a series of year-books from it, one volume for each of the four seasons. His journal was probably written with an eye to its future

publication. It does not consist of mere scraps, hasty memoranda, and jottings-down, like Hawthorne's note-book, and like the blotter most literary men keep, but of finished work—blocks carefully quarried, and trimmed, and faced, at least with a plumb spot upon each, to be used or rejected in the construction of future works. When he wrote a book, or a lecture, or an essay, he probably went to his journal for the greater share of the material. The amount of this manuscript matter he left behind him at his death was, perhaps, equal to all the matter he had printed, and, though it had doubtless been sorted over more or less, yet a large per cent. of it seems to be quite as good as any of his work and quite as characteristic. He revised, and corrected, and supplemented his record from day to day and from year to year, till it reflects truly his life and mind. Every scrap he ever wrote carries his flavor and quality unmistakably, as much as a leaf or twig of a sassafras-tree carries its quality and flavor. He was a man so thoroughly devoted to principle and to his own aims in life that he seems never to have allowed himself one indifferent or careless moment. He was always making the highest demands upon himself and upon others.

In his private letters his bow is strung just as taut as in his printed works, and he uses arrows from the same quiver, and sends them just as high and far as he can. In his journal it is the same.

Thoreau's fame has steadily increased since his death, in 1862, as it was bound to do. It was little more than in the bud at that time, and its full leaf and flowering are not yet, perhaps not in many years yet. He improves with age; in fact, requires age to take off a little of his asperity and fully ripen him. The generation he lectured so sharply will not give the same heed to his words as will the next and the next. The first effect of the reading of his books, upon many minds, is irritation and disapproval; the perception of their beauty and wisdom comes later. He makes short work of our prejudices; he likes the wind in his teeth, and to put it in the teeth of his reader. He was a man devoid of compassion, devoid of sympathy, devoid of generosity, devoid of patriotism, as these words are usually understood, yet his life showed a devotion to principle such as one life in millions does not show; and matching this there runs through his works a vein of the purest and rarest poetry and the finest wisdom. For both these reasons time will enhance rather than lessen the value of his contributions. The world likes a good hater and refuser almost as well as it likes a good lover and acceptor, only it likes him farther off.

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In writing of Thoreau, I am not conscious of having any criticism to make of him. I would fain accept him just as he was, and make the most of him, defining and discriminating him as I would a flower or a bird or any other product of nature—perhaps exaggerating some features the better to bring them out. I suppose there were greater men among his contemporaries, but I doubt if there were any more genuine and sincere, or more devoted to ideal ends. If he was not this, that, or the other great man, he was Thoreau, and he fills his own niche well, and has left a positive and distinct impression upon the literature of his country. He did his work thoroughly; he touched bottom; he made the most of his life. He was, perhaps, a little too near his friend and master, Emerson, and brought too directly under his influence. If he had lived farther from him, he would have felt his attraction less. But he was just as positive a fact as Emerson. The contour of his moral nature was just as firm and resisting. He was no more a soft-shelled egg, to be dented by every straw in the nest, than was his distinguished neighbor.

An English reviewer has summed up his estimate of Thoreau by calling him a "skulker," which is the pith of Dr. Johnson's smart epigram about Cowley, a man in whom Thoreau is distinctly foreshadowed: "If his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice." Thoreau was a skulker if it appears that he ran away from a noble part to perform an ignoble, or one less noble. The world has a right to the best there is in a man, both in word and deed: from the scholar, knowledge; from the soldier, courage; from the statesman, wisdom; from the farmer, good husbandry, etc.; and from all, virtue; but has it a right to say arbitrarily who shall be soldiers and who poets? Is there no virtue but virtue? no religion but in the creeds? no salt but what is crystallized? Who shall presume to say the world did not get the best there was in Thoreau—high and much needed service from him?—albeit there appear in the account more kicks than compliments. Would you have had him stick to his lead-pencils, or to school-teaching, and let Walden Pond and the rest go? We should have lost some of the raciest and most antiseptic books in English literature, and an example of devotion to principle that provokes and stimulates like a winter morning. I am not aware that Thoreau shirked any responsibility or dodged any duty proper to him, and he could look the world as square in the face as any man that ever lived.

The people of his native town remember at least one notable occasion on which Thoreau did not skulk, nor sulk either. I

refer to the 30th of October, 1859, when he made his plea for Captain John Brown, while the hero was on trial in Virginia. He was about the only Northern man who was not a skulker, or who did not hide behind some pretext or other. It was proposed to stop Thoreau's mouth, persuade him to keep still and lie low, but he was not to be stopped. He thought there were enough lying low—the ranks were all full there, the ground was covered; and in an address delivered in Concord he glorified the old hero in words that, at this day and in the light of subsequent events, it thrills the blood to read. This instant and unequivocal indorsement of Brown by Thoreau, in the face of the most overwhelming public opinion even among anti-slavery men, throws a flood of light upon him. It is the most significant act of his life. It clinches him; it makes the colors fast. We know he means what he says after that. It is of the same metal and has the same ring as Brown's act itself. It shows what thoughts he had fed his soul on, what school he had schooled himself in, what his devotion to the ideal meant. His hatred of slavery and injustice, and of the government that tolerated them, was pure, and it went clean through; it stopped at nothing. Iniquitous laws must be defied, and there is no previous question. "The fact that the politician falls," he says, referring to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, "is merely that there is less honor among thieves than was supposed, and not the fact that they are thieves." For the most part, Thoreau's political tracts and addresses seem a little petulant and willful, and fall just short of enlisting one's sympathies, and his carrying his opposition to the State to the point of allowing himself to be put in jail rather than pay a paltry tax, savors a little bit of the grotesque and the melodramatic. But his plea for John Brown when the whole country was disowning him, abolitionists and all, fully satisfies one's sense of the fitness of things. It does not overshoot the mark. The mark was high, and the attitude of the speaker was high and scornful, and uncompromising in the extreme. It was just the occasion required to show Thoreau's metal. "If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do. It is the best news that America has ever heard." "Think of him—of his rare qualities!—such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand; no mock hero, nor the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this benighted land. To whose making went the costliest material, the finest adamant; sent

to be the redeemer of those in captivity; and the only use to which you can put him is to hang him at the end of a rope!" "Do yourselves the honor to recognize him; he needs none of your respect." It was just such radical qualities as John Brown exhibited, or their analogue and counterpart in other fields, that Thoreau coveted and pursued through life; in man, devotion to the severest ideal, friendship founded upon antagonism, or hate, as he preferred to call it; in nature the untamed and untamable, even verging on the savage and pitiless; in literature the heroic—"books, not which afford us a cowering enjoyment, but in which each thought is of unusual daring; such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by." Indeed, Thoreau was Brown's spiritual brother, the last and finer flowering of the same plant—the seed flowering; he was just as much of a zealot, was just as gritty and unflinching in his way; a man whose brow was set, whose mind was made up, and leading just as forlorn a hope, and as little quailed by the odds.

In the great army of Mammon, the great army of the fashionable, the complacent and church-going, Thoreau was a skulker, even a deserter, if you please—yea, a traitor fighting on the other side.

Emerson regrets the loss to the world of his rare powers of action, and thinks that, instead of being the captain of a huckleberry-party, he might have engineered for all America. But Thoreau, doubtless, knew himself better when he said, with his usual strength of metaphor, that he was as unfit for the coarse uses of this world as gossamer for ship-timber. A man who believes that "life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower," and actually and seriously aims to live his life so, is not a man to engineer for all America. If you want a columbiad you must have tons and tons of gross metal, and if you want an engineer for all America, leader and wielder of vast masses of men, you must have a certain breadth and coarseness of fiber in your hero; but if you want a trenchant blade like Thoreau, you must leave the pot-metal out and look for something bluer and finer.

Thoreau makes a frank confession upon this very point in his journal, written when he was but twenty-five. "I must confess I have felt mean enough when asked how I was to act on society, what errand I had to mankind. Undoubtedly I did not feel mean without a reason, and yet my loitering is not without a defense. I would fain communicate the wealth of my life to men, would really give them what is most precious in my gift. I

would secrete pearls with the shell-fish, and lay up honey with the bees for them. I will sift the sunbeams for the public good. I know no riches I would keep back." And his subsequent life made good these words. He gave the world the strongest and bravest there was in him, the pearls of his life,—not a fat oyster, not a reputation unctuous with benevolence and easy good-will, but a character crisp and pearl-like, full of hard, severe words, and stimulating taunts and demands. Thoreau was an extreme product, an extreme type of mind and character, and was naturally more or less isolated from his surroundings. He planted himself far beyond the coast-line that bounds most lives, and seems insular and solitary, but he believed he had the granite floor of principle beneath him, and without the customary intervening clay or quicksands.

Of a profile we say the outlines are strong, or they are weak and broken. The outlines of Thoreau's moral nature are strong and noble, but the direct face-to-face expression of his character is not always pleasing, not always human. He appears best in profile, when looking away from you and not toward you—when looking at Nature and not at man. He combined a remarkable strength of will with a nature singularly sensitive and delicate—the most fair and fragile of wood-flowers on an iron stem. With more freedom and flexibility of character, greater capacity for self-surrender and self-abandonment, he would have been a great poet. But his principal aim in life was moral and intellectual, rather than artistic. He was an ascetic before he was a poet, and he cuts the deepest in the direction of character and conduct. He had no caution or prudence in the ordinary sense, no worldly temporizing qualities of any kind, was impatient of the dross and alloy of life—would have it pure flame, pure purpose and aspiration; and, so far as he could make it, his life was so. He was, by nature, of the Opposition; he had a constitutional No in him that could not be tortured into Yes. He was of the stuff that saints and martyrs and devotees, or, if you please, fanatics are made of, and, no doubt, in an earlier age, would have faced the rack or the stake with perfect composure. Such a man was bound to make an impression by contrast, if not by comparison, with the men of his country and time. He is, for the most part, a figure going the other way from that of the eager, money-getting, ambitious crowd, and he questions and admonishes and ridicules the passers-by sharply. We all see him and remember him, and feel his shafts. Especially was his attitude upon all social and political questions scornful and exasperating. His devotion to principle, to the ideal, was absolute;

it was like that of the Hindu to his idol. If it devoured him or crushed him—what business was that of his? There was no conceivable failure in adherence to principle.

Thoreau was, probably, the wildest civilized man this country has produced, adding to the shyness of the hermit and woodsman the wildness of the poet, and to the wildness of the poet the greater ferity and elusiveness of the mystic. An extreme product of civilization and of modern culture, he was yet as untouched by the worldly and commercial spirit of his age and country as any red man that ever haunted the shores of his native stream. He put the whole of Nature between himself and his fellows. A man of the strongest local attachments—not the least nomadic, seldom wandering beyond his native township, yet his spirit was as restless and as impatient of restraint as any nomad or Tartar that ever lived. He cultivated an extreme wildness, not only in his pursuits and tastes, but in his hopes and imaginings. He says to his friend, "Hold fast your most indefinite waking dream." Emerson says his life was an attempt to pluck the Swiss edelweiss from the all but inaccessible cliffs. The higher and the wilder, the more the fascination for him. Indeed, the loon, the moose, the beaver were but faint types and symbols of the wildness he coveted and would have re-appear in his life and books;—not the cosmical, the universal—he was not great enough for that—but simply the wild as distinguished from the domestic and the familiar, the remote and the surprising as contrasted with the hackneyed and the commonplace, arrow-heads as distinguished from whet-stones or jack-knives.

Thoreau was French on one side and Puritan on the other. It was the wild, untamable French core in him—a dash of the gray wolf that stalks through his ancestral folk-lore, as in Audubon and the Canadian *voyageurs*—that made him turn with such zest and such genius to aboriginal nature; and it was the Puritan element in him—strong, grim, uncompromising, almost heartless—that held him to such high, austere, moral and ideal ends. His genius was Saxon in its homeliness and sincerity, in its directness and scorn of rhetoric, but that wild revolutionary cry of his, and that sort of restrained ferocity and hirsuteness, are more French. He said in one of his letters, when he was but twenty-four: "I grow savager and savager every day, as if fed on raw meat, and my tameness is only the repose of untamableness." But his savageness took a mild form. He could not even eat meat; it was unclean and offended his imagination, and when he went to Maine he felt for weeks that his nature had been made the coarser because he had witnessed the killing of a moose. His boasted

savageness, the gray wolf in him, only gave a more decided grit or grain to his mental and moral nature,—made him shut his teeth the more firmly, sometimes even with an audible snap and growl, upon the poor lambs and ewes and superannuated wethers of the social, religious, political folds.

In his moral and intellectual growth and experience, Thoreau seems to have reacted strongly from a marked tendency to invalidism in his own body. He would be well in spirit at all hazards. What was this never-ending search of his for the wild but a search for health, for something tonic and antiseptic in nature? Health, health, give me health, is his cry. He went forth into nature as the boys go to the fields and woods in spring after wintergreens, black-birch, crinkle-root, and sweet-flag; he had an unappeasable hunger for the pungent, the aromatic, the bitter-sweet, for the very rind and salt of the globe. He fairly gnaws the ground and the trees in his walk, so craving is his appetite for the wild. He went to Walden to study, but it was as a deer goes to a deer-lick; the brine he was after did abound there. Any trait of wildness and freedom suddenly breaking out in any of the domestic animals, as when your cow leaped your fence like a deer and ate up your corn, or your horse forgot that he was not a mustang on the plains, and took the bit in his mouth, and left your buggy and family behind high and dry, etc., was eagerly snapped up by him. Ah, you have not tamed them, you have not broken them yet! He makes a most charming entry in his journal about a little boy he one day saw in the street, with a home-made cap on his head made of a woodchuck's skin. He seized upon it as a horse with the crib-bite seizes upon a post. It tasted good to him.

"The great gray-tipped hairs were all preserved, and stood out above the brown ones, only a little more loosely than in life. It was as if he had put his head into the belly of a woodchuck, having cut off his tail and legs, and substituted a visor for the head. The little fellow wore it innocently enough, not knowing what he had on forsooth, going about his small business pit-a-pat, and his black eyes sparkled beneath it when I remarked on its warmth, even as the woodchuck's might have done. Such should be the history of every piece of clothing that we wear."

He says how rarely are we encouraged by the sight of simple actions in the street, but when one day he saw an Irishman wheeling home from far a large, damp, and rotten pine-log for fuel, he felt encouraged. That looked like fuel; it warned him to think of it. The piles of solid oak-wood which he saw in other yards did not interest him at all in comparison. It savored of the wild, and though water-soaked, his fancy kindled at the sight.

He loved wild men, not tame ones. Any half-wild Irishman, or fisherman, or hunter in his neighborhood he was sure to get a taste of sooner or later. He seems to have had a hankering for the Indian all his life; could eat him raw, one would think. In fact, he did try him when he went to Maine, and succeeded in extracting more nutriment out of him than any other man has done. He found him rather tough diet, and was, probably, a little disappointed in him, but he got something out of him akin to that which the red squirrel gets out of a pine-cone. In his books he casts many a longing and envious glance upon the Indian. Some old Concord sachem seems to have looked into his fount of life and left his image there. His annual spring search for arrow-heads was the visible outcropping of this aboriginal trace. How he prized these relics! One is surprised to see how much he gets out of them. They become arrow-root instead of arrow-stones. "They are sown, like a grain that is slow to germinate, broadcast over the earth. As the dragon's teeth bore a crop of soldiers, so these bear a crop of philosophers and poets, and the same seed is just as good to plant again. It is a stone-fruit. Each one yields me a thought. I come nearer to the maker of it than if I found his bones." "When I see these signs I know that the subtle spirits that made them are not far off, into whatever form transmuted." (Journal, pages 257-58.) Our poetry, he said, was white man's poetry, and he longed to hear what the Indian muse had to say. I think he liked the Indian's paint and feathers. Certainly he did his skins, and the claws and hooked beaks with which he adorned himself. He puts a threatening claw or beak into his paragraphs whenever he can, and feathers his shafts with the nicest art.

So wild a man and such a lover of the wild, and yet it does not appear that he ever sowed any wild oats. Though he somewhere exclaims impatiently: "What demon possesses me that I behave so well?" he took it all out in transcendentalism and arrow-heads. His only escapades were eloping with a mountain or coquetting with Walden Pond! His weakness was that he had no weakness—it was only unkindness. He had a deeper center-board than most men, and he carried less sail. The passions and emotions and ambitions of his fellows, which are sails that so often need to be close-reefed and double-reefed, he was quite free from. Thoreau's isolation, his avoidance of the world, was in self-defense, no doubt. His genius would not bear the contact of rough hands any more than would butterflies' wings. He says, in "Walden": "The finest qualities of our nature, like the

bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling." This bloom, this natural innocence, Thoreau was very jealous of and sought to keep unimpaired, and, perhaps, succeeded as few men ever have. He says you cannot even know evil without being a *particeps criminis*. He did not so much regret the condition of things in this country (in 1861) as that he had ever heard of it.

Yet Thoreau creates as much consternation among the saints as among the sinners. His delicacy and fineness were saved by a kind of cross-grain there was in him—a natural twist and stubbornness of fiber. He was not easily reduced to kindling-wood. His self-indulgences were other men's crosses. His attitude was always one of resistance and urge. He hated sloth and indolence and compliance as he hated rust. He thought nothing was so much to be feared as fear, and that atheism might, comparatively, be popular with God himself. Beware even the luxury of affection, he says—"There must be some nerve and heroism in our love, as in a winter morning." He tells his correspondent to make his failure tragical by the earnestness and steadfastness of his endeavor, and then it will not differ from success. His saintliness is a rock-crystal. He says in "Walden": "Probably I should not consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it." Is this crystal a diamond? What will it not cut?

There is no grain of concession or compromise in this man. He asks no odds and he pays no boot. He will have his way, but his way is not down the stream with the current. He loves to warp up it against wind and tide, holding fast by his anchor at night. When he is chagrined or disgusted, it convinces him his health is better—that there is some vitality left. It is not compliments his friends get from him—rather taunts. The caress of the hand may be good, but the sting of its palm is good also. No is more bracing and tonic than Yes. He said: "I love to go through a patch of scrub-oaks in a bee-line—where you tear your clothes and put your eyes out." The spirit of antagonism never sleeps with Thoreau, and the love of paradox is one of his guiding stars. "The longer I have forgotten you, the more I remember you," he says to his correspondent. "My friend is cold and reserved, because his love for me is waxing and not waning," he says in his journal. The difficult and the disagreeable are in the line of his self-indulgence. Even lightning will choose the easiest way

out of the house—an open window or door. Thoreau would rather go through the solid wall, or mine out through the cellar.

When he is sad, his only regret is that he is not sadder. He says if his sadness was only sadder it would make him happier. In writing to his friend, he says it is not sad to him to hear she has sad hours: "I rather rejoice in the richness of your experience." In one of his letters, he charges his correspondent to "improve every opportunity to be melancholy," and accuses himself of being too easily contented with a slight and almost animal happiness. "My happiness is a good deal like that of the woodchucks." He says that "of acute sorrow I suppose that I know comparatively little. My saddest and most genuine sorrows are apt to be but transient regrets." Yet he had not long before lost by death his brother John, with whom he made his voyage on the Concord and Merrimack. Referring to John's death, he said: "I find these things more strange than sad to me. What right have I to grieve who have not ceased to wonder?" and says in effect, afterward, that any pure grief is its own reward. John, he said, he did not wish ever to see again—not the John that was dead (O Henry! Henry!), John as he was in the flesh, but the ideal, the nobler John, of whom the real was the imperfect representative. When the son of his friend died, he wasted no human regrets. It seemed very natural and proper that he should die. "Do not the flowers die every autumn?" "His fine organization demanded it [death], and nature gently yielded its request. It would have been strange if he had lived."

Thoreau was either destitute of pity and love (in the human sense), and of many other traits that are thought to be both human and divine, or else he studiously suppressed them and thought them unworthy of him. He writes and talks a great deal about love and friendship, and often with singular beauty and appreciation, yet he always says to his friend: "Stand off—keep away! Let there be an unfathomable gulf between us—let there be a wholesome hate." Indeed, love and hatred seem inseparable in his mind, and curiously identical. He writes in his journal that "words should pass between friends as the lightning passes from cloud to cloud." One of his poems begins:

"Let such pure hate still underprop
Our love, that we may be
Each other's conscience,
And have our sympathy
Mainly from thence."

"Surely, surely, thou wilt trust me
When I say thou dost disgust me.

Oh, I hate thee with a hate
That would fain annihilate;
Yet, sometimes, against my will,
My dear friend, I love thee still.
It were treason to our love,
And a sin to God above,
One iota to abate
Of a pure, impartial hate."

This is the salt with which he seasons and preserves his love—hatred. In this pickle it will keep. Without it, it would become stale and vulgar. This is characteristic of Thoreau; he must put in something sharp and bitter. You shall not have the nut without its bitter acrid rind or prickly sheath.

As a man, Thoreau appears to have been what is called a crusty person—a loaf with a hard bake, a good deal of crust, forbidding to tender gums, but sweet to those who had good teeth and unction enough to soften him.

He was no fair-weather walker. He delighted in storms, and in frost and cold. They were congenial to him. They came home. "Yesterday's rain," he begins an entry in his journal, "in which I was glad to be drenched," etc. Again he says: "I sometimes feel that I need to sit in a far-away cave through a three weeks' storm, cold and wet, to give a tone to my system." Another time: "A long, soaking rain, the drops trickling down the stubble, while I lay drenched on a last year's bed of wild oats, by the side of some bare hill, ruminating." And this in March, too! He says "to get the value of a storm we must be out a long time and travel far in it, so that it may fairly penetrate our skin," etc. He rejoices greatly when, on an expedition to Monadnock, he gets soaked with rain and is made thoroughly uncomfortable. It tastes good. It made him appreciate a roof and a fire. The mountain gods were especially kind and thoughtful to get up the storm. When they saw himself and friend coming, they said: "There come two of our folks. Let us get ready for them—get up a serious storm that will send a-packing these holiday guests. Let us receive them with true mountain hospitality—kill the fatted cloud," etc. In his journal he says: "If the weather is thick and stormy enough, if there is a good chance to be cold, and wet, and uncomfortable—in other words, to feel weather-beaten, you may consume the afternoon to advantage, thus browsing along the edge of some near wood, which would scarcely detain you at all in fair weather," etc. "There is no better fence to put between you and the village than a storm into which the villagers do not venture forth." This passion for storms and these many drenchings no doubt helped shorten Thoreau's days.

This crustiness, this playful and willful per-

versity of Thoreau, is one source of his charm as a writer. It stands him instead of other qualities—of real unction and heartiness—is, perhaps, these qualities in a more seedy and desiccated state. Hearty, in the fullest sense, he was not, and unctuous he was not, yet it is only by comparison that we miss these qualities from his writings. Perhaps he would say that we should not expect the milk on the outside of the cocoa-nut, but I suspect there is an actual absence of milk here, though there is sweet meat, and a good, hard shell to protect it. Good-nature and conciliation were not among his accomplishments, and yet he puts his reader in a genial and happy frame of mind. He is the occasion of unction and heartiness in others, if he has not them in himself. He says of himself, with great penetration: "My only integral experience is in my vision. I see, perchance, with more integrity than I feel." His sympathies lead you into narrow quarters, but his vision takes you to the hill-tops. As regards humanity and all that goes with it, he was like an inverted cone, and grew broader and broader the farther he got from it. He approached things, or even men, but very little through his humanity or his manliness. How delightful his account of the Canadian wood-chopper in "Walden," and yet he sees him afar off, across an impassable gulf!—he is a kind of Homeric or Paphlagonian man to him. Very likely he would not have seen him at all had it not been for the classic models and ideals with which his mind was filled, and which saw for him.

Yet Thoreau doubtless liked the flavor of strong, racy men. He said he was naturally no hermit, but ready enough to fasten himself, like a blood-sucker for the time, to any full-blooded man that came in his way; and he gave proof of this when he saw and recognized the new poet, Walt Whitman. Here is the greatest democrat the world has seen, he said, and he found him exhilarating and encouraging, while yet he felt somewhat imposed upon by his heartiness and broad generalities. As a writer, Thoreau shows all he is, and more. Nothing is kept back; greater men have had far less power of statement. His thoughts do not merely crop out, but lie upon the surface of his pages. They are fragments; there is no more than you see. It is not the edge or crown of the native rock, but a drift boulder. He sees clearly, thinks swiftly, and the sharp emphasis and decision of his mind strew his pages with definite and striking images and ideas. His expression is never sod-bound, and you get its full force at once.

One of his chief weapons is a kind of restrained extravagance of statement, a compressed exaggeration of metaphor. The hyper-

bole is big, but it is gritty and is firmly held. Sometimes it takes the form of paradox, as when he tells his friend that he needs his hate as much as his love:

"Indeed, indeed, I cannot tell,
Though I ponder on it well,
Which were easier to state,
All my love or all my hate."

Or when he says, in "Walden": "Our manners have been corrupted by communication with the saints," and the like. Sometimes it becomes downright brag, as when he says, emphasizing his own preoccupation and indifference to events: "I would not run around the corner to see the world blow up"; or again: "Methinks I would hear with indifference if a trustworthy messenger were to inform me that the sun drowned himself last night." Again it takes an impish, ironical form, as when he says: "In heaven I hope to bake my own bread and clean my own linen." Another time it assumes a half-quizzical, half-humorous turn, as when he tells one of his correspondents that he was so warmed up in getting his winter's wood that he considered, after he got it housed, whether he should not dispose of it to the ash-man, as if he had extracted all its heat. Often it gives only an added emphasis to his expression, as when he says: "A little thought is sexton to all the world"; or, "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk"; but its best and most constant office is to act as a kind of fermenting, expanding gas that lightens, if it sometimes inflates, his page. His exaggeration is saved by its wit, its unexpectedness. It gives a wholesome jostle and shock to the mind.

Thoreau was not a racy writer, but a trenchant; not nourishing so much as stimulating; not convincing, but wholesomely exasperating and arousing, which, in some respects, is better. There is no heat in him, and yet in reading him one understands what he means when he says that, sitting by his stove at night, he sometimes had thoughts that kept the fire warm. I think the mind of his reader always reacts healthfully and vigorously from his most rash and extreme statements. The blood comes to the surface and to the extremities with a bound. He is the best of counter-irritants when he is nothing else. There is nothing to reduce the tone of your moral and intellectual systems in Thoreau. Such heat as there is in refrigeration, as he himself might say,—you are always sure of that in his books.

His literary art, like that of Emerson's, is in the unexpected turn of his sentences. Shakspeare says:

"It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection."

This "strange face" Thoreau would have at all hazards, even if it was a false face. If he could not state a truth he would state a paradox, which, however, is not always a false face. He must make the commonest facts and occurrences wear a strange and unfamiliar look. The commonplace he would give a new dress, even if he set it masquerading. But the reader is always the gainer by this tendency in him. It gives a fresh and novel coloring to what in other writers would prove flat and wearisome. He made the whole world interested in his private experiment at Walden Pond by the strange and, on the whole, beaming face he put upon it. Of course, this is always more or less the art of genius, but it was preëminently the art of Thoreau. We are not buoyed up by great power, we do not swim lightly as in deep water, but we are amused and stimulated, and now and then positively electrified.

To make an extreme statement, and so be sure that he made an emphatic one, that was his aim. Exaggeration is less to be feared than dullness and tameness. The far-fetched is good if you fetch it swift enough; you must make its heels crack—jerk it out of its boots, in fact. Cushions are good provided they are well stuck with pins; you will be sure not to go to sleep in that case. Warm your benumbed hands in the snow; that is a more wholesome warmth than that of the kitchen stove. This is the way he underscored his teachings. Sometimes he racked his bones to say the unsayable. His mind had a strong gripe, and he often brings a great pressure to bear upon the most vague and subtle problems, or shadows of problems, but he never quite succeeds to my satisfaction in condensing bluing from the air or from the Indian summer haze, any more than he succeeded in extracting health and longevity from water-gruel and rye-meal.

He knew what an exaggeration he was, and he went about it deliberately. He says to one of his correspondents, a Mr. B—, whom he seems to have delighted to pummel with these huge boxing-gloves: "I trust that you realize what an exaggerator I am,—that I lay myself out to exaggerate whenever I have an opportunity,—pile Pelion upon Ossa to reach heaven so. Expect no trivial truth from me, unless I am on the witness-stand. I will come as near to lying as you can drive a coach-and-four."

We have every reason to be thankful that he was not always or commonly on the witness-stand. The record would have been

much duller. Eliminate from him all his exaggerations, all his magnifying of the little, all his inflation of bubbles, etc., and you make sad havoc in his pages—as you would, in fact, in any man's. Of course it is one thing to bring the distant near, and thus magnify as does the telescope, and it is quite another thing to inflate a pigmy to the stature of a giant with a gas-pipe. But Thoreau brings the stars as near as any writer I know of, and if he sometimes magnifies a will-o'-the-wisp, too, what matters it? He had a hard common-sense, as well as an uncommon sense, and he knows well when he is conducting you to the brink of one of his astonishing hyperboles, and inviting you to take the leap with him, and what is more, he knows that you know it. Nobody is deceived and the game is well played. Writing to a correspondent who had been doing some big mountain-climbing, he says:

"It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain if ever. What did the mountain say? What did the mountain do? I keep a mountain anchored off eastward a little way, which I ascend in my dreams, both awake and asleep. Its broad haze spreads over a village or two, which do not know it; neither does it know them, nor do I when I ascend it. I can see its general outline as plainly now in my mind as that of Wachusett. I do not invent in the least, but state exactly what I see. I find that I go up it when I am light-footed and earnest. I am not aware that a single villager frequents it or knows of it. I keep this mountain to ride instead of a horse."

What a saving clause is that last one, and what humor!

The bird Thoreau most admired was Chanticleer, crowing from his perch in the morning. He says the merit of that strain is its freedom from all plaintiveness. Unless our philosophy hears the cock-crow in the morning it is belated. "It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature—a brag for all the world." "Who has not betrayed his Master many times since he last heard that note?" "The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or perchance a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow, far or near, I think to myself, 'There is one of us well, at any rate,'—and with a sudden gush return to my senses."

Thoreau pitched his "Walden" in this key; he claps his wings and gives forth a clear, saucy, cheery, triumphant note—if only to wake his neighbors up. And the book is certainly the most delicious piece of brag in literature. There is nothing else like it; nothing so good, certainly. It is a challenge and a triumph, and has a morning freshness

and *flair*. Read the chapter on his "bean-field." One wants to go forthwith and plant a field with beans, and hoe them barefoot. It is a kind of celestial agriculture. "When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios." "On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like pop-guns to these woods, and some waif of martial music occasionally penetrated thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field and the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst; and when there was a military turn-out of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all day,—of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash,—until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the 'trainers'!"

What visitors he had, too, in his little hut—what royal company!—"especially in the morning, when nobody called." "One inconvenience I sometimes experience in so small a house—the difficulty of getting to a sufficient distance from my guest, when we began to utter the big thoughts in big words." "The bullet of your thought must have overcome its lateral and ricochet motion and fallen into its last and steady course before it reaches the ear of the hearer, else it may plough out again through the side of his head." He bragged that Concord could show him nearly everything worth seeing in the world or in nature, and that he did not need to read Dr. Kane's "Arctic Voyages" for phenomena that he could observe at home. He declined all invitations to go abroad, because he should then lose so much of Concord. As much of Paris, or London, or Berlin as he got, so much of Concord should he lose. He says in his journal: "It would be a wretched bargain to accept the proudest Paris in exchange for my native village." "At best, Paris could only be a school in which to learn to live here—a stepping-stone to Concord, a school in which to fit for this university." "The sight of a marsh-hawk in Concord meadows is worth more to me than the entry of the Allies into Paris." This is very Parisian and Victor Hugoish, except for its self-consciousness and the playful twinkle in the author's eye.

Thoreau had humor, but it had worked a little—it was not quite sweet; a vinous fermentation had taken place more or less in it. There was too much acid for the sugar. It shows itself especially when he speaks of men. How he disliked the average social and business man, and said his only resource was to get away from them. He was surprised to find what vulgar fellows they were. "They do a little business commonly each day, in order to pay their board, and then they congregate in sitting-rooms, and feebly fabulate and paddle in the social slush; and when I think that they have sufficiently relaxed, and am prepared to see them steal away to their shrines, they go unashamed to their beds, and take on a new layer of sloth." Methinks there is a drop of aquafortis in this liquor. Generally, however, there is only a pleasant acid or sub-acid flavor to his humor, as when he refers to a certain minister who spoke of God as if he enjoyed a monopoly of the subject; or when he says of the good church-people that "they show the whites of their eyes on the Sabbath, and the blacks all the rest of the week." He says the greatest bores who visited him in his hut by Walden Pond were the self-styled reformers, who thought that he was forever singing:

"This is the house that I built;
This is the man that lives in the house that I built."

But they did not know that the third line was:

"These are the folks that worry the man
That lives in the house that I built."

"I did not fear the hen-harriers, for I kept no chickens, but I feared the men-harriers rather."

What sweet and serious humor in that passage in "Walden" wherein he protests that he was not lonely in his hermitage:

"I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond and stoned it, and fringed it with pine-woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity; and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider—a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and though he is thought to be dead, none can show where he is buried. An elderly dame, too, dwells in my neighborhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb-garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables; for she has a genius of unequalled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded, for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet."

Emerson says Thoreau's determination on natural history was organic, but it was his determination on supernatural history that was organic. Natural history was but one of the doors through which he sought to gain admittance to this inner and finer heaven of things. He hesitated to call himself a naturalist; probably even poet-naturalist would not have suited him. He says in his journal: "The truth is, I am a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot," and the least of these is the natural philosopher. He says: "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone." It is not looking at Nature that turns the man of science to stone, but looking at his dried and labeled specimens, and his dried and labeled theories of her. Thoreau always sought to look through and beyond her, and he missed seeing much there was in her; the jealous goddess had her revenge. I do not make this remark as a criticism, but to account for his failure to make any new or valuable contribution to natural history. He did not love Nature for her own sake, or the bird and the flower for their own sakes, or with an unmixed and disinterested love, as Gilbert White did, for instance, but for what he could make out of them. He says (Journal, page 83): "The ultimate expression or fruit of any created thing is a fine effluence, which only the most ingenuous worshiper perceives at a reverent distance from its surface even." This "fine effluence" he was always reaching after, and often grasping or inhaling. This is the mythical hound and horse and turtle-dove which he says in "Walden" he long ago lost, and has been on their trail ever since. He never abandons the search, and in every woodchuck-hole or musk-rat-den, in retreat of bird, or squirrel, or mouse, or fox that he pries into, in every walk and expedition to the fields or swamps, or to distant woods, in every spring note and call that he listens to so patiently, he hopes to get some clew to his lost treasures, to the effluence that so provokingly eludes him.

Hence, when we regard Thoreau simply as an observer or as a natural historian, there have been better, though few so industrious and persistent. He was up and out at all hours of the day and night, and in all seasons and weathers, year in and year out, and yet he saw and recorded nothing new. I cannot say that there was any felicitous and happy seeing; there was no inspiration of the eye, certainly not in the direction of natural history. He has added no new line or touch to

the portrait of bird or beast that I can recall—no important or significant fact to their lives. What he saw in this field everybody may see who looks; it is patent. He had not the detective eye of the great naturalist; he did not catch the clues and hints dropped here and there, the quick, flashing movements, the shy but significant gestures by which new facts are disclosed, mainly because he was not looking for them. His eye was not penetrating and interpretive. It was full of speculation; it was sophisticated with literature, sophisticated with Concord, sophisticated with himself. His mood was subjective rather than objective. He was more intent on the natural history of his own thought than on that of the bird. To the last his ornithology was not quite sure, not quite trustworthy. In his published journal he sometimes names the wrong bird, and what short work a naturalist would have made of his night-warbler, which Emerson reports Thoreau had been twelve years trying to identify. It was perhaps his long-lost turtle-dove, in some one of its disguises. From his journal it would seem that he was a long time puzzled to distinguish the fox-colored sparrow from the tree or Canadian sparrow—a very easy task to one who has an eye for the birds. But he was looking too intently for a bird behind the bird—for a mythology to shine through his ornithology. "The song-sparrow and the transient fox-colored sparrow—have they brought me no message this year? Is not the coming of the fox-colored sparrow something more earnest and significant than I have dreamed of? Have I heard what this tiny passenger has to say while it flits thus from tree to tree?" "I love the birds and beasts because they are mythologically in earnest." (Journal, page 284.)

If he had had the same eye for natural history he possessed for arrow-heads, what new facts he would have disclosed! But he was looking for arrow-heads. He had them in his mind; he thought arrow-heads; he was an arrow-head himself, and these relics fairly kicked themselves free of the mold to catch his eye.

Thoreau was a man eminently "preoccupied of his own soul." He had no self-abandonment, no self-forgetfulness; he could not give himself to the birds or animals: they must surrender to him. He says to one of his correspondents: "Whether he sleeps or wakes, whether he runs or walks, whether he uses a microscope or a telescope, or his naked eye, a man never discovers anything, never overtakes anything, or leaves anything behind, but himself." This is half true of some; it is wholly true of others. It is wholly true of Thoreau. Nature was the glass in which he saw himself. He says the partridge loves

peas, but not those that go into the pot with her! All the peas Thoreau loved had been in the pot with him and were seasoned by him.

I trust I do not in the least undervalue Thoreau's natural history notes; I only wish there were more of them. What makes them so valuable and charming is his rare descriptive powers. He could give the simple fact with the freshest and finest poetic bloom upon it. He says: "The note of the first blue-bird in the air answers to the purling rill of melted snow beneath. It is evidently soft and soothing, and, as surely as the thermometer, indicates a higher temperature. It is the accent of the south wind, its vernacular." Of the return of the highhole, or pigeon woodpecker, he says: "The loud *peep!* of a pigeon woodpecker is heard, and, anon, the prolonged loud and shrill cackle calling the thin-wooded hill-sides and pastures to life. It is like the note of an alarm-clock set last fall so as to wake Nature up at exactly this date. *Up up up up up up up up!*"

Often a single word or epithet of his tells the whole story. Thus he says, speaking of the music of the black-bird, that it has a "split-whistle"; the note of the red-shouldered starling is "gurglee-ee." Looking out of his window one March day, he says he cannot see the heel of a single snow-bank anywhere. He does not seem to have known that the shrike sang in the fall and winter as well as in the spring; and is he entirely sure he saw a musk-rat building its house in March (the fall is the time they build); or that he heard the whippoorwill singing in September; or that the woodchuck dines principally upon crickets? With what patience and industry he watched things for a sign! From his journal it would appear that Thoreau kept nature about Concord under a sort of police surveillance the year round. He shadowed every flower and bird and musquash that appeared. His vigilance was unceasing; not a mouse or a squirrel must leave its den without his knowledge. If the birds or frogs were not on hand promptly at his spring roll-call, he would know the reason; he would look them up; he would question his neighbors. He was up in the morning and off to some favorite haunt earlier than the day-laborers, and he chronicled his observations on the spot as if the case was to be tried in court the next day and he was the principal witness. He watched the approach of spring as a doctor watches the development of a critical case. He felt the pulse of the wind and the temperature of the day at all hours. He examined the plants growing under water, and noted the radical leaves of various weeds that keep green all winter under the snow. He

felt for them with benumbed fingers amid the wet and the snow. The first sight of bare ground and of the red earth excites him. The fresh meadow spring odor was to him like the fragrance of tea to an old tea-drinker. In early March he goes to the Corner Spring to see the tufts of green grass, or he inspects the minute lichens that spring from the bark of trees. "It is short commons," he says, "and innutritious." He brings home the first frog-spittle he finds in a ditch and studies it in a tumbler of water. The first water-beetle that appears he makes a note of, and the first skunk-cabbage that thrusts its spathe up through the mold is of more interest to him than the latest news from Paris or London. "I go to look for mud-turtles in Heywood's meadow," he says, March 23, 1853. The first water-fowl that came in the spring he stalked like a pot-hunter, crawling through the swamps and woods, or over a hill on his stomach, to have a good shot at them with his—journal. He is determined nature shall not get one day the start of him; and yet he is obliged to confess that "no mortal is alert enough to be present at the first dawn of spring"; still he will not give up trying. "Can you be sure," he says, "that you have heard the first frog in the township croak?" A lady offered him the life of Dr. Chalmers to read, but he would not promise. The next day she was heard through a partition shouting to some one who was deaf: "Think of it—he stood half an hour to-day to hear the frogs croak, and he wouldn't read the life of Chalmers!" He would go any number of miles to interview a musk-rat or a woodchuck, or to keep an "appointment with an oak-tree," but he records in his journal that he rode a dozen miles one day with his employer, keeping a profound silence almost all the way. "I treated him simply as if he had bronchitis and could not speak—just as I would a sick man, a crazy man, or an idiot."

Thoreau seems to have been aware of his defect on the human side. He says: "If I am too cold for human friendship, I trust I shall not soon be too cold for natural influences"; and then he goes on with this doubtful statement: "It appears to be a law that you cannot have a deep sympathy with both man and nature. Those qualities which bring you near to the one estrange you from the other." One day he met a skunk in the field, and he describes its peculiar gait exactly when he says: "It runs, even when undisturbed, with a singular teter or undulation, like the walking of a Chinese lady." He ran after the animal to observe it, keeping out of the reach of its formidable weapon, and when it took refuge in the wall he inter-

viewed it at his leisure. If it had been a man or a woman he had met, he would have run the other way. Thus he went through the season, Nature's reporter, taking down the words as they fell from her lips, and distressed if a sentence is missed.

The Yankee thrift and enterprise that he had so little patience with in his neighbors, he applied to his peculiar ends. He took the day and the season by the foretop. "How many mornings," he says in "Walden," "summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine!" He had an eye to the main chance, to a good investment. He probed the swamps like a butter-buyer, he sampled the plants and the trees and lichens like a tea-taster. He made a burning-glass of a piece of ice; he made sugar from a pumpkin and from the red-maple, and wine from the sap of the black-birch, and boiled rock-tripe for an hour and tried it as food. If he missed any virtue or excellence in these things or in anything in his line, or any suggestion to his genius, he felt like a man who had missed a good bargain. Yet he sometimes paused in this peeping and prying into nature, and cast a regretful look backward. "Ah, those youthful days," he says in his journal, under date of March 30, 1853, "are they never to return?—when the worker does not too enviously observe particulars, but sees, hears, scents, tastes, and feels only himself—the phenomena that showed themselves in him, his expanding body, his intellect and heart. No worm or insect, quadruped or bird confined his view, but the unbounded universe was his. A bird has now become a mote in his eye." Then he proceeds to dig out a woodchuck.

In "Walden," Thoreau pretends to quote the following passage from the Gulistan, or Rose Garden of Sadi of Shiraz, with an eye to its application to his own case, but as he evidently found it not in, but under, Sadi's lines, it has an especial significance, and may fitly close this paper:

"They asked a wise man, saying: 'Of the many celebrated trees which the Most High God has created, lofty and umbrageous, they call none azad, or free, excepting the cypress, which bears no fruit; what mystery is there in this?' He replied: 'Each has its appropriate produce and appointed season, during the continuance of which it is fresh and blooming, and during their absence dry and withered; to neither of which states is the cypress exposed, being always flourishing; and of this nature are the azads, or religious independents.—Fix not thy heart on that which is transitory; for the Djlal or Tigris will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of caliphs is extinct: if thy hand has plenty, be liberal as the date-tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress.'"

John Burroughs.



THE HEART OF THE YEAR.

WHITE lay the world in her burial web :
Deep in December her life was at ebb ;
Gray with great clouds, all the air-height was dim ;
Frost-fingers, cruel and stealthy and slim,
Stiffened and sheathed every brier and stem,
Breaths of slow death-wind detaining on them.

Heavy tree-branches swayed upward and fell,
Moved like the swing of a funeral bell.
Where were the toss and the shimmer of June ?
Glory of green that had vanished so soon ?
Bird-song and bloom ? I outquestioned with fear :
" Heart of Winter ! Oh, art thou the Heart of the Year ? "

Hush of the snow, and dull moan of the trees,—
Durance of all,—was there answer in these ?
Durance ! That said it. The things that endure—
Bear, and wait on—are the things that are sure !
Not in the shroud, or the pall, or the tear—
Deep in the life, is the Heart of the Year !

Down where the pain and the shrinking can be,
Buds the great Summer, for earth and for me .
Down at the quick it must gather awhile,—
Grow to the fullness,—for blossom and smile ;
Where the hope hides, under hindrance and loss,
Lies the heart-meaning, the sign of the cross !

Now it is June ; and the secret is told :
Flashed from the buttercup's glory of gold,
Hummed in the humblebee's gladness, and sung
New from each bough where a bird's-nest is swung ;
Breathed from the clover-beds when the winds pass,
Chirped in small psalms through the aisles of the grass.

Beauty of roses,—the lavish sweet light,—
Splendor of trees, rearing up the blue height,—
Smell of the strawberry,—balsam of pine,—
Bliss of the brook,—and this rapture of mine !
Tell they not all, now their heyday is here,
Heart of the Summer is Heart of the Year ?

Billowing forest, and balm-bearing breeze,—
Outcome of life,—lies the answer in these ?
Waiting, fulfilling,—holds neither the whole ;
Greater the gospel than joyance or dole ;
Whether His snows or His roses befall,
Heart of the Father is Heart of it all !

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

THE HORSE IN MOTION.*



16 17 18 19 20

FIG. 1.



17 18 19 20 21

FIG. 2.



18 19 20 21 22

FIG. 3.

THOSE curious in such matters were much interested, a few years ago, by the circulation of a few sets of photographs, taken at the private race-course of Governor Leland Stanford, of California, by Mr. Muybridge, a photographer of San Francisco. The consecutive positions of the legs in the stride of a running horse, as revealed by these photographs, seemed ludicrous and almost impossible. Indeed, it required the combination of the positions given by the reproduction of the pace in the zoetrope to convince the skeptical that the analysis of the movement was correct. The



22 23 24 25

FIG. 4.

testimony of the zoetrope, and, later, of the zoopraxiscope, has silenced all skepticism, and one can no longer hesitate to concede the truth and simplicity of what, at first, seemed complicated and absurd. Since the first appearance of these photographs, the processes for securing them have been much improved, and Mr. Muybridge's public and private representations, here and abroad, have been received with the greatest favor. Meissonier, who has made a specialty of the action of the horse, is announced as an adherent of the new theory, and it is said that he has recently modified a painting in conformity with it.

While great credit is due to Mr. Muybridge for the ingenuity and skill with which he has applied his art to the production of these

pictures, they would not have been taken, nor could the world have had the full benefit of them which it now receives, but for the intelligent liberality of Governor Stanford, who, at much cost and with no chance for pecuniary reward, has carried the investigation to great lengths, and who now presents its results in a large quarto volume, containing more than a hundred plates, which bear over a thousand figures of animals in motion. These illustrations are accompanied by an elaborate essay, in which Dr. Stillman explains their application to the locomotion of quadrupeds, of horses especially.

The method by which these photographs have been taken—the result of years of experiment—is substantially as follows: At one side of the track is a long building arranged for photographic work, containing a battery of twenty-four cameras, all alike and standing one foot apart. On the other side of the track is a screen of white muslin and a foot-board. The screen is marked with vertical and horizontal lines, and the foot-board bears numbers indicating separate intervals of one foot each. The instantaneous shutters of the cameras are operated by electricity, and their movement is governed by such powerful springs that the exposure is estimated to be about one five-thousandth of a second. The contact by which the shutters are sprung is made by the breaking of a thread drawn across the track at about the height of the horse's breast, there being one thread for each camera. In his flight through



24 25 26 27 28

FIG. 5.



27 28 29 30 31

FIG. 6.



29 30 31 32 33

FIG. 7.

*"The Horse in Motion, as Shown by Instantaneous Photography, with a Study on Animal Mechanics. Founded on anatomy and the revelations of the camera. In which is demonstrated the theory of quadrupedal locomotion. By J. D. B. Stillman, A. M., M. D. Executed and published under the auspices of Leland Stanford." Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. 1882.

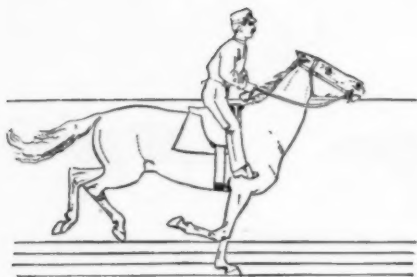


FIG. 8.

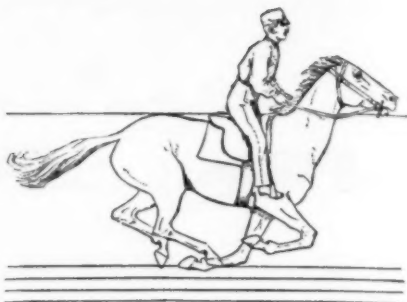


FIG. 9.

the air, therefore, he brings each of the twenty-four cameras to bear upon him at the moment when he passes in front of it, and that camera represents his position at that instant. The series of representations indicates the consecutive positions at each of the twenty-four feet covered by the instruments. In a series showing a horse trotting at speed the spokes of the sulky are shown as distinct lines quite to the felloe of the wheel, indicating an extremely short exposure. In a fast run, the tufts of the horse's tail, as it waves with his stride, are clearly marked. The distinctness of the silhouettes thus produced is well illustrated in Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, showing a hound running with a stride of twenty-one feet. These and the other silhouettes illustrating this article are copied from heliotypes taken from the original photographs.

The illustrations 8 to 18, which follow, are not absolute reproductions; but in drawing them the greatest care was taken to preserve the outlines of the original. Their essential correspondence with the photographs of an animal running at speed show they may be taken as an unquestionable analysis of that gait. It is to be understood that the horse is at full speed, and that the illustrations here given represent alternate photographs of a series of twenty-four; that is, that they represent positions at intervals of two feet.

The eleven cuts cover a trifle more than one stride, the supporting fore leg in the last being a little further to the rear than in the first. In Figure 8 the whole weight is borne by the left fore leg, the pastern of which is nearly horizontal, and which is nearly under the center of gravity. The hind feet are about twelve and fifteen inches from the ground,

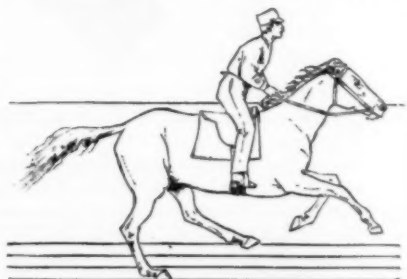


FIG. 12.

and the croup and withers are about two inches below the gauge line. Figure 18 shows this supporting foot just before leaving the ground. The extreme lengthening of the leg, by straightening the angles between the shoulder and the forearm, has raised the body about an inch nearer to the gauge line. The effect of that thrust, and of the straightening

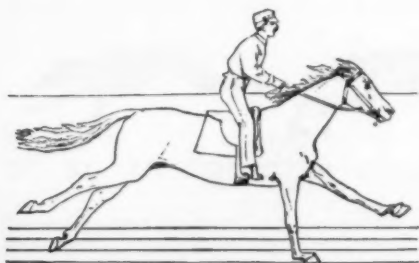


FIG. 15.

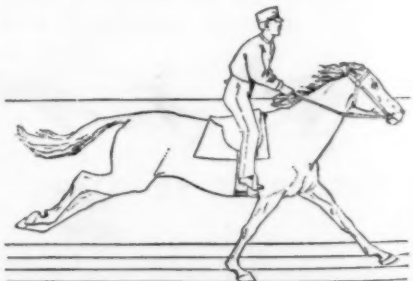


FIG. 16.

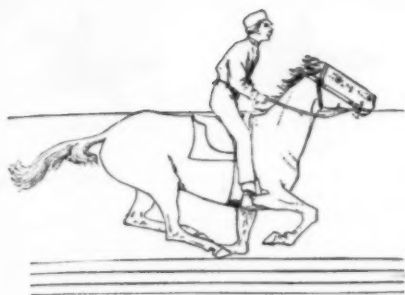


FIG. 10.

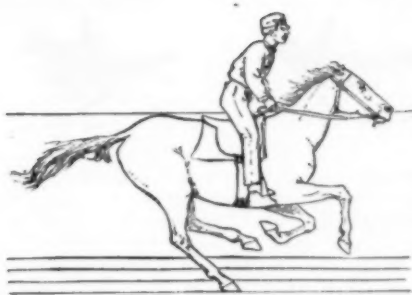


FIG. 11.

of the pastern, is continued after the foot leaves the ground, so that in Figure 9 the croup and shoulder have been thrown quite to the gauge line. In Figure 10, the horse being still off the ground, the croup has gone an inch above the line. It has hitherto been the general belief that when the horse descends from his bound he lands on one of his

both fore feet being still more than a foot from the ground, both hind feet are in firm contact with it. In Figure 14, the right hind foot is ten inches from the ground and far to the rear. The left hind foot is performing the functions of the right in Figure 12, and the right fore foot is on the ground. The leading fore leg is extended to its utmost in Figure 15.

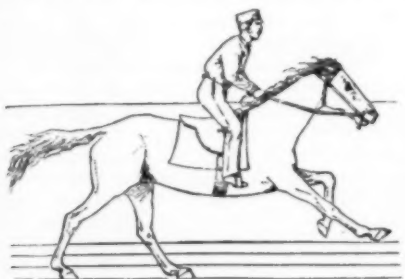


FIG. 13.

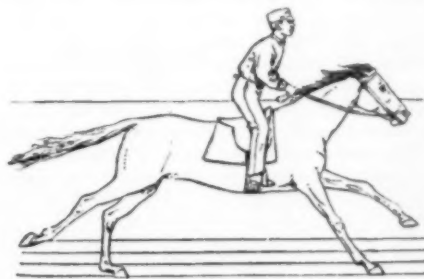


FIG. 14.

fore feet. Figure 11 shows that the right hind foot first reaches the ground, the other three feet being more than twelve inches above it. As this hind leg passes to the rear in Figure 12 the pastern is parallel with the ground, the left hind foot is preparing to take its position, and both fore feet are moving to the front. At the next position, Figure 13,

The two hind legs are extended, and the left fore leg is still four inches from the ground (Figure 16), when the right, the only one in contact, is nearly at the end of its stroke. In Figure 17, eighteen feet in advance of Figure 1, the left fore foot is still somewhat in advance of the position there shown. Figure 18, as above stated, finishes the stride, the leg,

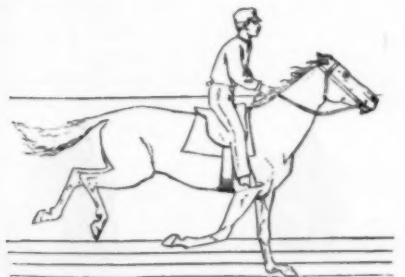


FIG. 17.

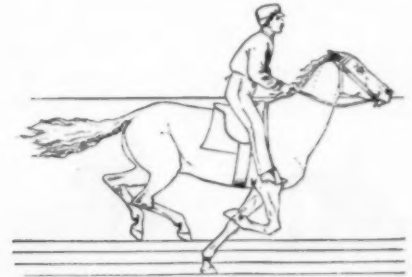


FIG. 18.



FIG. 19.



FIG. 20.



FIG. 21.



FIG. 22.

strongly extended to the rear, having started the upward propulsion that is to carry the horse through the air until his right hind leg reaches the ground.

The deductions from these few illustrations cannot be adequately set forth within these limits. The most curious of them, anatomically, relates to the fact that the horse's withers are much further from the gauge line when one of his fore legs is almost directly under him (Figure 15) than when that leg is extended to the utmost, and when the other feet are in the air (Figure 18), the whole body being strongly thrown upward, as if by the force with which this one leg is extended. This thrust—which shows a wonderful flexibility and strength of the whole mechanism, from the top of the shoulder to the toe—involves the action of muscles whose relations to this movement Dr. Stillman explains in his notes. Another deduction which it seems difficult to avoid is this: Not only are the fore legs of a horse something more than mere supporters of his weight between successive thrusts of the hind-quarters: they are themselves most effective in propelling the body forward. Dr. Stillman even says:

"It will be apparent * * * that each limb is required to support the body and act as a propeller in turn, and that the *anterior one does more than its share of both offices.*" (The italics are mine.)

Nevertheless, it will need more than the photographs and diagrams shown in this book, and the reasoning with which the proposition is advanced, to convert to full belief in this theory one who has watched from a coach-box the tremendous action of the dorsal muscles of a pulling horse. If there is a weak point in the reasoning, it may, perhaps, lie in the fact that due consideration is not given to the effect upon the horizontal momentum of the body of the "dirt-throwing" movement of the fore foot as it passes over the toe—an effect somewhat akin to that

produced by a match on a billiard-table in making a ball "hop."

Looking at these illustrations as a series, the first impression of absurdity must be inevitable; but, as I have had occasion to learn through the perfect reproduction of a graceful and vigorous stride, on placing them in the zoetrope and there studying their combinations at low speed, they lose, in time, their extravagant appearance, and are easily associated in the mind with the natural action of a rapidly moving horse. To what extent they may be useful in modifying the pictorial representation of animals in motion it is not easy to determine. This part of the subject will have consideration further on.

The numerous illustrations given of walking, trotting, cantering, running, and pacing are all most instructive and suggestive, none of them more so than the series 19 to 30, showing a leaping horse. These twelve figures are selected from a series of forty-eight, which begin twenty-one feet before a hurdle three feet and six inches high, and terminate twenty-one feet beyond it. The selected figures begin sixteen feet in advance and terminate nineteen feet beyond. As the horse approaches the leap he slackens his speed, puts one fore leg far in advance, throws his weight upon that leg, and advances his hind legs (19), which pass the position of the supporting fore foot, and strike the ground about two feet in advance of it (20); as the fore leg is about leaving the ground it gives an upward thrust for the rise to the leap (21), a simultaneous spring from the hind legs carrying the animal into the air and over the hurdle (22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27), until he lands on his fore legs differently advanced (28), and gathers himself (29), ready to begin a fresh stride (30). The distance covered by the leap shown in the illustration between the last position on the ground of the hind feet and the landing with the fore feet is about twenty-seven feet. It has been asserted that when a horse lands from a high leap he touches



FIG. 31.



FIG. 32.



FIG. 33.



FIG. 34.



FIG. 23.



FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.



FIG. 26.

the ground with his fore feet, and makes another step forward, with them both, before his hind feet come to the ground. Muybridge's illustrations of leaping all show that the horse lands on one fore foot, the other taking its position immediately afterward, a little in advance. The quickness of the movement has probably misled observers to the idea that both feet take first one position and then the other. The illustrations 31 to 37 show an unpremeditated standing leap. The horse baulked at the hurdle, and was forced over it with great difficulty. It seems hard to believe that, having forced himself into the position

focus. Figures 38, 39, 40, 41, and 42 show one picture of each of five series. These are not immediate reproductions of the photographs, but the drawings from which they are taken were accurately made on enlargements of the photographs. They are pictures of the same horse leaping, but are parts of five different leaps. In the approach (38), the horse is in the position next preceding that shown in Figure 19. In 39 he is in that shown in Figure 21; in 40 in the position shown in Figure 23; in 41 in the position shown in Figure 27; and in 42 in the position succeeding that shown in Figure 28. Corresponding represen-



FIG. 27.



FIG. 28.



FIG. 29.



FIG. 30.

shown in 34, he could, with his legs thus extended, spring to the position in 35. The positions of the rider in 36 and 37 indicate a general disturbance of forces which, to one who has made a standing leap for which he was unprepared, will seem very truthful.

The illustrations thus far given serve to show the method adopted to indicate the consecutive positions in the measured movements of the horse and of other animals. Their value is very much enhanced by the later series, where five views are given of each of many positions in different gaits. The cameras for this purpose were arranged so as to take one broadside view and four quartering views, looking, for example, to the right shoulder, the left shoulder, the right quarter, and the left quarter, the contact for each being made by the breaking of a single thread struck by the horse when he came into the

tations of a leaping horse are not recalled as appearing in Leech's and other illustrations; that they are, however, entirely true to nature must be at once recognized by any one who, bearing them in mind, will watch the actual leaping of a well-trained horse.

The truth to nature of most of the illustrations given in the work under consideration, while it cannot be questioned, must be considered with reference to the fact that the horses under examination were nearly all highly bred animals, mainly thorough-bred race-horses. The photographs would necessarily show some modification, if representing horses in common use and of less graceful and vigorous conformation. But, modified as they may be, they can never by any ordinary process be reconciled with the conventional horse of the artist, ancient or modern. The horse in full gallop is almost invariably shown either, as in racing plates, extended to the utmost, or with an equal and uniform disposition of the limbs, as shown in Figure 43, which is a fair example of the representation of a strong and regular gallop. Not



FIG. 35.



FIG. 36.



FIG. 37.



FIG. 38.

one of the series of cuts Nos. 8 to 18 gives, by itself, an idea of great speed. Figure 44, however, corresponding with Figure 18, has a strong headlong movement, and may easily be imagined to be a picture of a horse running at great speed. It becomes now a curious and not unimportant question to discuss whether or not artists should abandon their old method of representing the galloping horse, and show him always in some one of his actual positions.

Dr. Stillman is very strongly of the opinion that they should do so. Perhaps, after all, it resolves itself into a question as to whether an artist whose purpose it is to represent things as they *seem*, is justified in adapting his methods to the limitations of the human vision, or whether he should show things exactly as they *are*, and appeal only to human reason. Dr. Stillman says: "It seems to many unaccountable that the horse, whose movements are so open, should play such a *léger-de-pied* as to deceive all eyes and give rise to controversies as earnest as did the colors of the chameleon in the fable." But Dr. Stillman seems, himself, to account satisfactorily for what he suggests as unaccountable. He says:

"It is difficult at a glance to conceive how the eye could be so deceived; but a little consideration

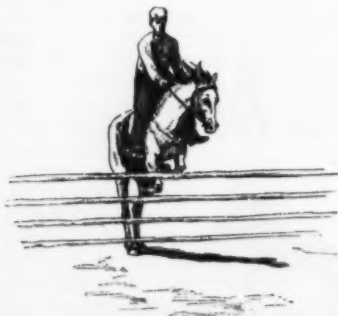


FIG. 39.

of the physiology of that organ will teach us that no dependence can be placed on it to interpret the motion of an object moving irregularly, even at a comparatively slow rate of speed.

"It has been shown that the retina of the eye is capable of receiving a distinct image of an object in almost inconceivably short space of time, as that of the flash of an electric spark or a millionth part of a second, and that the impression remains for the space of a third to a seventh of a second, according to the experiments of D'Arcy and Plateau; and the mind is incapable of distinguishing between the first impression and the last made during that space of time, and the images run together and are confused. A familiar illustration of this phenomenon is furnished by the spokes of a wheel in motion; yet these spokes will appear stationary if, revolving in the dark, they are suddenly illuminated by an electric flash; or if the end of a stick be ignited, and moved rapidly, a continuous line of fire will appear. Here there is a continuous line of impressions made upon the retina, and so conveyed to the mind * * *. The reader may ask why it is that the artists of all time, with the full accord of all men,—and our own eyes confirm the tradition,—represent the horse in galloping as extending his feet to the utmost, as seen in all the pictures



FIG. 40.

of horses racing. My answer is this: We now know that it is not true that a horse ever did put himself in the position portrayed by the best artists; and the explanation that I have to offer is, that in the gallop the horse always moves his feet alternately, and to the same extent; at the limit of extension there is a change of direction given to them, and their image dwells longer upon the retina, and the impressions are more lasting than of the intermediate and more rapid movements which the mind is unable to distinguish any more than the order in which they are made."

This looks like an unconscious undermining of the whole structure that he has labored to erect.

If a painting showed four horses harnessed to a coach, each of them in certain of the intermediate positions that instantaneous photography shows to be true, they would look as though they were dangling their legs at a stand-still. Whatever position might be given to a trotting horse in a picture intended to show great speed, its effect would be lost if he were shown as harnessed to a sulky of which the spokes of the wheel were visible, as we are told that they become when illuminated



FIG. 41.

in the dark by an electric flash. We need the confused whirl of the wheels to complete the impression.

A somewhat curious illustration of the difference between what is and what seems to be, is given by the quarter-second hand on a racing time-piece. Watching this hand we see it jump to the quarters and stop, and watching its consecutive movement, we see its sweep around the center. If, however, three of the positions are covered,—that is, if we cover a little more than the lower half of the dial,—the effect produced on the eye is that of a needle darting straight out from the center to the top, and darting straight back again. The sweep is entirely undetected. The same principle, perhaps, holds good with a running horse, at least so far as any given position of the legs is concerned. The only position in which it is possible to see the fore feet or the hind feet is when they are extended to the utmost, that is, when they come to a stop. A painting or a statue can show only position; it cannot show movement. The fault in the artistic representation of the gallop seems to me to be inherent. The gait is not a position at all, but ceaseless motion. It is, indeed, to be questioned whether the strongest impression produced on the eye is derived from the extension of the limbs in the



FIG. 42.

full strides, or from the vigor with which they are gathered after extension. On the race-track, or in the use of the zoetrope, it is the rapid flexion of the legs which most attracts my attention, and the absence of which, from the impression given by a picture, seems to me to mark its greatest limitations. If this line of reasoning is correct, it is not so much a question whether the artist shall reproduce the positions of Muybridge's photographs, as whether he shall attempt to paint a galloping horse at all, since he cannot indicate the action, which is the essence of the gallop.

There is, after all, another element of the discussion to which full weight must be given. That is, that not only art but man himself is conventional. We are accustomed to seeing certain things represented in a certain way. When an attempt is made to represent them



FIG. 43.

in another way our conventional natures revolt at the innovation. A familiarity of some years with Muybridge's photographs, while it has not enabled me to see in them the activity of the old type of picture, has unquestionably greatly modified the view with which I regard them. For example: Figure 44, which I should, some years ago, have regarded as absurd, is now a most satisfactory representation of motion. It is by no means improbable that the influence of these illustrations on the horse-paintings of the future, and on the minds of those who look at them, may be such as to banish from the canvas the impossible positions now shown there, and to introduce new positions, more like Muybridge's, which, though they would not now be accepted by the public, will be in entire accordance with the conventions of that day. It would be absolute truth, but it would also be very absurd truth,



FIG. 44.

to show the spokes of a wheel going at a 2:17 gait. The picture which shows it as our poor eyes must see it is really the truthful one for the purposes of art. So must it be with the horse in motion. We must see him on the canvas as we see him in life, not as he is shown when his movements are divided by the five-thousandth part of a second.

Dr. Stillman thinks "there is too much capital invested in works of art all over the civilized world to permit the innovation without a protest, and ridicule is the cheapest argument that can be employed in controversy, for it does not require truth for its foundation, and but a low order of talent for its display."

The foregoing remarks as to the influence which these revelations may or may not have on the painting and sculpture of the future have been made in no spirit of protest—the farthest possible from a spirit of ridicule. Surely, too, this question will be settled entirely without reference to the influence of invested capital. It may be that, as our ideas become trained to the analysis of quadrupedal movement, we shall accept the new light in its fullness; but let us not, in our enthusiasm over a new discovery, and in our devotion to a purely theoretical "truth," lose sight of the limitations which must always surround every attempt to represent action by passive objects and lines.

George E. Waring, Jr.

THE BEE-PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

IN TWO PARTS: II.



IN THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.—WHITE SAGE.

REGARDING Mount Shasta comprehensively from a bee point of view, encircled by its many climates, and sweeping aloft from the

torrid plain deep into the cold azure, we find the first five thousand feet from the summit pretty generally snow-clad, and therefore



they are about as flowerless and honeyless as the sea. The base of this arctic region is girdled by a belt of naked lava measuring about a thousand feet in vertical breadth. Beautiful lichens enliven the faces of the cliffs with their bright colors, and in some of the warmer nooks of the rocks there are a few tufts of alpine daisies, wall-flowers, and pentstemons; but, notwithstanding these bloom freely in the late summer, the zone as a whole is almost as honeyless as the icy summit, and its lower edge may be taken as the superior limit of the honey-line. Immediately below this comes the forest zone, covered with a rich growth of conifers, chiefly silver firs, rich in pollen and honey-dew, and diversified with countless garden openings, many of them less than a hundred yards across. Next, in orderly succession, comes the grand bee-zone. Its area far surpasses that of the icy summit and both the other zones combined, for it goes sweeping majestically around the entire mountain, with a breadth of six or seven miles and a circumference of nearly a hundred miles.

Shasta, as we have already suggested, is a fire-mountain, created by a succession of eruptions of ashes and molten lava, which, flowing over the lips of its several craters, grew outward and upward like the trunk of a knotty exogenous tree. Then followed a strange contrast. The glacial winter came on, loading the cooling mountain with ice which flowed slowly outward in every direction, radiating from the summit in the form of one vast conical

A BEE-RANCH ON A SPUR OF
THE SAN GABRIEL RANGE.
CARDINAL FLOWER.



WILD BUCKWHEAT.—A BEE-RANCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

glacier—a down-crawling mantle of ice upon a fountain of smoldering fire, crushing and grinding for centuries its brown, flinty lavas with incessant activity, and thus degrading and remodeling the entire mountain. When, at length, the glacial period began to draw near its close, the ice-mantle was gradually melted off around the bottom, and, in receding and breaking into its present fragmentary condition, irregular rings and heaps of moraine matter were stored upon its flanks. The glacial erosion of most of the Shasta lavas produced a detritus, composed of rough, sub-angular boulders of moderate size and porous gravel and sand, which yields freely to the transporting power of running water. Under Nature's management, the next marked geological event made to take place in the history of Mount Shasta was a water-flood of extraordinary magnitude, which acted with sublime energy upon this prepared glacial detritus, sorting it out and carrying down immense quantities from the higher slopes, and redepositing it in smooth, delta-like beds around the base; and it is these flood-beds of moraine soil, thus suddenly and simultaneously laid down and joined edge to edge, that now form the main honey-zone.

Thus, by forces seemingly antagonistic and destructive, has Mother Nature accomplished her beneficent designs—now a flood of fire, now a flood of ice, now a flood of water; and then an outburst of organic life, a milky-way of snowy petals and wings, girdling the rugged mountain like a cloud, as if the vivifying

sunbeams beating against its sides had broken into a foam of plant-bloom and bees.

In this lovely wilderness the bees rove and revel, rejoicing in the bounty of the sun, clambering eagerly through bramble and hucklebloom, stirring the clustered bells of the manzanita, now humming aloft among polleny willows and firs, now down on the ashy ground among gillias and buttercups, and anon plunging deep into snowy banks of cherry and buckthorn. They consider the lilies and roll into them, and, like lilies, they toil not, for they are impelled by sun-power, as water-wheels by water-power; and when the one has plenty of high-pressure water, the other plenty of sunshine, they hum and quiver alike. Sauntering in the bee-lands in the sun-days of summer, one may readily infer the time of day from the comparative energy of bee-movements alone—drowsy and moderate in the cool of the morning, increasing in energy with the ascending sun, and, at high noon, thrilling and quivering in wild ecstasy, then gradually declining again to the stillness of night. In my excursions among the glaciers I occasionally meet bees that are hungry, like mountaineers who venture too far and remain too long above the bread-line; then they droop and wither like autumn leaves. The Shasta bees are perhaps better fed than any others in the sierra. Their field-work is one perpetual feast; but, however exhilarating the sunshine or bountiful the supply of flowers, they are always dainty feeders. Humming-moths and humming-birds

seldom set foot upon a flower, but poise on the wing in front of it, and reach forward as if they were sucking through straws. But bees, though as dainty as they, hug their favorite flowers with profound cordiality, and push their blunt, polleny faces against them, like babies on their mother's bosom. And fondly, too, with eternal love, does Mother Nature clasp her small bee-babies, and suckle them, multitudes at once, on her warm Shasta breast.

Besides the common

honey-bee there are many other species here—fine mossy, burly fellows, who were nourished on the mountains thousands of sunny seasons before the advent of the domestic species. Among these are the bumble-bees, mason-bees, carpenter-bees, and leaf-cutters. Butterflies, too, and moths of every size and

pattern,—some broad-winged like bats, flapping slowly, and sailing in easy curves; others like small, flying violets, shaking about loosely in short, crooked flights close to the flowers, feasting luxuriously night and day. Great numbers of deer also delight to dwell in the brushy portions of the bee-pastures.

Bears, too, roam the sweet wildness, their blunt, shaggy forms harmonizing well with the trees and tangled bushes, and with the bees, also, notwithstanding the disparity in size. They are fond of all good things, and enjoy them to the utmost, with but little troublesome discrimination—flowers and leaves as well as berries, and the bees themselves as well as their honey. Though the California bears have as yet had but little experience with honey-bees, they often succeed in reaching their bountiful stores, and it seems doubtful whether bees themselves enjoy honey with so great a relish. By means of their powerful teeth and claws they can gnaw and tear open almost any hive conveniently accessible. Most honey-bees, however, in search of a home are wise enough to make choice of a hollow in a living tree, a considerable distance above the ground, when it is possible; then they are pretty secure, for though the smaller black and brown bears climb well, they are unable to break into strong hives while compelled to exert themselves to keep from falling, and at the same time to endure the stings of the fighting bees without having their paws free to rub them off. But woe to the black bumble-bees discovered in their mossy mouse-nests in the ground! The bears with a few strokes of their huge paws lay the entire establishment bare, and, before time is given for a general buzz, bees old and young, larvæ, honey, stings, nest, and



A BEE-PASTURE ON THE MORaine DESERT.
SPANISH DAYONET.



A BEE-KEEPER'S
CABIN.—BURRIELLA
(ABOVE).—MADIA
(BELOW).

all are taken in
in one ravishing
mouthful.

Not the least influential of the agents concerned in the superior sweetness of the Shasta flora are its storms—storms I mean that are strictly local, bred and born on the mountain, and belonging to it as completely as its vegetation. The magical rapidity with which they grow on the mountaintop, and bestow their charity in rain and snow, never fails to astonish the inexperienced lowlander. Often in calm, glowing days, while the bees are still on the wing, a storm-cloud may be seen far above in the pure ether, swelling its pearl bosses, and growing silently like a plant. Presently a clear, ringing discharge of thunder is heard, then a rush of wind, sounding over the bending woods like the roar of the ocean, and mingling rain, snow-flowers, honey-flowers, and bees in wild storm harmony.

Still more impressive are the warm, reviving days of spring in the mountain pastures. The blood of the plants throbbing beneath the life-giving sunshine seems to be heard and felt. Plant growth goes on before our eyes, and every tree in the woods, and bush, and flower is seen as a hive of restless industry. The deeps of the sky are mottled with singing wings of every tone and color; clouds of brilliant chrysidæ dancing and swirling in exquisite rhythm, golden-barred vespidae, dragon-flies, butterflies, grating cicadas, and jolly, rattling grasshoppers, fairly enameling the light.

On bright, crisp mornings a striking optical effect may frequently be observed from the shadows of the higher mountains while the sunbeams are pouring past overhead. Then every insect, no matter what may be its own proper color, burns white in the light. Gauzy-winged hymenoptera, moths, jet-black beetles, all are transfigured alike in pure, spiritual white, like snow-flakes.

In southern California, where bee-culture has had so much skillful attention of late years, the pasturage is not more abundant, or more advantageously varied as to the number of its honey plants and their distribution over mountain and plain, than that of many other portions of the State where the industrial currents flow in other channels. The famous white sage (*Audibertia*), belonging to the mint family, flourishes here in all its glory, blooming in May, and yielding great quantities of clear, pale honey, which is greatly prized in every market it has yet reached. This species grows chiefly in the valleys and low hills. The black sage on the mountains is part of a dense, thorny chaparral, which is composed chiefly of *adenostoma*, *ceanothus*, *manzanita*, and cherry—not differing greatly from that of the southern portion of the sierra, but more dense and continuous, and taller, and remaining longer in bloom. Stream-side gardens, so charming a feature of both the sierra and coast mountains, are less numerous but exceedingly rich in honey flowers wherever found: *melilotus*, *columbine*, *collinsia*, *verbena*, *zauschneria*, wild rose, honeysuckle, *philadelphus*, and lilies rising from the warm, moist dells in a very storm of exuberance. Wild buckwheat of many species is developed in great abundance over the

dry, sandy valleys and lower slopes of the mountains toward the end of summer, and is at this time the main dependence of the bees, reinforced here and there by orange groves, alfalfa fields, and small home gardens.

The main honey months in ordinary seasons are April, May, June, July, and August; while the other months are usually flowery enough to yield sufficient for the bees.

According to Mr. J. T. Gordon, president of the Los Angeles County Bee-keepers' Association, the first bees introduced into the county were a single hive, which cost \$150 in San Francisco and arrived in September, 1854.* In April of the following year this hive sent out two swarms, which were sold for one hundred dollars each. From this small beginning the bees gradually multiplied to about three thousand swarms in the year 1873. In 1876, it was estimated that there were between fifteen and twenty thousand hives in the county, producing an annual yield of about one hundred pounds to the hive—in some exceptional cases a much greater yield.

In San Diego County, at the beginning of the season of 1878, there were about 24,000 hives, and the shipments from the one port of San Diego for the same year, from July 17th to November 10th, were 1,071 barrels, 15,544 cases, and nearly ninety tons. The largest bee-ranches have about a thousand hives, and are carefully and skillfully managed, every scientific appliance of merit being brought into use. There are few bee-keepers, however, who own half as many as this, or who give their undivided attention to the business. Orange culture at present heavily overshadows every other business.

A good many of the so-called bee-ranches of Los Angeles and San Diego counties are still of the rudest pioneer kind imaginable. A man unsuccessful in everything else hears the interesting story of the profits and comforts of bee-keeping, and concludes to try it, buys a few colonies, or gets them from some overstocked ranch on shares, takes them back to the foot of some cañon where the pasturage is fresh, squats on the land, with or without the permission of the owner, sets up his hives, makes a box cabin for himself scarcely bigger than a bee-hive, and awaits his fortune.

Bees suffer sadly from famine during the dry years which occasionally occur in the southern and middle portions of the State. If the rainfall amounts only to three or four inches, instead of from twelve to twenty as in ordinary

seasons, then sheep and cattle die in thousands, and so do these small winged cattle, unless they are carefully fed, or removed to other pastures. The year 1877 will long be remembered as exceptionally rainless and distressing. Scarce a flower bloomed on the dry valleys away from the stream-sides, and not a single grain-field depending upon rain was reaped. The seed only sprouted, and came up a little way, and withered; and horses, cattle, and sheep grew thinner day by day, nibbling at bushes and weeds along the shallowing edges of streams, many of which were dried up altogether for the first time since the settlement of the country.

In the course of a trip made during the summer of that year through Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, and Los Angeles counties, the deplorable effects of the drought were everywhere visible—leafless fields, dead and dying cattle, dead bees, and half-dead people with dusty, doleful faces. Even the birds and squirrels were in distress, though their suffering was less painfully apparent than that of the poor cattle. These were falling one by one in slow, sure starvation along the banks of the hot, sluggish streams, while thousands of buzzards correspondingly fat were sailing above them, or standing gorged on the ground beneath the trees, waiting with easy faith for fresh carcasses. The quails, prudently considering the hard times, abandoned all thought of pairing off. They were too poor to marry, and so continued in flocks all through the year without attempting to rear young. In riding three hundred miles not a single brood of young was seen, though the breeding season was past; but, on the contrary, all the old ones were still in flocks. The ground-squirrels, though an exceptionally industrious and enterprising race, as every farmer knows, were hard pushed for a living; not a fresh leaf or seed was to be found save in the trees, whose bossy masses of dark green foliage presented a striking contrast to the ashen baldness of the ground beneath them. The squirrels, leaving their accustomed feeding-grounds, betook themselves to the leafy oaks to gnaw out the acorn stores of the provident woodpeckers, but the latter kept up a vigilant watch upon their movements. I noticed four woodpeckers in league against one squirrel, driving the poor fellow out of an oak that they claimed. He dodged round the knotty trunk from side to side, as nimbly as he could in his famished condition, only to find a sharp bill everywhere. But the fate of the bees that year seemed the saddest of all. From one-half to three-fourths of them died, in different portions of Los Angeles and San Diego counties, of sheer starvation—not less than eighteen thousand colonies

* Fifteen hives of Italian bees were introduced into Los Angeles County in 1855, and in 1876 they had increased to five hundred. The marked superiority claimed for them over the common species is now attracting considerable attention.

in these two counties alone, while in the adjacent counties the death-rate was hardly less.

Even the colonies nearest to the mountains suffered more or less this year, for the smaller vegetation on the foot-hills was affected by the drought almost as severely as that of the valleys and plains, and even the hardy, deep-rooted chaparral, the surest dependence of the bees, bloomed sparingly, while much of it was beyond reach. All could have been saved, however, by promptly supplying them with food when their own stores began to fail, and before they became enfeebled and discouraged, or by cutting roads back into the mountains, and taking them into the heart of the flowery chaparral. The Santa Lucia, San Rafael, San Gabriel, San Jacinto, and San Bernardino ranges are almost untouched as yet save by the wild bees. Some idea of their resources, and of the advantages and disadvantages they offer to bee-keepers, may be formed from an excursion that I made into the San Gabriel range about the beginning of August of "the dry year." This range, containing most of the characteristic features of the other ranges just mentioned, overlooks the Los Angeles vineyards and orange groves from the north, and is more rigidly inaccessible in the ordinary meaning of the word than any other that I ever attempted to penetrate. The slopes are exceptionally steep and insecure to the foot, and they are covered with thorny bushes from five to ten feet high. With the exception of little spots not visible in general views, the entire surface is covered with them, massed in close hedge growth, sweeping gracefully down into every gorge and hollow, and swelling over every ridge and summit in shaggy, ungovernable exuberance, offering more honey to the acre for half the year than the most crowded clover-field in bloom time. But when beheld from the open San Gabriel valley, beaten with dry sunshine, all that was seen of the range seemed to wear a forbidding aspect. From base to summit all seemed gray barren, silent, its glorious chaparral appearing like dry moss creeping over its dull, wrinkled ridges and hollows.

Setting out from Pasadena, a hopeful little colony of orange groves about six miles from the city of Los Angeles, I reached the foot of the range about sundown; and being weary and heated with my walk across the shadeless plain, concluded to camp for the night. After resting a few moments I began to look about among the flood-bowlders of the creek for a smooth camp-ground, when I came upon a strange, dark-looking man who had been chopping cord-wood. He seemed greatly surprised at seeing me, so I sat down with him on the live-oak log he had

been cutting, and made haste to give a reason for my appearance in his solitude, explaining that I was anxious to find out something about the mountains and meant to make my way up Eaton Creek next morning. Then he kindly invited me to camp with him, and led me to his little cabin, situated at the foot of the first of the mountain slopes, where a small spring oozes out of a bank overgrown with wild rose-bushes. After supper, when the daylight was gone, he explained that he was out of candles, so we sat in the dark, while he gave me a sketch of his life in a mixture of Spanish and English. He was born in Mexico, his father Irish, his mother Spanish. He had been a miner, rancher, prospector, hunter, etc., rambling always, and wearing his life away in mere waste, but now he was going to settle down. His past life, he said, was of "no account," but the future was promising. He was going to "make money and marry a Spanish woman." People mine here for water as for gold. He had been running a tunnel into a spur of the mountain back of his cabin. "My prospect is good," he said, "and if I chance to strike a good strong flow, I'll soon be worth five or ten thousand dollars. For that flat out there," referring to a small, irregular patch of bowldery detritus, two or three acres in size, that had been deposited by Eaton Creek during some flood season,— "that flat is large enough for a nice orange grove, and the bank behind the cabin will do for a vineyard, and after watering my own trees and vines I will have some left to sell to my neighbors below me down the valley. And then," he continued, "I can keep bees and make money that way, too, for the mountains above here are just full of honey in the summer time, and one of my neighbors down here says that he will let me have a whole lot of hives on shares to start with. You see I've a good thing; I'm all right now." All this prospective affluence in the sunken, bowlder-choked flood-bed of a mountain stream! Leaving the bees out of the count, most fortune-seekers would as soon think of settling on the summit of Mount Shasta.

About half an hour's walk above the cabin is "The Fall," famous throughout the valley settlements as the finest yet discovered in the range. It is a charming little thing, with a low, sweet voice, singing like a bird as it pours from a notch in a short ledge some thirty-five or forty feet into a round-mirror pool. The face of the cliff back of it and on both sides is smoothly covered and embossed with mosses, against which the white water shines out in showy relief, like a silver instrument in a velvet case. Higher come the San Gabriel lads and lasses to gather ferns and

dabble away their hot holidays in the cool water, glad to escape from their commonplace palm gardens and orange groves. The delicate maiden-hair grows on fissured rocks within reach of the spray, while broad-leaved maples and sycamores cast soft, mellow shade over a rich profusion of bee-flowers growing among boulders in front of the pool—the fall, the flowers, the bees, the ferny rocks and leafy shade forming a charming little poem of wildness, the last of a series extending down the flowery slopes of San Antonio through the rugged, foam-beaten bosses of the main Eaton cañon.

From the base of the fall I followed the ridge that forms the western rim of the Eaton basin to the summit of one of the principal peaks, which is about five thousand feet above sea level. Then, turning eastward, I crossed the middle of the basin, forcing a way over its many subordinate ridges and across its eastern rim, having to contend almost everywhere with the floweriest and most impenetrable growth of honey bushes I had ever encountered since first my mountaineering began. Most of the Shasta chaparral is leafy nearly to the ground; here the main stems are naked for three or four feet, and interspersed with dead twigs, forming a stiff *chevaux de frise* through which even the bears make their way with difficulty. I was compelled to creep for miles on all-fours, and in following the bear-trails often found tufts of hair on the bushes where they had forced themselves through.

For a hundred feet or so above the fall the ascent was made possible only by tough cushions of club-moss that clung to the rock. Above this the ridge weathers away to a thin knife-blade for a few hundred yards, and thence to the summit of the range it carries a bristly mane of chaparral. Here and there small openings occur on rocky places, commanding fine views across the cultivated valley to the ocean. These I found by the tracks were favorite outlooks and resting-places for the wild animals—bears, wolves, foxes, wild-cats, etc.—which abound here, and would have to be taken into account in the establishment of bee-ranches. In the deepest thickets I found wood-rat villages—groups of huts four to six feet high, built of sticks and leaves in rough, tapering piles, like musk-rat cabins. I noticed a good many bees, too, most of them wild. The tame honey-bees seemed languid and wing-weary, as if they had come all the way up from the flowerless plain.

After reaching the summit I had time to make only a hasty survey of the basin, now glowing in the sunset gold, before hastening down into one of the tributary cañons in search of water. Emerging from a particu-

larly tedious breadth of chaparral, I found myself free and erect in a beautiful park-like grove of live-oak, the ground planted with aspidiums and brier-roses, while the glossy foliage made a close canopy overhead, leaving the gray dividing trunks bare to show the beauty of their plain, interlacing arches. The bottom of the cañon was dry where I first reached it, but a bunch of scarlet mimulus indicated water at no great distance, and I soon discovered about a bucketful in the hollow of the rock. This, however, was full of dead bees, wasps, beetles, and leaves, well steeped and simmered in the hot sunshine, and would, therefore, require boiling and filtering through fresh charcoal before it could be made available. Tracing the dry channel about a mile farther down to its junction with a larger tributary cañon, I at length discovered a lot of boulder pools, clear as crystal, brimming full, and linked together by glistening streamlets just strong enough to sing audibly. Flowers in full bloom adorned their margins, lilies ten feet high, larkspurs, columbines, and luxuriant ferns, leaning and overarching in lavish abundance, while a noble old live-oak spread its rugged arms over all. Here I camped, making my bed on smooth cobble-stones.

Next day, in the channel of a tributary that heads on Mount San Antonio, I passed about fifteen or twenty gardens like the one in which I slept—lilies in every one of them, in the full pomp of bloom. My third camp was made near the middle of the general basin, at the head of a long system of cascades from ten to two hundred feet high, one following the other in close succession down a rocky, inaccessible cañon, making a total descent of nearly seventeen hundred feet. Above the cascades the stream passes through a series of open, sunny levels, the largest of which are about an acre in size, where the wild bees and their companions were feasting on a fine, showy growth of *zauschneria*, painted cups, and *monardella*; and gray squirrels were busy harvesting the burs of the Douglass spruce, the only conifer I met in the basin.

The eastern slopes of the basin are in every way similar to those we have described, and the same may be said of other portions of the range. From the highest summit, far as the eye could reach, the landscape was one vast bee-pasture, a rolling wilderness of honey bloom, scarcely broken by bits of forest or the rocky outcrops of hill-tops and ridges.

Beyond the San Bernardino range lies the wild "sage-brush country," bounded on the east by the Colorado River, and extending in a general northerly direction to Nevada and

along the eastern base of the Sierra beyond Mono Lake.

The greater portion of this immense region, including Owens Valley, Death Valley, and the Sink of the Mohave, and whose area is nearly one-fifth that of the entire State, is usually regarded as a desert, not because of any lack in the soil, but for want of rain, and rivers available for irrigation. Very little of it, however, is desert in the eyes of a bee.

Looking now over all the available pastures of the State, it appears that the business of bee-keeping is still in its infancy. Even in the more enterprising of the southern counties, where so vigorous a beginning has been made, less than a tenth of their honey resources have as yet been developed; while in the Great Plain, the coast ranges, the Sierra

Nevada, and the northern region about Mount Shasta, the business can hardly be said to exist at all. What the limits of its developments in the future may be, with the advantages of cheaper transportation and the invention of better methods in general, it is not easy to guess. Nor, on the other hand, are we able to measure the influence on bee interests likely to follow the destruction of the forests, now rapidly falling before fire and the ax. As to the sheep evil, that can hardly become greater than it is at the present day. In short, notwithstanding the wide-spread deterioration and destruction of every kind already effected, California, with her incomparable climate and flora, is still the best of all the bee-lands of the world.

John Muir.

TO E. W. G. IN ENGLAND

(WITH EMERSON'S POEMS).

EDMUND, in this book you'll find
Music of a prophet's mind.
Even when harsh the numbers be,
There's an inward melody;
And when sound is one with sense,
'Tis a bird's song—sweet, intense.
Chide me not the book is small,
For it is our all in all.
We who in Eldorado live
Have no better gift to give.
When no more is silver mill,
Golden stream, or golden hill,
Search the New World from pole to pole—
Here you'll find its very soul!

February, 1882.

G.

DAMMING THE SACRAMENTO.

AWAY up under the shadows of Mount Shasta, plunging down to the south, foaming, shouting, thundering down the land as if to shake the mountains loose, the new-born Sacramento River is as cold and clear and white as the eternal snows that feed his thousand gold-bearing tributaries.

Long ago, in the early days of California, when all the rivers there were thought to be full of gold, it was considered a matter of course that the great Sacramento, far up at its source, was also gold-bearing, and that it only needed men and a little labor to "wing-dam" this stream some summer, and find a vein of gold almost as rich as the famous deposits of the Feather and the American rivers, which feed the Sacramento and drain the melting snows of the sierras far away to the south.

And so it was in the spring of 18—, with this purpose in view, that a party of strangers in San Francisco hastily pooled their fortunes, consisting mainly of hope and muscle, and, ascending the Sacramento River to within thirty miles of its source, settled down there and began to cut it in two with a wing-dam.

How, in one short and yet uncompleted summer, these ten men had managed to do the amount of work which they had, it is hard to say. Winter was not far off at the furthest in this altitude, but then, how a man working for himself will strike out with the thought constantly before him that the very next blow of his pick may mean to him wife, children, father, mother, home, or what is the same thing, gold that would pave the road

leading back to these and all else dear to man!

Late one evening, as the brawny, hairy, half-robed miners still wrestled with the boulders down in the bed of the river, which as yet had yielded no sign of its secrets, a pale, slim boy stood on the bank and inquired, in a helpless way and with a weak, tired voice, if they did not want "to hire help."

The men stopped, looked up, then at each other, then at the boy above them on the bank; and then they roared with laughter.

"Hire help! Look here, are you the help?" howled the strongest of them, called "Samson."

"Yes, sir."

Again the ragged men leaned on their picks and shovels, lifted up their heads, and roared.

"Say, are you an orphan?" laughed "Colonel Lasses," turning a quid. "We're all orphans here, and a long ways from home. Are you an orphan and a long ways from home?"

"No, sir," piped the tired boy, "I am not an orphan; but I am a long ways from home."

"Well, you better start home, then. It will be dark by the time you get there, I guess. From the Flat, eh?"

"From the Flat, sir? Where is that?"

"Why, Portuguese Flat," chimed in a tall fellow, with a touch of gentleness in his voice. "It's four miles down, the only mining camp on this end of the river. Where did you come from, my kid, that you didn't know that, eh?"

"Why, sir, I came from the other way—down from Oregon."

Some of the men caught their breath and looked at each other, and others shook their heads. But the very tall and ragged one who was called "Nut Crackers" leaned soberly aside on his pick.

At last one of the men, a sprightly, handsome young fellow called Timothy, threw down his long-handled shovel and, coming up out of the mine, said:

"Well, my kid, you may not be an orphan, but you're a mighty long ways from home; about a thousand miles, I guess. And as you can't get back there to-night, you'd better bunk with us—ch, boys?"

"Bet your boots!" cheerily cried Nut Crackers at his side, as he twirled a finger playfully through the boy's yellow hair.

A heavy-booted, half-bear creature, that came crawling out of the mine after his younger partners, grunted out a qualified assent, and the party went slowly stringing out toward the brush shanty of the company, which stood a little way back from the foaming river. Others followed, for the sun was down and it was time to "knock off."

The boy was weary and altogether wretched.

He was tall and pale and thin, like a weed that has grown in shadow, and was not likely to be an addition to the working-force of the mine; but he was reserved and respectful, and so eager to help about the camp in bringing wood and water, and so careful not to be in the way, that he was tolerated until after the tired men had had their suppers. And then when they had filled their pipes, and had thrown themselves about the roaring and sweet-smelling fire of yew and juniper, he was made to feel quite at home, and soon fell so soundly asleep by the fire that he knew nothing more till the sun came down over the mountains, next morning, and looked him full in the face and wakened him.

It was Nut Crackers's "cook-week," and he had left a tin cup full of coffee hot by the fire, where the boy still lay. With an air of desperation, he was now down on his knees, with his sleeves rolled up, before a tub full of boiling hot water and obstinately greasy tin plates. He made an experimental dive with his big fist into the boiling water, and then suddenly leaped up, and hopping high on his naked heels, launched into a series of incoherent oaths, which was timidly interrupted by the boy.

"Let me wash 'em for you, please."

"You?" said Nut Crackers, savagely, in an effort to vent some of his irritation on the new-comer.

"Yes, as soon as I wash my hands."

"You'd better drink your coffee, and get some color in your face first."

"I will. But, sir, I want to wash the dishes for you. I know how. I always washed the dishes for mother at home when she was sick."

Nut Crackers stopped swearing. Pretty soon he came up to the boy, who was washing his hands and face in the little stream that slid through the camp, and, snapping his fingers, which were as red as boiled craw-fish, said:

"Kid, have you got a mother and do you——? But bah! Yes, wash 'em. It's not a man's place to wash dishes. Wash 'em and clean up about camp. Got no money to pay you; we're all on the verge. But you clean up about here, and stay 'round for grub; time enough to get down to the Flat after beans."

And with this he unrolled his sleeves and hobbled off down to the mine, leaving the boy in charge of the few blankets, brush-beds, camp-kettles, pans, and old boots which made up the tangle of the "Sacramento Wing-dam Company."

When the ten tired men came up to din-

ner that day, they found such a change for the better that they persuaded the boy to stay. True, they had no money, even for themselves; but, when they "struck it"—and strike it they must the very next week—he should be paid, and paid well. And with this understanding they went back to their work that afternoon, leaving behind them a boy with a lighter heart than he had borne for half a year.

The men worked like beavers now. The summer had slipped away, and winter had taken possession of the summits of the mountains and set them with snowy castles. The river was rising every day, inch by inch. They must cut quite across the river-bed and strike the vein before the river broke over the wing-dam, or all their labor would be lost. They had already, even in midsummer, pierced the center of the river-bed and thrown the stormy stream behind them. They were now on the farther side, and were cutting straight for the bed-rock bank that cropped out not twenty feet away. They had begun with the bed-rock bank on the other side, and had followed the bed-rock across the entire bed of the river. The gold must lie somewhere ahead of them—somewhere within the next twenty feet. It was now only a question of days, of hours. This, be it remembered, was in the early days, when all men still obstinately believed that gold must lie in veins and strata.

How full of hope, of heart, were these men who had been shut up there in a gaping crevice of the earth all summer! Not one doubted that they would strike it—a little yellow vein deep in the bed of this stormy river, where the finger of God had placed it in the dawn of creation. Banks might fail, ships founder at sea, but this gold—it was *there*! It *had to be* there! A little yellow river of virgin gold!

These ten men did the work of forty. They could hardly wait for dawn, and they worked at night while the stars stood sentinel at the castles of snow above them. They scarcely ate their food, they were so eager. However, there was but little to eat. They did not wear much clothing, although winter was in the air. One man had not even the fragments of sleeves to his only remaining shirt. This was the man called Samson. He had arms like a giant, and would show the knots of muscle on his arms by the fire-light, and boast of his strength by the hour. He had a theory that the arms should always be entirely naked. He said he had torn off and thrown away his splendid sleeves in order to give the muscles of his arms full play, and he advised all the boys to do the same. But it so happened that one night, after one of

these boastful exhibitions, having undertaken to dry the socks of these giants on a pole by the fire as they slept, the boy discovered that Samson had torn off the covering of his arms in order that he might protect his feet.

It is to be recorded that the early Californian was particularly partial to Biblical names. There was one of this party called Joseph. "We calls him Joseph because one day he fell in the pit; and then, he's the biggest fool in the camp," said Lazarus, a bony, pock-marked, thoughtful man, aside to the boy.

One of this company was now called Colonel Lasses. Colonel Lasses was from the South and chewed tobacco. Perhaps nothing pleased the Colonel better than firing tobacco-juice at the thousand little lizards that darted up and down the shining white boulders that strewed the bar. I forgot to say that Colonel Lasses was not his name. Lazarus, in a burst of confidence toward the boy, had informed him that they at first had called the Colonel "Molasses Jug"—not because he was sweet, but because he looked it. But they had found it a little too long, and finally polished it down to "Lasses."

There now remained only a few feet between the energetic miners and the abrupt bed-rock wall before them. Yet no man for a moment entertained a shadow of a doubt that his fortune lay there, in virgin gold. Or if any man for an instant had a doubt, he kept it to himself. True, only a few feet remained. But even a few inches would be enough to hide a vein of incalculable wealth. Who should dare to doubt, after all they had endured and dared? No, there was no possible show for Fortune to escape them. The gold *must* be there. For was not winter nipping at their heels? Was not the last bit of rusty old bacon in the camp-kettle with the last handful of Chili beans? They had not tasted bread since the Sunday before, the last time they had all gone down to the Flat, and then they had pawned the last six-shooter of the crowd for a last square meal. Bread! Their bread was hope. And of that they had plenty.

But now the boy fell ill—suddenly and seriously ill. He had never quite pulled up, and now, all at once, just as they were about to strike it, just on the eve of the next to the last day, he broke quite down, and lay half-delirious with a fever, as the men came up from the mine by moonlight and quietly gathered about him. They had somehow learned to love him in spite of themselves.

He was indeed very ill. But what could they do? There was no doctor at the Flat. There was not even a drug-store. And if there had been, what then? Every pistol,

rifle, knife, every available article, had been pawned—"put up," as they called it—to carry on the work.

"Boys," at last cried Timothy, the impulsive young fellow who had first welcomed him, "boys, I have an idea; yes, boys, I have. Let's make the kid a pardner!"

"Jist as we're strikin' it?" murmured a voice with a Southern accent, out on the edge of the dark. Then after a pause, long enough to turn a quid, the voice answered itself: "Wa-al, yes, Timothy."

Nut Crackers was not a talker. His lips quivered a little, and he went out aside in the dark.

There was a deep silence. The proposition seemed absurd to nearly every man there. The river surged on, now louder, now softer; the fire leaped and licked its red tongue, as if about to break the stillness, and that was all. But Timothy was in dead earnest, and hearing a voice out in the dark breaking the awkward silence never so faintly, was on his feet.

"He may die, boys. He may not live till morning."

"In that case—in that case, I guess we can do it," chipped in the man from Maine.

"Look here, boys, if we strike it, there is enough for us all. And if—if—" here Timothy's two forefingers hooked together angrily, as if they were ready to strangle each other at the thought,—*"if we don't strike it —"*

Several of the men were on their feet and glaring at each other. The speaker hastened on:

"But of course we will. Boys, it's there. Of course it's there. It's *got* to be there. I never doubted it, boys. But I am a bit superstitious. And as I sat there looking in that boy's face, I says to myself, says I, boys, God wouldn't, couldn't, disappoint that face. Now, if he was in with us, boys, we couldn't possibly miss it to-morrow."

No man answered, but several crossed over to the other side of the fire to the boy, and Lazarus put out his hand to the sufferer, and said tenderly, as he took up the thin and helpless fingers:

"Shake, pardner, shake. You're one of us now."

Even the sour and silent man from Maine came up and shook the boy's hand; then, as he shuffled off to his own side of the fire, he said, half to himself:

"Well, if we do miss it neow, there's one good deed we git credit for, anyheow."

"Key-rect, boys," said the laconic Colonel, as he gave the hand of fellowship and walked off, feeling somehow broader in the chest and bigger about the heart than he had for a year. "But if God A'mighty goes

back on us now after what we've done—wa-al, I'll jist——" But the last of this speech was drowned in the roar of the Sacramento River as it rolled away in the darkness with its mighty secret that, on the morrow, should be torn from its very heart.

In the lull which followed, a voice was heard out in the dark in the direction toward which Nut Crackers had gone, stumbling and twisting his long, ungainly legs over the great boulders. And as one of the men spoke to the kid by the fire, of to-morrow, of the gold, the going home, the wife waiting at the door three thousand miles away, the old mother waiting with one foot in the grave, who could not go to rest till she said good-by to her boy, the moon seemed to come down out of heaven to see and the river to stop and listen.

This was the eve of battle. What victory or defeat for to-morrow! No coward had as yet ever set his face for the sierras. Each man here was a hero. And every one of these worn-out fellows had a heart like a girl. Even the laconic Colonel hooked his knuckles in his eyes and, turning away so as not to be seen, muttered:

"Blast me if Nut Crackers aint out there a-prayin'."

As the man came back out of the dark, a song burst out in the mountains by the camp-fire, such as the sierras had never heard before and will never hear again. It was not the words, not the air, not the singular occasion. But it was the heart, the hope—the extreme of hope which is despair. It was the old and simple song, lined by the man from Maine:

"From Greenland's icy meount'ins;
From Injy's coral stran';
Where Afric's sunny feount'ins
Roll down their golden san'."

Perhaps it was the "golden sand" that had so long filled their souls, sleeping and waking; may be it was the "icy mountains" about them that invoked the song. But whatever it was, the hymn broke out and rolled on to full completion as strong and as resolute as the river it outsung. The man from Maine sang loudest of all; it seemed that the power of the mountain pines was in his voice.

And the boys no longer looked down or turned aside now. They shook hands in hearty mountain fashion, and sang and sang together again. It seemed that they had never become acquainted through all that summer before.

When they had finished the hymn for the second time, the man from Maine grasped the hands of Lazarus and Nut Crackers and cried out:

"Once more, boys! Once more! And, boys, the p'int and main thing in the prayin' and the singin' is that the kid gits well, of course. But, boys, chip in a sort o' side prayer for the mine. Now, all together:

'From Greenland's icy meo-u-n-t'ins,'—

Yes, boys, heave it in for the mine, on the sly, like. Keep her up, now!

'From Injy's coral str-a-n',
Where Afric's sunny feo-u-n-t'ins
Roll down their golden s-a-n'.'

Yes, boys, weather eye on the mine; don't cost a cent more, you know, to come right out flat-footed for the mine, so that she can't miss in the mornin' under no possible derved circumstances."

The song was finished, and with light hearts they laid down at midnight—soldiers in the trenches, waiting for the dawn.

The boy had heard and understood it all. He was not so ill now. Care, the thought of those at home, the hope deferred—these things had made the heart sick and the body sick. But now he should have gold! Gold! Gold! Not for himself had he come to the sierras. But there was a mother who had been tenderly reared, there was a father who had been a scholar in his day, then the little ones—all these had been pitched headlong into the wilderness, and were utterly out of place. How he pictured the return—the escape from the wilderness! It made the blood leap in his heart, and after a night of sleep he felt a new flush of strength with the first gray of dawn, when the men were on their knees before Fortune in the mine.

No man had tasted food. No man thought of that. And well enough, too. No! Their first meal should be down at the Flat. They would all take back their pistols, rifles, rings, and knives, and pay the men with gold ravished from the unwilling river.

The boy sat on the bank, wrapped in a blanket, just above the knot of eager, breathless men. The dull, blunt pickaxes were driven to the eyes at every blow. The worn-out shovels sent the gravel ringing to the rear. Only one foot now remained!

Was the gold hidden in the last little crevice in the river? Where was it? It *was* there! It *must* be there! But where?

At last the pickax struck through. The gravel shelved off and fell down with a dull thud, and a pan was washed in a trice.

Not a color!

And not an oath was heard! Draw a red line right here and remember it. Not a single oath

was heard. And these men were neither unskilled nor out of practice in that line.

Quietly and mechanically the boy went back and gathered up the few old blankets that would bear transportation. Joseph went up the river a little ways, opened the floodgates, and as the last man climbed out of the pit, leaving the battered tools behind him, the waters came booming over like a mighty inflowing tide. The huge and weary old wheel ceased to creak, and the Sacramento swept on in its old swift fashion.

The group of men was not so depressed, not so miserable, after all, as you might think, as they hobbled back to camp and took up their blankets. True, they turned their heads for a last look as they climbed the hill away from the bar, but it was noticeable that they still did not swear. The man from Maine muttered something about yet making the river pay by rafting lumber down it, but that was all.

The boy's legs failed him at the first hill, and Nut Crackers took him upon his shoulders. Soon another took him, and so in a sort of glorious rivalry these vanquished Trojans reached Portuguese Flat. And as, tired and heartless, they stumbled into the town, they lustily sang a song with these words for the chorus:

"And we dammed the Sacramento
As it never was dammed before."

Joseph had the boy on his shoulders, while Nut Crackers followed close behind; and in this order they entered the only hotel, with the others stringing in after them.

"Barkeep'," began Joseph, as he settled the load on his shoulders, "we wants to pawn this 'ere boy. Yes, we do. We wants to pawn this 'ere boy for one squar' meal to git away on, and we'll come back in the spring and redeem him. Yes, we will. If we don't, barkeep', may we never strike it—here, or up yonder."

And what a dinner it was!

But Joseph, Timothy, Samson, Lazarus, gentle Nut Crackers, where are you now? And what befell you, brave soldiers of fortune, after you came back in the spring and redeemed the pledge? Are you climbing the mountains still? Or have you left them forever and become merchant princes, railroad kings, and leaders of your fellow men? If there is one of you living anywhere, in whatever circumstances, answer one who loves you well, for he it was you pawned for your dinner when you dammed the Sacramento.

Joaquin Miller.

A GREAT CHARITY REFORM.

THE pedestrian making his way along the broad sidewalks of Fourteenth street between Broadway and Fifth avenue, in New York City, thronged with well-dressed women eagerly bent on shopping errands, would scarcely notice, in the midst of the Parisian glitter of gilt signs which cover the fronts of the buildings, a modest tablet with the inscription "State Charities Aid Association." If, however, it should strike his eye, and curiosity or a real interest in charitable work should lead him to climb two pairs of stairs in search of the offices of the Association, he would find two light, large, airy rooms, tenanted by two or three serious, kind-faced ladies busily engaged writing amid piles of books, pamphlets, and letters. These ladies look as if they had found a work in life worth doing, and were doing it with all their might. The visitor would not imagine, however, unless he were informed beforehand of the character of this work, that it is one of the most far-reaching, practical, and successful efforts of genuine benevolence to be found in the United States—an effort admirable in principle, method, and details, carried on persistently year after year, ever-widening in its scope, and throwing off from itself like planets from a central sun many independent forms of kindred philanthropy. These ladies represent an organization that is grappling with the whole vast problem of pauperism in the city and State of New York, that has branches in thirty-two of the counties of the State, and that sends its visiting committees into the poor-houses, almshouses, asylums, and hospitals to bring the eye and conscience of public opinion to bear to secure needed reforms, to elevate and moralize the whole system of relieving poverty, to send comfort to the bedsides of the destitute sick, and to instruct and interest all who have charge of sick or well in the best methods of preventing and curing the great social disease of pauperism. The underlying idea of this comprehensive scheme of charitable work is, that all public institutions are almost sure to generate abuses, or at least to fall into routine ways that become almost as bad as abuses, and that to keep them up to a high standard of efficiency and open to the reception of improved methods, the constant watchfulness of enthusiastic, zealous, voluntary supervision is needed. The labors of the sanitary and Christian commissions during the war enforced this lesson, and it was to some extent the example of their labors which led

to the establishment of the State Charities Aid Association.

What was the origin of this peculiar society, which has no prototype, but is evidently destined to serve as a model for like organizations in other States? Its plan grew out of the thoughts, experiences, and benevolent purpose of one woman. Earnest helpers, men and women, were found to aid in putting the plan in practice, but the conception of the scheme is due to Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler.

About ten years ago, Miss Schuyler visited the poor-house of Westchester County, not far from her home. She was shocked at the condition of the institution. Sick and well, sane and demented, adults and children, the vicious and the merely unfortunate were huddled together, without proper sanitary conditions, or decent separation of the sexes, or any reformatory opportunities. She took hold of the work of renovating this institution, associated with her a number of ladies living in the neighborhood, and in the course of a few months accomplished a remarkable reform. While engaged in this effort, she was impressed with the thought that, to have a permanent effect, the sort of work she was doing must not be casual and intermittent nor regular and systematic. If vigilance were relaxed, old abuses or new ones would be sure to gain a foothold. Here was struck the key-note of the great plan of benevolence which she subsequently founded. A permanent visiting committee was formed to keep a constant oversight on the Westchester poor-house, and this committee became the model for the committees afterward started in other counties by the central society, which was soon to come into being.

Early in 1872 the Central Society was established, and received the name of the State Charities Aid Association. Its objects, as set forth in its constitution, were: "1st. To promote an active interest in the New York State institutions of public charities, with a view to the physical, mental, and moral improvement of the pauper inmates; 2d. To make the present pauper system more efficient, and to bring about such reforms in it as may be in accordance with the most enlightened views of Christianity, science, and philanthropy." The first president was Professor Theodore W. Dwight; Miss Schuyler was vice-president, and Miss R. B. Long, secretary. Three committees—on children, on adult able-bodied paupers, and on hospitals—were formed, to

which was subsequently added a committee for the elevation of the poor in their homes. Leading clergymen, physicians, and ladies of high social standing, well known for their philanthropic labors, took an interest in the movement. The membership was enlarged from month to month, and before the end of the year the Association was fairly equipped to begin its arduous undertaking.

Practical wisdom was shown at the outset by not trying to do too much at once. A much-needed work of reform was found close at hand, and for a time the efforts of the Association were chiefly concentrated upon its accomplishment. The great Bellevue Hospital in the city of New York is the omnium-gatherum of the waifs and dregs of society. The tramp, the drunkard, the outcast, the wanderer, and the honest workman who has fallen into destitution, when stricken by disease or prostrated by accident, are carried to its wards. There are hospitals in the metropolis sustained by church organizations or endowed by private charity, and upon the islands in the East River there are public buildings for incurables, the insane, and the blind; but Bellevue is the general receptacle of all cases for which there is no better provision, and the sorting-place for patients on their way to other institutions. A committee of sixty ladies and gentlemen was organized by the Association to make weekly visits to all the wards of this vast hive of stricken humanity. The work was done patiently and systematically. A radical defect was discovered at the start in the system of nursing. The nurses were ignorant, illiterate women, often intemperate (though not criminals as formerly) and utterly untrustworthy. As a result the patients died from neglect, as well as from disease, and doctors were obliged to refrain from prescribing certain remedies and methods of treatment, because the nurses could not carry them out. It seems incredible that the lives of sick people could have been left in such care. There was no lack of medical skill, for the physicians felt the pride of their profession; but it was not supplemented by the good nursing which is as important as good medical treatment. How to provide efficient nurses for Bellevue and to break up the miserable system fastened upon it, was the first great problem that the Aid Association undertook to solve. One of its members, Doctor W. Gill Wylie, volunteered to go to Europe and study the methods of nursing employed in the public hospitals there. He visited London, Paris, and Vienna. It was in London that he found what he was seeking in the training-school for nurses established by Florence Nightingale. His report on that school,

and on the work its pupils do in the London Hospitals, was made the basis of immediate action by the Association. The result of this effort was the establishment of the Bellevue Hospital Training-school for Nurses. Space is lacking here to describe the growth and workings of this admirable institution. A separate article would be required to give anything like a fair presentation of its successful labors in revolutionizing the system of nursing in the city hospitals, in bringing comfort and restored health to thousands of sufferers, and in sending abroad into the community hundreds of skillful, patient, gentle women, ready to answer the calls of private families for aid in the care of the sick.

In the second year of its existence, the presidency of the Association was accepted by Miss Schuyler by the desire of all its members, and she has held the position ever since. The roll of city members was considerably enlarged, studies of the problems of pauperism diligently prosecuted, and the visiting work extended to nearly all the institutions under the charge of the New York Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, except the prisons, which are the special care of the Prison Association—a well managed society of kindred character that has done admirable service in its peculiar field. But the Aid Association was not content with what it was doing in the metropolis. Its original plan was to extend its watchful eyes and helping hands all over the State, and this plan it early began to put into effect. County after county was visited by officers of the Association, and branch local visiting committees were formed. Sometimes, the reports of the work in New York City and in Westchester County stimulated a voluntary local movement, to which the central organization gave form and direction; but oftener a local interest had to be created by the efforts of Miss Schuyler and her associates. With rare exceptions, the county poor-houses were found in a wretched condition—buildings were not adapted for the purpose, there was no proper separation of inmates, children were contaminated by the vicious conversation of hardened reprobates, scanty provision was made for labor, miserable conditions for health existed, and no reformatory influences were at work, except an occasional sermon by some self-sacrificing clergyman. The people living in the vicinity of a poor-house were usually in total ignorance of what went on within its walls. They seemed to regard it as a sort of lazaretto to be avoided. The common opinion was that the place ought not to be made too comfortable, lest paupers should prefer to live in it to shifting for themselves. The Aid Association

held a different theory. They believed in providing for paupers every necessary condition of healthful, moral living; but they had an infallible safeguard against overcrowded poor-houses, and that was hard work. "Provide work for every one who is able to work," was the lesson they taught. Wherever it was heeded, the poor-house flock was speedily thinned of its black sheep, for the lazy and shiftless preferred to earn wages elsewhere for work no harder than that which in the county institution only got them board and clothes.

In the formation of local visiting committees, the officers of the State Charities Aid Association follow a method which rarely fails of success. They invite a number of influential people of high standing to meet and talk the matter over. Thus an interest is aroused, other gatherings follow, the best plans of visiting work, the cure of the destitute sick, the character and management of the local poor-house, methods of out-door relief, the tramp nuisance, what can be done for pauper children, etc., are discussed, and soon an active, zealous local committee is created, strong enough to bring the public opinion of the community to bear in support of its plans for reform. The aim is always to get the best people into the movement, so as to give it character and force, and enable it to overcome official opposition.

As early in its career as 1873, the Association found the need of State authority to open the doors of the public institutions to its visitors. In a few cases admission was refused, and in others it was granted in a grudging, unfriendly way. The Association consulted with the State Board of Charities, and a bill was prepared under which the two bodies could act harmoniously together. The bill, which was passed at the session of 1873, provided that visitors named by the State Board should at all times have the right to enter and inspect any of the State institutions. It was agreed between the Board and the Aid Association that the latter should nominate visitors, and that the former should give them the official authorization provided for by the new law. During seven years of cooperation between the two organizations, a great work was accomplished for the reform and elevation of the pauper institutions of the State. Fruitful of wise plans of improvement, and tireless in their efforts to remedy defects and vices, the zealous members of the Association accomplished far more than any official body could possibly have effected by itself. Indeed, their achievements were mainly quite out of the line of regular official effort.

One of the first great evils with which they

grappled was the rearing of pauper children in poor-houses. They asserted that, in the interest of the State as well as of humanity, the children of paupers should not be allowed to grow up in the atmosphere of pauperism, to follow in the footsteps of their parents. Even with the best management, a poor-house, they said, is no fit place for a child. In some of these institutions the visitors found three generations of the same pauper families. The taint of shiftlessness and dependence was no doubt in the blood, but society had done nothing to counteract it by proper education and surroundings. No self-respect nor ambition could be expected of a poor-house child, reared among outcasts and the wrecks of dissipation and misfortune, and despised by all the children of the neighborhood. The efforts of the State Board and of the Association, procured in 1875 the passage of an act which struck a great blow at the old poor-house system. This act, with some subsequent amendments, removed all children over two years of age from poor-houses and alms-houses, and forbade such institutions to receive them. Some were sent to reformatories, industrial homes, and asylums; but the effort of the Association was to have them, as far as possible, placed in families. Institution life in its best phases, the Society holds, cannot equip a child for independence and an honorable career nearly so well as the training of an orderly household. In their efforts to provide homes for pauper children, the Association has received valuable assistance from the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York—one of the noblest and most efficient of the great charities of the metropolis. The law does not execute itself, however, and the Association finds a great deal of work necessary to see that it is put in operation and kept in operation.

At one of the meetings of the Association, when the subject of preventing pauperism by giving a proper training to the children of paupers was under consideration, Dr. Elisha Harris related the terrible story of "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." It has been published in the newspapers, but can profitably be read again to illustrate the great importance of one branch of the Association's work. Margaret was a pauper child left adrift in one of the villages on the upper Hudson, about ninety years ago. There was no alms-house in the place, and she was made a subject of out-door relief, receiving occasionally food and clothing from the town officials, but was never educated nor sheltered in a proper home. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, which has cursed the county ever since. The county records show two hundred of her descendants who have been

criminals. In one generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children, of whom seventeen lived to maturity. Nine served terms aggregating fifty years in the State Prison for high crimes, and all the others were frequent inmates of jails and almshouses. It is said, that of the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of this outcast girl, two hundred committed crimes which brought them upon the court records, and most of the others were idiots, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, or prostitutes. The cost to the county of this race of criminals and paupers is estimated as at least one hundred thousand dollars, taking no account of the damage they inflicted upon property and the suffering and degradation they caused in others. Who can say that all this loss and wretchedness might not have been spared the community if the poor pauper girl Margaret had been provided with a good moral home life while she was growing up to womanhood?

One of the most active and faithful of the Association's force of visitors engaged in the work of regular inspection of the public charitable institutions of New York City was asked recently to give an account of a day's visiting on the Islands. She said, in reply: "We leave home about nine in the morning, land at the upper dock on Blackwell's Island, and go first to the almshouse. Here are in round numbers one thousand inmates. The aged, infirm, epileptic and disabled fill the wards. Do not suppose that we merely pass through the wards. We must look into everything—see how the food is cooked, look at the supplies, examine the laundry, peer into nooks and corners, and talk with the officers about needed improvements. The sick of the almshouse are now cared for in pavilions a short distance from the main building, and thither we next bend our steps. Two of the long, low pavilions are for incurables, and in them there are usually about one hundred patients,—men and women in about equal numbers,—most of them old and suffering from diseases accompanying old age. For these poor creatures there is no real relief until death comes.

"Next in our tour comes the Insane Asylum for women. This week there are 1,270 inmates. A careful observer would notice at once the cheerless, dreary look of the corridors where the patients pass their time, the white walls, the utter absence of any bright colors, the lack of pleasant occupation. One might readily think the asylum a prison and the inmates prisoners. When they go out for an airing they go in groups, all clad alike, and move along at an even pace like so many

automatons. The dull, monotonous, hum-drum existence must have a depressing effect.

"The Retreat is a most melancholy place. The violent insane are kept here like so many animals behind bolts and bars.

"The next institution we visit is the Work-house. This is another massive structure, very like a prison. The building is of stone and was built by convict labor. The cells open out on the balconies. In each cell there are two bunks—iron frames with canvass laced upon them. A single blanket is allowed to each bunk. In 1879 there were 16,408 commitments to this institution—most of them for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. A large proportion of the inmates belong to the army of 'repeaters,' or 'revolvers,' as the persons are called, who revolve back and forth between the work-house and their haunts in the city. Some have been here thirty or forty times. These people perform most of the hard work of the institutions as 'helpers.' The women are scrubbers, etc. The men have a tailor-shop, shoe-shop, carpenter and blacksmith shops. They also make brooms, chairs, and scrub-brushes. Much of the clothing and bedding is also made in the work-house. The name of this institution is no misnomer; the inmates certainly work, but none too hard; the self-commitments prove this. The glaring fault here is the lack of proper classification. The hardened and vicious are in the constant companionship of those who come for the first time. Neither is there any system of rewards of merit to encourage good behavior. One great need, apparent to every woman who visits the institution, is a temporary home for friendless young girls to which they could go when discharged from the work-house. For the want of such a home, they drift back into their old vicious associations, and finally become hardened criminals. If they could be brought under good influences, in a temporary home from whence they could be sent to some employment, a large number of them would be saved.

"The work-house has its own hospitals, which we must inspect. Then we go to the great Charity hospital—a large stone building, five stories high, on the southern end of Blackwell's Island. The separate wooden pavilions are now used as lying-in wards. But the structure on the extreme point of the island we are not allowed to enter, for there are the small-pox cases.

"The day is not yet gone, and we take a boat for Randall's Island, where there is a frightful aggregate of human suffering. Not only the insane and the idiots are there, but the insane idiots—perfect monstrosities of men-

tal deformity. But strange to say, even these distressed creatures have a spark of harmony in their warped beings. Last Sunday they tried to sing and appeared to enjoy it when the missionary sang some hymns to them. They know enough to dress themselves and take their own seats at table, and to notice strangers. The brightest of the idiots go to school, and some of them are docile and behave themselves very well.

"A visit to the hundreds of poor sick and deformed children is touching enough. These suffering waifs appeal strongly to our sympathy. The one redeeming feature is that those who are able, go to school. The buildings for the children ought to be enlarged, and everywhere better nurses are needed.

"The Branch Charity Hospital on Randall's Island receives the surplus of the other Institutions, which are generally incurable cases. The sun is getting low now, but we have still another institution to visit—the Infants' Hospital for orphan babes and for mothers from the work-house with young infants. In a recent year one hundred and eighty of these women were sent here by the Superintendent of the Out-Door Poor, and seven hundred and eighty children were admitted, of whom three hundred and sixty-two were orphans and one hundred and thirteen foundlings. You may imagine that we find enough to do in looking after the welfare of all these poor waifs. Hart's and Ward's Islands are also under the supervision of our Association, but they do not come within my visiting range. I have sought only to give you a sketch of a day's tour of a member of one of our visiting committees. It is dark when we return to the city, tired out in mind and body, but comforted for all the dreadful sights of misery, suffering, and vice we have seen with the thought that we are doing something, however little, to lessen the appalling sum of human wretchedness."

How great the field of labor is in which the State Charities Aid Association engages in the single direction of poor-house and alms-house inspection and reform, will be understood by a few figures from the official statistics. In 1880 there were relieved in these institutions 137,777 persons, including more than 5,000 insane. The estimated value of the aggregate property was \$6,000,000, and the expenditures for the year \$2,300,000. There is another wide field in which the Association engages with intelligence and zeal—that of curing the tramp evil and improving local methods of out-door relief. Some startling exposures were made a few years ago by the committee of the Association on adult able-bodied paupers, of which Mr. George H. Forster was chair-

man. The reports of the visiting committees in many of the rural and suburban counties showed that the overseers of the poor were interested in entertaining as large a number of tramps as possible, as they made a profit on their board and lodging. Some of these overseers were paid at the rate of one dollar for two meals and a lodging for each tramp accommodated over night. Others were paid twenty-five cents a meal, on which they probably made a profit of ten or fifteen cents. Each overseer's house became a center of pauperism and vagrancy, and it was natural that the overseer should treat his boarders well so that they would stop at his place again. In short, he was a tramp's landlord, keeping a free hotel for vagrants at the expense of the county. The community, under this system, said in effect to the idle and vicious: "We will board you free of cost if you will only come and stay among us." As a result of these exposures, the Tramp Act of 1880, drafted by the Association, was passed by the Legislature, which punishes "tramping" with imprisonment at hard labor. Its effects have thus far been excellent. The leading idea of the Association in all its plans for dealing with able-bodied pauperism is to make the paupers work for their victuals and lodging. The same method that empties the poor-houses of half their inmates clears the roads of the stout and impudent beggars who start out to force society to give them an unearned living. "Make them work, insists the Association, even if their labor is unprofitable to the town. Set them to breaking stone or carting dirt on the highways—anything that will show them they cannot subsist upon the community without giving some equivalent in muscular exertion." Towns and counties that strictly follow this plan are soon shunned by the tramps, and enjoy a delightful immunity from this pest developed by careless habits of indiscriminate charity.

The conclusions reached by the Association on the subject of out-door relief, after years of study and investigation, will perhaps surprise those who think that generous giving is genuine charity. The members of the Association believe that there is too much, instead of too little, of this form of benevolence—that a vast amount of money is wasted, and a deal of evil done, by undermining the self-respect of recipients, fostering a spirit of dependence opposed to self-support, and interfering with the laws which govern wages and labor. In New York City there are more than sixty societies engaged in giving out-door relief to the poor, and besides almost every church goes to some extent into the same work. In a great city, a considerable amount of such relief must be

given to keep the unfortunate from suffering and death; but the Association urges that it should be given systematically and carefully, and only after a special investigation of the circumstances of each case. The motive, after relieving the most pressing necessity, should always be to help the poor to help themselves, and they should not be allowed to get into the way of thinking that whenever their affairs come to a tight pinch there is always a charitable society to fall back upon. A large number of families are kept constantly in the border-land between self-support and pauperism, passing frequently from one region to the other, by the ease with which they can obtain money, clothes, and food from charitable societies when they are in a strait; whereas, if aid were not so convenient to obtain, they would outgrow their shiftless habits and become permanently self-sustaining. Good results are anticipated through the recent establishment of the Charity Organization Society of New York. Coöperation of all the organized charities of the city and central supervision is the plan of this society, and it is already realized to an important extent.

About four years ago an active member of the Association, Miss Sarah T. Sands, basing her work upon one of the publications of the Association, formed the Loan Relief Association, of the Sixteenth Ward, the object of which is to lend to the worthy poor small sums of money to meet pressing temporary needs, and articles required in the care of the sick—money and articles to be promptly returned at the times agreed upon. The success of this modest little work of benevolence has been very gratifying. The Society provides medical treatment for the sick, and legal assistance to people who do not know their rights or cannot hire a lawyer to lay their grievances before a court. It has a small circulating library, and a system of giving out sewing to poor women to enable them to repay with work the money they borrow. Its work has shown that as keen a sense of honor may be found in the tenement house as in the Fifth avenue mansion. The care taken of borrowed articles, and the effort made to return money loans on the day promised, shows an integrity of character too often wanting in the rich. One of the admirable features of the Loan Relief Society is the small expense attending it. The office of the Society is in the basement of the manager's house, so no rent is paid; nor are there any salaries to officers.

The efforts of the Committee on the Elevation of the Poor in their Homes, which has in charge one of the most important branches of the permanent work of the State Charities

Aid Association, deserves special notice. The chairman is Miss Grace H. Dodge. A movement in favor of tenement house reform was started by this Committee in 1879. Important amendments to the Tenement-House Act were, in consequence, passed by the Legislature, which have brought about great improvements in the sanitary condition of the homes of the poor in the metropolis. Increased power and additional funds were given the Board of Health as a result, in part, of the agitation set on foot by the Committee. A pamphlet was printed for the use of the visitors of the Association, to enable them to instruct the dwellers in tenements as to their rights under the law in the matter of sanitary appliances required to be provided by landlords. Out of the general movement initiated by the Association and the wide-spread interest excited by several public meetings, grew the Improved Dwellings Association, of which Mr. W. Bayard Cutting is president—a commercial enterprise based on a humanitarian motive—and the Sanitary Reform Society, Mr. James Gallatin, president, which co-operates with the Health Department in securing the enforcement of the Health Laws. "One good turn deserves another," says the old proverb. One good effort stimulates another, is the experience of the Association. In the broad field of the humanities there is always enough to do, and every good work undertaken seems to open the way to others that are only waiting for earnest hands.

In 1880 the Aid Association was, by the unexpected action of the State Board of Charities, placed in a position where its usefulness would have been seriously crippled, if not destroyed, had it not speedily found a way of extricating itself. The two bodies, the official and the volunteer, had been working in harmony, as we have seen, the Association furnishing and instructing committees of visitors to the public institutions, and the Board arming them with its mandate for admission. The system was not a good one, but its defect was not strikingly manifested until it had existed for nearly seven years, when the essential differences between the methods of volunteer workers and those of officials, was brought home to the Board by the publications in the newspapers by members of the Association of facts relating to the management of public institutions of charity.

Thereupon the Board adopted rules for visitors receiving its legal appointments, which made all information obtained by the visitors the exclusive property of the Board, and not to be submitted elsewhere without its consent. This was in effect to tell the committees formed by the faithful and intelligent efforts of the Aid

Association that they could not report directly to the body to which they belonged, nor act under its guidance. Thus the whole system of volunteer inspection was threatened with destruction. The Association went to the Legislature for relief, but could accomplish nothing the first winter, the State Board of Charities being opposed to their bill. During the session of 1881 the effort was renewed. Devoted members of the central organization and of the local visiting committees went to Albany; a leading lawyer of New York, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, gave his services, and made a convincing argument before the committee having the subject in charge; the powerful city newspapers took up the cause of the volunteers, and finally, after a great deal of effort a bill was passed authorizing judges of the Supreme Court, on the application of the managers of the State Charities Aid Association, to give authority to such persons as might be designated in such applications to visit and inspect the poor-houses and alms-houses in the counties where the visitors were residing.

It was a great victory for the principles upon which volunteer inspection is based. It gave the Association an independent legal standing, greatly encouraged its members, by removing what seemed to be an insuperable obstacle from its path, and placed its future growth and usefulness beyond peril. It should be said here that the Association fully appreciates the great value of the labors of the State Board of Charities. It insists, however, that official work in the institutions of charity needs to be supplemented by untiring volunteer effort.

An excellent result of the joint efforts of the State Board and the Aid Association may properly be mentioned here. The law of last winter establishing a State reformatory for women was urged upon the Legislature by a member of the Board, and supported by petitions circulated for signatures by the local visiting committees of the Association. This measure is exactly in line with the Association's ideas. Society, it holds, should counteract the first open signs of a tendency toward crime and degradation. Prisons too often confirm criminal instincts; "reformatories," "refuges," and "homes," may eradicate them. Now that the Association has its own legal rights, and its own definite field of labor, it is believed a more cordial coöperation than ever will exist between its managers and the members of the State Board of Charities.

There are other interesting features of the Association's work which can only be briefly mentioned here. Who has not noticed, on coming to New York by rail or ferry, the capacious boxes in the depots and ferry-houses,

bearing a modest request for old newspapers and magazines for the use of the sick in the hospitals; and who has not felt, as he emptied his pockets of half-read dailies and periodicals, a thrill of pleasure in the thought that he was giving some poor patient, prostrated by cruel accident or lingering disease, an hour's respite from the sense of his misfortune. Every day the boxes are emptied by paid agents, who distribute their contents in the hospitals. This admirable little philanthropic plan, which does its good work as steadily and regularly as a clock, was devised by an invalid lady, and superintended by her from her sick room; at her death a fund was contributed by her friends to perpetuate the work in her memory. Books sent to the "Committee on Books and Papers" are distributed to public institutions through the Express Companies, free of charge. The Hospital Committees, of which Dr. Stephen Smith is chairman, and Mr. F. R. Jones is secretary, issues instructions to hospital visitors, and studies plans for hospital construction and systems of nursing and diet. The Bellevue Training-School for Nurses, as we have already seen, grew out of its efforts. It also accomplished the important reform of removing the maternity service from the old hospital wards of Bellevue. It is consulted about the erection of new hospitals in this and other States. In regard to hospital buildings, it insists on the separate pavilion plan, believing that large, permanent structures become lurking-places for the germs of disease. Its efforts have already largely influenced public opinion in this direction.

The Association has a valuable library of American and foreign books bearing upon its various lines of work, which are loaned to its members, and to the officers of charitable institutions. Any member of a local visiting committee, or any hospital physician, can procure books by paying the postage for sending and returning. A number of pamphlets have been published by the Association to meet special needs for information. The annual reports of the Association are also a mine of good and suggestive material, available to all who desire to engage intelligently in charitable work among the poor.

The future career of the State Charities Aid Association may be outlined from its past. It proposes to maintain and strengthen its central organization, for the study of the problems of pauperism, and as a focus of thought and practical effort for the improvement of the charitable institutions and the elevation of the poorer classes, and at the same time to extend its visiting system until it embraces all the counties in the State, and brings under its inspection all the county poor-

houses, city almshouses, public hospitals, and asylums. It hopes that its success in New York will tend to the early establishment of kindred societies in other States, and is ready to assist in the organization of such societies, and give them the advantage of its experience. Its plan of uniting the student element and the practical element in philanthropic work, by a double organization of central committees of research and visiting committees for diligent systematic work, is unique. Nothing like it is to be found in this or any other country, and it is attracting much attention from philanthropists in England. Its managers attribute its success to the excellence of this plan, to the association of ladies and gentlemen upon all the committees, to the classification of work,—not by institutions, but by persons,—and to the high character and genuine benevolent spirit of those who have formed the central and local committees.

In conclusion, it should be said that the managers of the Association believe that the most urgent reform now needed in all the charitable institutions is a civil-service system, to secure a permanent tenure to meritorious

officers and employés and put a stop to the vicious custom of appointments as a reward for political service. Nowhere else is there more need of experience, and of special natural fitness of character and mind, in those occupying public positions. Yet physicians, superintendents, nurses, and assistants, as a rule owe their places to their party services, or to the efforts of influential politicians, rather than to their own merit. This wretched system is not peculiar to New York. In Ohio, not many years ago, when supremacy passed for a time from the hands of one party to that of its rival, the entire personnel of the State benevolent institutions, from superintendents down to scrubbers, was ruthlessly changed, with brutal disregard of the welfare of the unfortunate inmates. Indeed, there are few States where the offices in such institutions are not treated as the legitimate spoils of the successful party. The State Charities Aid Association, through its corps of visitors, is constantly brought in contact with the evils that grow out of this system, and will spare no effort to develop such an enlightened public opinion as will reform it altogether.

E. V. Smalley.

AFTER THE RAIN.

In mist yon summer range of hills is drowned;
 Lost are the meadows and the feeding herds;
 From cottage eaves the slow drops slip to ground;
 The smoke quits languidly the chimney's throat,
 Incurious of the sky as new-fledged birds
 That only of the cozy nest take note.
 Cooling her rose-red cheek against the pane,
 My neighbor's child laughs at the weeping world.
 The draggled rooster, strutting down the lane,
 Is jester at her baby court; and though
 The splendors of Queen Juno's bird are furled,
 My lady laughs, as at a merry show;
 For little knows her soul of woe or fears
 Behind its tender shield of babyhood.
 To me, whose shield is lost, the earth appears
 A tear-stained face, its brightness overcast.
 The mist is thinning from the highest wood,
 And fir and hemlock stand, half-cloaked and vast,
 Like errant spirits of the tombless Greeks,
 That from some lonely rampart of the skies
 Look on the busy plain and happy freaks
 Of flesh-clad men; or are they exiled Moors,
 Defiling through the mountain pass, whose eyes
 The Vega's loveliness in vain allures?
 Ah, baby neighbor at the pane, whose glee
 Might rout the mists that muffle hill and field,
 And coax sad Nature to be gay with thee,
 The world's woe pierceth me,—lend me thy shield!

Annie R. Annan.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XXIII.

WHEN the spring opened, Bartley pushed Flavia about the sunny pavements in a baby-carriage, while Marcia paced alongside, looking in under the calash top from time to time, arranging the bright afghan, and twitching the little one's lace hood into place. They never noticed that other perambulators were pushed by Irish nurse-girls, or French *bonnes*; they had paid somewhat more than they ought for theirs, and they were proud of it merely as a piece of property. It was rather Bartley's ideal, as it is that of most young American fathers, to go out with his wife and baby in that way; he liked to have his friends see him; and he went out every afternoon he could spare. When he could not go, Marcia went alone. Mrs. Halleck had given her a key to the garden, and on pleasant mornings she always found some of the family there, when she pushed the perambulator up the path, to let the baby sleep in the warmth and silence of the sheltered place. She chatted with Olive or the elder sisters, while Mrs. Halleck drove Cyrus on to the work of tying up the vines and trimming the shrubs, with the pitiless rigor of women when they get a man about some outdoor labor. Sometimes, Ben Halleck was briefly of the party; and one morning when Marcia opened the gate, she found him there alone with Cyrus, who was busy at some belated tasks of horticulture. The young man turned at the unlocking of the gate, and saw Marcia lifting the front wheels of the perambulator to get it over the steps of the pavement outside. He limped hastily down the walk to help her, but she had the carriage in the path before he could reach her, and he had nothing to do but to walk back at its side, as she propelled it toward the house. "You see what a useless creature a cripple is," he said.

Marcia did not seem to have heard him. "Is your mother at home?" she asked.

"I think she is," said Halleck. "Cyrus, go in and tell mother that Mrs. Hubbard is here, wont you?"

Cyrus went, after a moment of self-respectful delay, and Marcia sat down on a bench

under a pear-tree beside the walk. Its narrow young leaves and blossoms sprinkled her with shade shot with vivid sunshine, and in her light dress, she looked like a bright, fresh figure from some painter's study of spring. She breathed quickly from her exertion, and her cheeks had a rich, dewy bloom. She had pulled the perambulator round so that she might see her baby while she waited, and she looked at the baby now, and not at Halleck, as she said:

"It is quite hot in the sun to-day."

She had a way of closing her lips, after speaking, in that sweet smile of hers, and then of glancing sidelong at the person to whom she spoke.

"I suppose it is," said Halleck, who remained on foot. "But I haven't been out yet. I gave myself a day off from the law-school, and I hadn't quite decided what to do with it."

Marcia leaned forward, and brushed a tangle of the baby's hair out of its eye.

"She's the greatest little sleeper that ever was when she gets into her carriage," she half mused, leaning back with her hands folded in her lap, and setting her head on one side for the effect of the baby without the stray ringle. "She's getting so fat," she said, proudly.

Halleck smiled.

"Do you find it makes a difference in pushing her carriage, from day to day?"

Marcia took his question in earnest, as she must take anything but the most obvious pleasantry concerning her baby.

"The carriage runs very easily; we picked out the lightest one we could, and I never have any trouble with it, except getting up curb-stones and crossing Cambridge street. I don't like to cross Cambridge street; there are always so many horse-cars. But it's all down-hill coming here; that's one good thing."

"That makes it a very bad thing going home, though," said Halleck.

"Oh, I go round by Charles street and come up the hill from the other side; it isn't so steep there."

There was no more to be said upon this

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point, and in the lapse of their talk, Halleck broke off some boughs of the blooming pear, and dropped them on the baby's afghan.

"Your mother wont like your spoiling her pear-tree," said Marcia, seriously.

"She will when she knows that I did it for Miss Hubbard."

"Miss Hubbard!" repeated the young mother, and she laughed in fond derision. "How funny to hear *you* saying that! I thought you hated babies."

Halleck looked at her with strong self-disgust, and he dropped the bough which he had in his hand upon the ground. There is something in a young man's ideal of women, at once passionate and ascetic, so fine that any words are too gross for it. The event which intensified the interest of his mother and sisters in Marcia, had abashed Halleck; when she came so proudly to show her baby to them all, it seemed to him like a mockery of his pity for her captivity to the love that profaned her. He went out of the room in angry impatience, which he could hardly hide when one of his sisters tried to make him take the baby. Little by little his compassion adjusted itself to the new conditions; it accepted the child as an element of her misery in the future, when she must realize the hideous deformity of her marriage. His prophetic sense of this, and of her inaccessibility to human help here and hereafter, made him sometimes afraid of her; but all the more severely he exacted of his ideal of her that she should not fall beneath the tragic dignity of her fate through any levity of her own. Now, at her innocent laugh, a subtle irreverence, which he was not able to exorcise, infused itself into his sense of her.

He stood looking at her, after he dropped the pear-bough, and seeing her mere beauty as he had never seen it before. The bees hummed in the blossoms, which gave out a dull, sweet smell; the sunshine had the luxurious, enervating warmth of spring. He started suddenly from his reverie: Marcia had said something.

"I beg your pardon?" he queried.

"Oh, nothing. I asked if you knew where I went to church yesterday?"

Halleck flushed, ashamed of the wrong his thoughts, or rather his emotions, had done.

"No, I don't," he answered.

"I was at your church."

"I ought to have been there myself," he returned, gravely, "and then I should have known."

She took his self-reproach literally.

"You couldn't have seen me. I was sitting pretty far back, and I went out before any

of your family saw me. Don't you go there?"

"Not always, I'm sorry to say. Or, rather, I'm sorry not to be sorry. What church do you generally go to?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes to one, and sometimes to another. Bartley used to report the sermons and we went round to all the churches then. That is the way I did at home, and it came natural to me. But I don't like it very well. I want Flavia should belong to some particular church."

"There are enough to choose from," said Halleck, with pensive sarcasm.

"Yes, that's the difficulty. But I shall make up my mind to one of them, and then I shall always keep to it. What I mean is that I should like to find out where most of the good people belong, and then have her be with them," pursued Marcia. "I think it's best to belong to some church, don't you?"

There was something so bare, so spiritually poverty-stricken in these confessions and questions, that Halleck found nothing to say to them.

He was troubled, moreover, as to what the truth was in his own mind. He answered, with a sort of mechanical adhesion to the teachings of his youth: "I should be a recreant not to think so. But I'm not sure that I know what you mean by belonging to some church," he added. "I suppose you would want to believe in the creed of the church, whichever it was."

"I don't know that I should be particular," said Marcia, with perfect honesty.

Halleck laughed sadly.

"I'm afraid *they* would, then, unless you joined the Broad Church."

"What is that?"

He explained as well as he could. At the end she repeated, as if she had not followed him very closely:

"I should like her to belong to the church where most of the good people go. I think that would be the right one, if you could only find which it is."

Halleck laughed again.

"I suppose what I say must sound very queer to you; but I've been thinking a good deal about this lately."

"I beg your pardon," said Halleck. "I had no reason to laugh, either on your account or my own. It's a serious subject."

She did not reply, and he asked, as if she had left the subject:

"Do you intend to pass the summer in Boston?"

"No; I'm going down home pretty early, and I wanted to ask your mother what is the best way to put away my winter things."

"You'll find my mother very good authority on such matters," said Halleck. Through an obscure association with moths that corrupt, he added: "She's a good authority on church matters, too."

"I guess I shall talk with her about Flavia," said Marcia.

Cyrus came out of the house.

"Mis' Halleck will be here in a minute. She's got to get red of a lady that's calling, first," he explained.

"I will leave you, then," said Halleck, abruptly.

"Good-by," answered Marcia, tranquilly. The baby stirred; she pushed the carriage to and fro, without glancing after him as he walked away.

His mother came down the steps from the house, and kissed Marcia for welcome, and looked under the carriage-top at the sleeping baby.

"How she *does* sleep!" she whispered.

"Yes," said Marcia, with the proud humility of a mother who cannot deny the merit of her child, "and she sleeps the whole night through. I'm *never* up with her. Bartley says she's a perfect Seven Sleeper. It's a regular joke with him—her sleeping."

"Ben was a good baby for sleeping, too," said Mrs. Halleck, retrospectively emulous. "It's one of the best signs. It shows that the child is strong and healthy."

They went on to talk of their children, and in their community of motherhood, they spoke of the young man as if he were still an infant.

"He has never been a moment's care to me," said Mrs. Halleck. "A well baby will be well even in teething."

"And I had somehow thought of him as sickly!" said Marcia, in self-derision.

Tears of instant intelligence sprang into his mother's eyes.

"And did you suppose he was *always* lame?" she demanded with gentle indignation.

"He was the brightest and strongest boy that ever was, till he was twelve years old. That's what makes it so hard to bear; that's what makes me wonder at the way the child bears it! Did you never hear how it happened? One of the big boys, as he called him, tripped him up at school, and he fell on his hip. It kept him in bed for a year, and he's never been the same since; he will always be a cripple," grieved the mother. She wiped her eyes; she never could think of her boy's infirmity without weeping. "And what seemed the worst of all," she continued, "was that the boy who did it, never expressed any regret for it, or acknowledged it by word or deed, though he must

have known that Ben knew who hurt him. He's a man, here, now; and sometimes Ben meets him. But Ben always says that he can stand it if the other one can. He was always just so from the first! He wouldn't let us blame the boy; he said that he didn't mean any harm, and that all was fair in play. And now he says he knows the man is sorry, and would own to what he did, if he didn't have to own to what came of it. Ben says that very few of us have the courage to face the consequences of the injuries we do, and that's what makes people seem hard and indifferent when they are really not so. There!" cried Mrs. Halleck. "I don't know as I ought to have told you about it; I know Ben wouldn't like it. But I can't bear to have any one think he was always lame, though I don't know why I shouldn't: I'm prouder of him since it happened than ever I was before. I thought he was here with you," she added.

"He went out just before you came," said Marcia, nodding toward the gate. She sat listening to Mrs. Halleck's talk about Ben; Mrs. Halleck took herself to task from time to time, but only to go on talking about him again. Sometimes Marcia commented on his characteristics, and compared them with Bartley's, or with Flavia's, according to the period of Ben's life under consideration. At the end Mrs. Halleck said: "I haven't let you get in a word! Now you must talk about *your* baby. Dear little thing! I feel that she's been neglected. But I'm always just so selfish when I get to running on about Ben. They all laugh at me."

"Oh, I like to hear about other children," said Marcia, turning the perambulator round. "I don't think any one can know too much that has the care of children of their own." She added, as if it followed from something they had been saying of vaccination: "Mrs. Halleck, I want to talk with you about getting Flavia christened. You know I never was christened."

"Weren't you?" said Mrs. Halleck, with a dismay which she struggled to conceal.

"No," said Marcia, "father doesn't believe in any of those things, and mother had got to letting them go, because he didn't take any interest in them. They did have the first children christened, but I was the last."

"I didn't speak with your father on the subject," faltered Mrs. Halleck. "I didn't know what his persuasion was."

"Why, father doesn't belong to *any* church! He believes in a God, but he doesn't believe in the Bible." Mrs. Halleck sank down on the garden-seat too much shocked to speak, and Marcia continued: "I don't know whether the Bible is true or not; but I've often wished that I belonged to church."

"You couldn't, unless you believed in the Bible," said Mrs. Halleck.

"Yes, I know that. Perhaps I should, if anybody proved it to me. I presume it could be explained. I never talked much with any one about it. There must be a good many people who don't belong to church, although they believe in the Bible. I should be perfectly willing to try, if I only knew how to begin."

In view of this ruinous open-mindedness, Mrs. Halleck could only say,

"The way to begin is to read it."

"Well, I will try. How do you know, after you've become so that you believe the Bible, whether you're fit to join the church?"

"It's hard to tell you, my dear. You have to feel first that you have a Saviour,—that you've given your whole heart to him,—that he can save you, and that no one else can; that all you can do yourself won't help you. It's an experience."

Marcia looked at her attentively, as if this were all a very hard saying.

"Yes, I've heard of that. Some of the girls had it at school. But I never did. Well," she said at last, "I don't feel so anxious about myself, just at present, as I do about Flavia. I want to do everything I can for Flavia, Mrs. Halleck. I want her to be christened,—I want her to be baptized into some church. I think a good deal about it. I think sometimes, what if she should die, and I hadn't done that for her, when may be it was one of the most important things"—Her voice shook, and she pressed her lips together.

"Of course," said Mrs. Halleck, tenderly. "I think it is the *most* important thing."

"But there are so many churches," Marcia resumed. "And I don't know about any of them. I told Mr. Halleck, just now, that I should like her to belong to the church where the best people go, if I could find it out. Of course, it was a ridiculous way to talk; I knew he thought so. But what I meant was that I wanted she should be with good people all her life; and I didn't care what she believed."

"It's very important to believe the truth, my dear," said Mrs. Halleck.

"But the truth is so hard to be certain of, and you know goodness as soon as you see it. Mrs. Halleck, I'll tell you what I want: I want Flavia should be baptized into your church. Will you let her?"

"Let her? Oh, my dear child, we shall be humbly thankful that it has been put into your heart to choose for her what *we* think is the true church," said Mrs. Halleck, fervently.

"I don't know about that," returned Marcia. "I can't tell whether it's the true church or not, and I don't know that I ever could;

but I shall be satisfied, if it's made you what you are," she added simply.

Mrs. Halleck did not try to turn away her praise with vain affectations of humility. "We try to do right, Marcia," she said. "Whenever we do it, we must be helped to it by some power outside of ourselves. I can't tell you whether it's our church; I'm not so sure of that as I used to be. I once thought that there could be no real good out of it; but I *can't* think that, any more: Olive and Ben are as good children as ever lived; I *know* they won't be lost; but neither of them belongs to our church."

"Why, what church does he belong to?"

"He doesn't belong to any, my dear," said Mrs. Halleck, sorrowfully.

Marcia looked at her absently.

"I knew Olive was a Unitarian; but I thought—I thought he —"

"No, he doesn't," returned Mrs. Halleck. "It has been a great cross to his father and me. He is a good boy; but we think the *truth* is in our church!"

Marcia was silent a moment. Then she said, decisively:

"Well, I should like Flavia to belong to your church."

"She couldn't belong to it now," Mrs. Halleck explained. "That would have to come later, when she could understand. But she could be christened in it—dear little thing!"

"Well, christened, then. It must be the training he got in it. I've thought a great deal about it, and I think my worst trouble is that I've been left too free in everything. One mustn't be left too free. I've never had any one to control me, and now I can't control myself at the very times when I need to do it the most, with—with—when I'm in danger of vexing—when Bartley and I —"

"Yes," said Mrs. Halleck, sympathetically.

"And Bartley is just so, too. He's always been left to himself. And Flavia will need all the control we can give her—I know she will. And I shall have her christened in your church, and I shall teach her all about it. She shall go to the Sunday-school, and I will go to church, so that she can have an example. I told father I should do it when he was up here, and he said there couldn't be any harm in it. And I've told Bartley, and *he* doesn't care."

They were both far too single-minded and too serious to find anything droll in the terms of the adhesion of Marcia's family to her plan, and Mrs. Halleck entered into its execution with affectionate zeal.

"Ben, dear," she said, tenderly, that evening, when they were all talking it over in family council, "I hope you didn't drop anything,

when that poor creature spoke to you about it this morning, that could unsettle her mind in any way?"

"No, mother," said Halleck, gently.

"I was sure you didn't," returned his mother, repentantly.

They had been talking a long time of the matter, and Halleck now left the room.

"Mother! How could you say such a thing to Ben?" cried Olive, in a quiver of indignant sympathy. "Ben say anything to unsettle anybody's religious purposes! He's got more religion now than all the rest of the family put together!"

"Speak for yourself, Olive," said one of the intermediary sisters.

"Why, Olive, I spoke because I thought she seemed to place more importance on Ben's belonging to the church than anything else, and she seemed so surprised when I told her he didn't belong to any."

"I dare say she thinks Ben is good when she compares him with that mass of selfishness of a husband of hers," said Olive. "But I will thank her," she added, hotly, "not to compare Ben with Bartley Hubbard, even to Bartley Hubbard's disadvantage. I don't feel flattered by it."

"Of course, she thinks all the world of her husband," said Mrs. Halleck. "And I know Ben is good; and as you say, he is religious; I feel that, though I don't understand how, exactly. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, Olive, you know well enough. But it was a stumbling-block when I had to tell that poor, pretty young thing that Ben didn't belong to church; and I could see that it puzzled her. I couldn't have believed," continued Mrs. Halleck, "that there was any person in a Christian land, except among the very lowest, that seemed to understand so little about the Christian religion, or any scheme of salvation. Really, she talked to me like a pagan. She sat there much better dressed and better educated than I was; but I felt like a missionary talking to a South Sea Islander."

"I wonder the old Bartlett pear didn't burst into a palm-tree over your heads," said Olive. Mrs. Halleck looked grieved at her levity, and she hastened to add:

"Don't put up your lip, mother. I understood just what you meant, and I can imagine just how shocking Mrs. Hubbard's heathen remarks must have been. We should all be shocked if we knew how many people there are just like her, and we should all try to deny it, and so would they. I guess Christianity is about as uncommon as civilization—and that's *very* uncommon. If her poor, feeble mind was such a chaos, what do you suppose her husband's is?"

This would certainly not have been easy for Mrs. Halleck to say, then, or to say afterward, when Bartley walked up to the font in her church, with Marcia at his side, and Flavia in his arms, and a faintly ironical smile on his face, as if he had never expected to be got in for this, but was going to see it through now. He had, in fact, said, "Well, let's go the whole figure," when Marcia had expressed a preference for having the rite performed in church, instead of in their own house.

He was unquestionably growing stout, and even Mrs. Halleck noticed that his blonde face was unpleasantly red that day. He was, of course, not intemperate. He always had beer with his lunch, which he had begun to take down town, since the warm weather had come on and made the walk up the hill to Clover street irksome; and he drank beer at his dinner—he liked a late dinner, and they dined at six, now—because it washed away the fatigues of the day and freshened you up. He was rather particular about his beer, which he had sent in by the gross—it came cheaper that way; after trying both the Cincinnati and the Milwaukee lagers, and making a cursory test of the Boston brand, he had settled down upon the American Tivoli; it was cheap, and you could drink a couple of bottles without feeling it. Freshened up by his two bottles, he was apt to spend the evening in an amiable drowse and get early to bed, when he did not go out on newspaper duty. He joked about the three fingers of fat on his ribs, and frankly guessed it was the beer that did it; at such times he said that perhaps he should have to cut down on his Tivoli.

Marcia and he had not so much time together as they used to have; she was a great deal taken up with the baby, and he found it dull at home, not doing anything or saying anything; and, when he did not feel sleepy, he sometimes invented work that took him out at night. But he always came upstairs after putting his hat on, and asked Marcia if he could help her about anything.

He usually met other newspaper men on these excursions, and talked newspaper with them, airing his favorite theories. He liked to wander about with reporters who were working up cases; to look in at the police stations, and go to the fires; and he was often able to give the "Events" men points that had escaped the other reporters. If asked to drink, he always said, "Thanks, no; I don't do anything in that way. But if you'll make it beer, I don't mind." He took nothing but beer when he hurried out of the theater into one of the neighboring resorts, just as the great platters of stewed kidneys and *lyonnaise* potatoes came steaming up out of the kitchen, prompt

to the drop of the curtain on the last act. Here, sometimes, he met a friend, and shared with him his dish of kidneys and his schooner of beer; and he once suffered himself to be lured by the click of the balls into the back room. He believed that he played a very good game of billiards; but he was badly beaten that night. He came home at daylight fifty dollars out. But he had lost like a gentleman in a game with gentlemen; and he never played again.

By day he worked hard, and since his expenses had been increased by Flavia's coming, he had undertaken more work for more pay. He still performed all the routine labor of a managing editor, and he now wrote the literary notices of "The Events," and sometimes, especially if there was anything new, the dramatic criticisms; he brought to the latter task all the freshness of a man who, till the year before, had not been half a dozen times inside a theater.

He attributed the fat on his ribs to the Tivoli; perhaps it was also owing in some degree to a good conscience, which is a much easier thing to keep than people imagine. At any rate, he now led a tranquil, industrious, and regular life, and a life which suited him so well that he was reluctant to interrupt it by the visit to Equity which he and Marcia had talked of in the early spring. He put it off from time to time, and one day, when she was pressing him to fix some date for it, he said:

"Why can't you go, Marcia?"

"Alone?" she faltered.

"Well, no; take the baby, of course. And I'll run down for a day or two when I get a chance."

Marcia seemed in these days to be schooling herself against the impulses that once brought on her quarrels with Bartley.

"A day or two ——" she began, and then stopped and added gravely, "I thought you said you were going to have several weeks' vacation."

"Oh, don't tell me what I said!" cried Bartley. "That was before I undertook this extra work, or before I knew what a grind it was going to be. Equity is a good deal of a dose for me, anyway. It's all well enough for you, and I guess the change from Boston will do you good, and do the baby good, but I shouldn't look forward to three weeks in Equity with unmitigated hilarity."

"I know it will be stupid for you. But you need the rest. And the Hallecks are going to be at North Conway; and they said they would come over," urged Marcia. "I know we should have a good time."

Bartley grinned.

"Is that your idea of a good time, Marsh? Three weeks of Equity, relieved by a visit from such heavy weights as Ben Halleck and his sisters? Not any in mine, thank you."

"How can you—how dare you speak so of them!" cried Marcia, lightening upon him. "Such good friends of yours—such good people ——"

Her voice shook with indignation and wounded feeling.

Bartley rose and took a turn about the room, pulling down his waistcoat and contemplating its outward slope with a smile.

"Oh, I've got more friends than I can shake a stick at. And with pleasure at the helm, goodness is a drug in the market—if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor. Look here, Marcia," he added, severely. "If you like the Hallecks, all well and good; I sha'n't interfere with you; but they bore me. I outgrew Ben Halleck years ago. He's duller than death. As for the old people, there's no harm in them,—though *they're* bores, too,—nor in the old girls; but Olive Halleck doesn't treat me decently. I suppose that just suits you: I've noticed that you never like the women that *do* treat me decently."

"They don't treat me decently!" retorted Marcia.

"Oh, Miss Kingsbury treated you very well that night. She couldn't imagine your being jealous of her politeness to me."

Marcia's temper fired at his treacherous recurrence to a grievance which he had once so sacredly and sweetly ignored.

"If you wish to take up by-gones, why don't you go back to Sally Morrison at once? She treated you even better than Miss Kingsbury."

"I should have been very willing to do that," said Bartley, "but I thought it might remind you of a disagreeable little episode in your own life, when you flung me away, and had to go down on your knees to pick me up again."

These thrusts which they dealt each other in their quarrels, however blind and misdirected, always reached their hearts: it was the wicked will that hurt, rather than the words. Marcia rose, bleeding inwardly, and her husband felt the remorse of a man who gets the best of it in such an encounter.

"Oh, I'm sorry I said that, Marcia! I didn't mean it; indeed I!" She disdained to heed him as she swept out of the room and up the stairs; and his anger flamed out again.

"I give you fair warning," he called after her, "not to try that trick of locking the door, or I will smash it in."

Her answer was to turn the key in the door with a click which he could not fail to hear.

The peace in which they had been living of late was very comfortable to Bartley; he liked it; he hated to have it broken; he was willing to do what he could to restore it at once. If he had no better motive than this,

he still had this motive; and he choked down his wrath, and followed Marcia softly upstairs. He intended to reason with her, and he began, "I say, Marsh," as he turned the door-knob. But you cannot reason through a keyhole, and before he knew he found himself saying, "Will you open this?" in a tone whose quiet was deadly. She did not answer; he heard her stop in her movements about the room, and wait, as if she expected him to ask again. He hesitated a moment whether to keep his threat of breaking the door in; but he turned away and went down-stairs, and so into the street. Once outside, he experienced the sense of release that comes to a man from the violation of his better impulses; but he did not know what to do or where to go. He walked rapidly away; but Marcia's eyes and voice seemed to follow him, and plead with him for his forbearance. He answered his conscience, as if it had been some such presence, that he had forborne too much already, and that now he should not humble himself: that he was right and should stand upon his right. There was not much comfort in it, and he had to brace himself again and again with vindictive resolution.

XXIV.

BARTLEY walked about the streets for a long time, without purpose or direction, brooding fiercely on his wrongs, and reminding himself how Marcia had determined to have him, and had indeed flung herself upon his mercy, with all sorts of good promises; and had then at once taken the whiphand, and goaded and tormented him ever since. All the kindness of their common life counted for nothing in this furious reverie, or rather it was never once thought of; he cursed himself for a fool that he had ever asked her to marry him, and for doubly a fool that he had married her when she had as good as asked him. He was glad, now, that he had taunted her with that; he only regretted that he had told her he was sorry. He was presently aware of being so tired that he could scarcely pull one leg after another; and yet he felt hopelessly wide awake. It was in simple despair of anything else to do that he climbed the stairs to Ricker's lofty perch in the "Chronicle-Abstract" office. Ricker turned about as he entered, and stared up at him from beneath the green pasteboard visor with which he was shielding his eyes from the gas; his hair, which was of the harshness and color of hay, was stiffly poked up and strewn about on his skull, as if it were some foreign product.

"Hello!" he said. "Going to issue a morning edition of the 'Events'?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I supposed you evening paper gents went to bed with the hens. What has kept you up, esteemed contemporary?"

He went on working over some dispatches which lay upon his table.

"Don't you want to come out and have some oysters?" asked Bartley.

"Why this princely hospitality? I'll come with you in half a minute," Ricker said, going to the slide that carried up the copy to the composing-room, and thrusting his manuscript into the box.

"Where are you going?" he asked, when they found themselves out in the soft starlit autumnal air; and Bartley answered with the name of an oyster-house, obscure, but of singular excellence.

"Yes, that's the best place," Ricker commented. "What I continually wonder at in you is the rapidity with which you've taken on the city. You were quite in the green wood when you came here, and now you know your Boston like a little man. I suppose it's your newspaper work that's familiarized you with the place. Well, how do you like friend Witherby, as far as you've gone?"

"Oh, we shall get along, I guess," said Bartley. "He still keeps me in the background, and plays at being editor himself, but he pays me pretty well."

"Not too well, I hope."

"I should like to see him try it."

"I shouldn't," said Ricker. "He'd expect certain things of you, if he did. You'll have to look out for Witherby."

"You mean that he's a scamp?"

"No; there isn't a better conscience than Witherby carries in the whole city. He's perfectly honest. He not only believes that he has a right to run the 'Events' in his way, but he sincerely believes that he is right in doing it. There's where he has the advantage of you, if you doubt him. I don't suppose he ever did a wrong thing in his life; he'd persuade himself that the thing was right before he did it."

"That's a common phenomenon, isn't it?" sneered Bartley. "Nobody sins."

"You're right, partly. But some of us sinners have our misgivings, and Witherby never has. You know he offered me your place?"

"No, I didn't," said Bartley, astonished and not pleased.

"I thought he might have told you. He made me inducements; but I was afraid of him: Witherby is the counting-room incarnate. I talked you into him for some place or other; but he didn't seem to wake up to the value of my advice at once. Then I couldn't tell what he was going to offer you."

"Thank you for letting me in for a thing you were afraid of!"

"I didn't believe he would get you under his thumb, as he would me. You've got more backbone than I have. I have to keep out of temptation; you have noticed that I never drink, and I would rather not look upon Witherby when he is red and giveth his color in the cup. I'm sorry if I've let you in for anything that you regret. But Witherby's sincerity makes him dangerous—I own that."

"I think he has some very good ideas about newspapers," said Bartley, rather sulkily.

"Oh, very," assented Ricker. "Some of the very best going. He believes that the press is a great moral engine, and that it ought to be run in the interest of the engineer."

"And I suppose you believe that it ought to be run in the interest of the public?"

"Exactly—after the public has paid."

"Well, I don't; and I never did. A newspaper is a private enterprise."

"It's private property, but it isn't a private enterprise, and in its very nature it can't be. You know I never talk 'journalism' and stuff; it amuses me to hear the young fellows at it, though I think they might be doing something worse than magnifying their office; they might be decrying it. But I've got a few ideas and principles of my own in my back pantaloon-pocket."

"Haul them out," said Bartley.

"I don't know that they're very well formulated," returned Ricker, "and I don't contend that they're very new. But I consider a newspaper a public enterprise, with certain distinct duties to the public. It's sacredly bound not to do anything to deprave or debase its readers; and it's sacredly bound not to mislead or betray them, not merely as to questions of morals and politics, but as to questions of what we may lump as 'advertising.' Has friend Witherby developed his great ideas of advertisers' rights to you?" Bartley did not answer, and Ricker went on: "Well, then, you can understand my position, when I say it's exactly the contrary."

"You ought to be on a religious newspaper, Ricker," said Bartley, with a scornful laugh.

"Thank you, a secular paper is bad enough for me."

"Well, I don't pretend that I make the 'Events' just what I want," said Bartley. "At present the most I can do is to indulge in a few cheap dreams of what I should do, if I had a paper of my own."

"What are your dreams? Haul out, as you say."

"I should make it pay, to begin with; and I should make it pay by making it such a thorough newspaper, that every class of people *must* have it. I should cater to the lowest class first, and as long as I was poor, I would have the fullest and best reports of every local accident and crime; that would take *all* the rabble. Then, as I could afford it, I'd rise a little, and give first-class non-partisan reports of local political affairs; that would fetch the next largest class, the ward politicians of all parties. I'd lay for the local religious world, after that—religion comes right after politics in the popular mind, and it interests the women like murder: I'd give the minutest religious intelligence, and not only that, but the religious gossip, and the religious scandal. Then I'd go in for fashion and society—that comes next. I'd have the most reliable and thorough-going financial reports that money could buy. When I'd got my local ground perfectly covered, I'd begin to ramify. Every fellow that could spell, in any part of the country, should understand that if he sent me an account of a suicide, or an elopement, or a murder, or an accident, he should be well paid for it; and I'd rise on the same scale through all the departments. I'd add art criticisms, dramatic and sporting news, and book-reviews, more for the looks of the thing than for anything else; they don't any of 'em appeal to a large class. I'd get my paper into such a shape that people of every kind and degree would have to say, no matter what particular objection was made to it, 'Yes, that's so; but it's the best newspaper in the world, and *we can't get along without it.*'"

"And then," said Ricker, "you'd begin to clean up, little by little—let up on your murders and scandals, and purge and live cleanly like a gentleman? The trick's been tried before."

They had arrived at the oyster-house, and were sitting at their table, waiting for the oysters to be brought to them. Bartley tilted his chair back. "I don't know about the cleaning up. I should want to keep all my audience. If I cleaned up, the dirty fellows would go off to some one else; and the fellows that pretended to be clean would be disappointed."

"Why don't you get Witherby to put your ideas in force?" asked Ricker, dryly.

Bartley dropped his chair to all fours, and said with a smile, "He belongs to church."

"Ah, he has his limitations. What a pity! He has the money to establish this great moral engine of yours, and you haven't. It's a loss to civilization."

"One thing, I know," said Bartley, with a certain effect of virtue, "nobody should buy or sell me; and the advertising element shouldn't spread beyond the advertising page."

"Isn't that rather high ground?" inquired Ricker.

Bartley did not think it worth while to answer. "I don't believe that a newspaper is obliged to be superior in tone to the community," he said.

"I quite agree with you."

"And if the community is full of vice and crime, a newspaper can't do better than reflect its condition."

"Ah, there I should distinguish, esteemed contemporary. There are several tones in every community, and it will keep any newspaper scratching to rise above the highest. But if it keeps out of the mud at all it can't help rising above the lowest. And no community is full of vice and crime any more than it is full of virtue and good works. Why not let your model newspaper mirror these?"

"They're not snappy."

"No, that's true."

"You must give the people what they want."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, it's a beautiful dream," said Ricker, "nourished on a youth sublime. Why do not these lofty imaginings visit us later in life? You make me quite ashamed of my own ideal newspaper. Before you began to talk I had been fancying that the vice of our journalism was its intense localism. I have doubted a good while whether a drunken Irishman who breaks his wife's head, or a child who falls into a tub of hot water, has really established a claim on the public interest. Why should I be told by telegraph how three negroes died on the gallows in North Carolina? Why should an accurate correspondent inform me of the elopement of a married man with his maid-servant in East Machias? Why should I sup on all the horrors of a railroad accident, and have the bleeding fragments hashed up for me at breakfast? Why should my newspaper give a succession of shocks to my nervous system, as I pass from column to column, and poultice me between shocks with the nastiness of a distant or local scandal? You reply, because I like spice. But I don't. I am sick of spice; and I believe that most of our readers are."

"Cater to them with milk-toast, then," said Bartley.

Ricker laughed with him, and they fell to upon their oysters.

When they parted, Bartley still found himself wakeful. He knew that he should not sleep if he went home, and he said to himself that he could not walk about all night. He turned into a gayly lighted basement, and asked for something in the way of a night-cap.

The bar-keeper said there was nothing like a hot-sotch to make you sleep; and a small man, with his hat on, who had been talking with the bar-keeper, and coming up to the counter occasionally to eat a bit of cracker or a bit of cheese out of the two bowls full of such fragments that stood at the end of the counter, said that this was so.

It was very cheerful in the bar-room, with the light glittering on the rows of decanters behind the bar-keeper, a large, stout, clean, pale man in his shirt-sleeves, after the manner of his kind; and Bartley made up his mind to stay there till he was drowsy, and to drink as many hot-sotches as were necessary to the result. He had his drink put on a little table and sat down to it easily, stirring it to cool it a little, and feeling its flattery in his brain from the first sip.

The man who was munching cheese and crackers wore a hat rather large for him, pulled down over his eyes. He now said that he did not care if he took a gin-sling, and the bar-keeper promptly set it before him on the counter, and saluted with "Good evening, Colonel," a large man who came in, carrying a small dog in his arms. Bartley recognized him as the manager of a variety combination playing at one of the theaters, and the manager recognized the little man with the gin-sling as Tommy. He did not return the bar-keeper's salutation, but he asked, as he sat down at a table:

"What do I want for supper, Charley?"

The bar-keeper said, oracularly, as he leaned forward to wipe his counter with a napkin:

"Fricassee chicken."

"Fricassee devil," returned the manager. "Get me a Welsh rabbit."

The bar-keeper, unperturbed by this rejection, called into the tube behind him:

"One Welsh rabbit!"

"I want some cold chicken for my dog," said the manager.

"One cold chicken," repeated the bar-keeper, in his tube.

"White meat," said the manager.

"White meat," repeated the bar-keeper.

"I went into the Parker House one night about midnight, and I saw four doctors there eating lobster salad, and deviled crab, and washing it down with champagne; and I made up my mind that the doctors needn't talk to me any more about what was wholesome. I was going in for what was good. And there aint anything better for supper than Welsh rabbit in *this* world."

As the manager addressed this philosophy to the company at large, no one commented upon it, which seemed quite the same to the manager, who hitched one elbow over the

back of his chair, and caressed with the other hand the dog lying in his lap.

The little man in the large hat continued to walk up and down, leaving his gin-sling on the counter, and drinking it between his visits to the cracker and cheese.

"What's that new piece of yours, Colonel?" he asked, after awhile. "I aint seen it yet."

"Legs, principally," sighed the manager. "That's what the public wants. I give the public what it wants. I don't pretend to be any better than the public. Nor any worse," he added, stroking his dog.

These ideas struck Bartley in their accordance with his own ideas of journalism as he had propounded them to Ricker. He had drunk half of his hot-scotch.

"That's what I say," assented the little man. "All that a theater has got to do is to keep even with the public."

"That's so, Tommy," said the manager of a school of morals, with wisdom that impressed more and more the manager of a great moral engine.

"The same principle runs through everything," observed Bartley, speaking for the first time.

The drink had stiffened his tongue somewhat, but it did not incommode his utterance; it rather gave dignity to it, and his head was singularly clear. He lifted his empty glass from the table, and, catching the bar-keeper's eye, said, "Do it again." The man brought it back full.

"It runs through the churches as well as the theaters. As long as the public wanted hell-fire, the ministers gave them hell-fire. But you couldn't get hell-fire—not the pure, old-fashioned brimstone article—out of a popular preacher now, for love or money."

The little man said, "I guess you've got about the size of it there;" and the manager laughed.

"It's just so with the newspapers, too," said Bartley. "Some newspapers used to stand out against publishing murders, and personal gossip, and divorce trials. There aint a newspaper that pretends to keep anyways up with the times, now, that don't do it! The public want spice, and they will have it!"

"Well, sir," said the manager, "that's my way of looking at it. I say if the public don't want Shakspeare, give 'em burlesque till they're sick of it. I believe in what Grant said: 'The quickest way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it.'"

"That's so," said the little man, "every time."

He added to the bar-keeper that he guessed he would have some brandy and soda, and Bartley found himself at the bottom of his second tumbler. He ordered it replenished.

The little man seemed to be getting further away. He said, from the distance to which he had withdrawn:

"You want to go to bed with three night-caps on, like an old-clothes-man."

Bartley felt like resenting the freedom, but he was anxious to pour his ideas of journalism into the manager's sympathetic ear, and he began to talk, with an impression that it behooved him to talk fast. His brain was still very clear, but his tongue was getting stiffer. The manager now had his Welsh rabbit before him; but Bartley could not make out how it had got there, nor when. He was talking fast, and he knew by the way everybody was listening, that he was talking well. Sometimes he left his table, glass in hand, and went and laid down the law to the manager, who smilingly assented to all he said. Once he heard a low growling at his feet, and looking down, he saw the dog with his plate of cold chicken, that had also been conjured into the room somehow.

"Look out," said the manager, "he'll nip you in the leg."

"Curse the dog! he seems to be on all sides of you," said Bartley. "I can't stand anywhere."

"Better sit down then," suggested the manager.

"Good idea," said the little man, who was still walking up and down. It appeared as if he had not spoken for several hours; his hat was further over his eyes. Bartley had thought he was gone.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded fiercely, moving toward the little man.

"Come, none of that," said the bar-keeper, steadily.

Bartley looked at him in amazement.

"Where's your hat?" he asked.

The others laughed; the bar-keeper smiled.

"Are you a married man?"

"Never mind!" said the bar-keeper, severely.

Bartley turned to the little man:

"You married?"

"Not much," replied the other. He was now topping off with a whisky-straight.

Bartley referred himself to the manager:

"You?"

"*Pas si bête*," said the manager, who did his own adapting from the French.

"Well, you're scholar, and you're gentleman," said Bartley. The indefinite articles would drop out, in spite of all his efforts to keep them in. "N' I want ask you what you do—to—ask—you—what—would—you—do," he repeated with painful exactness, but he failed to make the rest of the sentence perfect, and he pronounced it all in a word, "fyourwifelockyouout."

"I'd take a walk," said the manager.

"I'd bu'st the door in," said the little man.

Bartley turned and gazed at him as if the little man were a much more estimable person than he had supposed. He passed his arm through the little man's, which the other had just crooked to lift his whisky to his mouth.

"Look here," said Bartley, "tha's jus' what I told her. I want you to go home 'th me; I want t' introduce you to my wife."

"All right," answered the little man. "Don't care if I do." He dropped his tumbler to the floor. "Hang it up, Charley, glass and all. Hang up this gentleman's night-caps—my account. Gentleman asks me home to his house, I'll hang him—I'll get him hung—well, fix it to suit yourself—every time!"

They got themselves out of the door, and the manager said to the bar-keeper, who came round to gather up the fragments of the broken tumbler,

"Think his wife will be glad to see 'em, Charley?"

"Oh, they'll be taken care of before they reach his house."

XXV.

WHEN they were once out under the stars, Bartley, who still felt his brain clear, said that he would not take his friend home at once, but would show him where he visited when he first came to Boston. The other agreed to the indulgence of this sentiment, and they set out to find Rumford street together.

"You've heard of old-man Halleck—Lessor Neather Interest? Tha's place—there's where I staid. His son's my frien'—damn stuck-up supercilious beast he is, too. I do care f'r him! I'll show you place, so's't you'll know it when you come to it,—f I can ever find it."

They walked up and down the street, looking, while Bartley poured his sorrows into the ear of his friend, who grew less and less responsive, and at last ceased from his side altogether. Bartley then dimly perceived that he was himself sitting on a doorstep, and that his head was hanging far down between his knees, as if he had been sleeping in that posture.

"Locked out—locked out of my own door, and by my own wife!" He shed tears, and fell asleep again. From time to time he woke, and bewailed himself to Ricker as a poor boy who had fought his own way; he owned that he had made mistakes, as who had not? Again he was trying to convince Squire Gaylord that they ought to issue a daily edition of the "Equity Free Press," and at the same time persuading Mr. Halleck to buy the "Events" for him, and let him put it on a paying basis. He shivered, sighed, hiccupped,

and was dozing off again, when Henry Bird knocked him down, and he fell with a cry, which at last brought to the door the uneasy sleeper who had been listening to him within, and trying to realize his presence, catching his voice in waking intervals, doubting it, drowsing when it ceased, and then catching it and losing it again.

"Hallo, here! What do you want? Hubbard! Is it you? What in the world are you doing here?"

"Halleck," said Bartley, who was unsteadily straightening himself upon his feet, "glad to find you at home. Been looking for your house all night. Want to introduce you to partic-ic-ular friend of mine. Mr. Halleck, Mr. —. Curse me if I know your name —"

"Hold on a minute," said Halleck.

He ran into the house for his hat and coat, and came out again, closing the door softly after him. He found Bartley in the grip of a policeman, whom he was asking his name that he might introduce him to his friend Halleck.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Halleck?" asked the policeman.

"Yes—yes, I know him," said Ben, in a low voice. "Let's get him away quietly, please. He's all right. It's the first time I ever saw him so. Will you help me with him up to Johnson's stable? I'll get a carriage there and take him home."

They had begun walking Bartley along between them; he dozed and paid no attention to their talk.

The policeman laughed.

"I was just going to run him in, when you came out. You didn't come a minute too soon."

They got Bartley to the stable, and he slept heavily in one of the chairs in the office, while the hostlers were putting the horses to the carriage. The policeman remained at the office-door, looking in at Bartley, and philosophizing the situation to Halleck.

"Your speakin' about it's bein' the first time you ever saw him so made me think 't I rather help take home a regular habitual drunk to his family, any day, than a case like this. They always seem to take it so much harder the first time. Boards with his mother, I presume?"

"He's married," said Halleck, sadly. "He has a house of his own."

"Well!" said the policeman.

Bartley slept all the way to Clover street, and when the carriage stopped at his door, they had difficulty in waking him sufficiently to get him out.

"Don't come in, please," said Halleck, to the policeman, when this was done. "The

man will carry you back to your beat. Thank you, ever so much!"

"All right, Mr. Halleck. Don't mention it," said the policeman, and he leaned back in the hack with an air of luxury, as it rumbled softly away.

Halleck remained on the pavement with Bartley falling limply against him in the dim light of the dawn.

"What you want? What you doing with me?" he demanded with sullen stupidity.

"I've got you home, Hubbard. Here we are at your house."

He pulled him across the pavement, to the threshold, and put his hand on the bell, but the door was thrown open before he could ring, and Marcia stood there, with her face white, and her eyes red with watching and crying.

"Oh, Bartley, oh, Bartley!" she sobbed. "Oh, Mr. Halleck, what is it? Is he hurt? I did it—yes, I did it! It's my fault! Oh, will he die? Is he sick?"

"He isn't very well. He'd better go to bed," said Halleck.

"Yes, yes! I will help you upstairs with him."

"Do' need any help," said Bartley, sulkily. "Go upstairs myself."

He actually did so, with the help of the hand-rail, Marcia running before, to open the door, and smooth the pillows which her head had not touched, and Halleck following him to catch him if he should fall. She unlaced his shoes and got them off, while Halleck removed his coat.

"Oh, Bartley, where do you feel badly, dear? Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned, as he tumbled himself on the bed, and lapsed into a drunken stupor.

"Better—better come out, Mrs. Hubbard," said Halleck. "Better let him alone, now. You only make him worse, talking to him."

Quelled by the mystery of his manner, she followed him out and down the stairs.

"Oh, *do* tell me what it is," she implored, in a low voice, "or I shall go wild! But tell me and I can bear it! I can bear anything if I know what it is!" She came close to him in her entreaty, and fixed her eyes beseechingly on his, while she caught his hand in both of hers. "Is he—is he insane?"

"He isn't quite in his right mind, Mrs. Hubbard," Halleck began, softly releasing himself, and retreating a little from her, but she pursued him, and put her hand on his arm.

"Oh, then go for the doctor—go instantly! Don't lose a minute! I shall not be afraid to stay alone. Or if you think I'd better not, I will go for the doctor myself."

"No, no," said Halleck, smiling, sadly: the case certainly had its ludicrous side. "He doesn't need a doctor. You mustn't think of

calling a doctor. Indeed you mustn't. He'll come out all right of himself. If you sent for a doctor, it would make him very angry."

She burst into tears. "Well, I will do what you say," she cried. "It would never have happened, if it hadn't been for me. I want to tell you what I did," she went on wildly. "I want to tell —"

"Please don't tell me anything, Mrs. Hubbard! It will all come right—and very soon. It isn't anything to be alarmed about. He'll be well in a few hours. I—ah— Good-by!" He had found his cane, and he made a limp toward the door, but she swiftly interposed herself.

"Why," she panted in mixed reproach and terror, "you're not going away? You're not going to leave me before Bartley is well? He may get worse—he may die! You mustn't go, Mr. Halleck!"

"Yes, I must,—I can't stay,—I oughtn't to stay—it wont do! He wont get worse, he wont die—" The perspiration broke out on Halleck's face, which he lifted to hers with a distress as great as her own.

She only answered, "I can't let you go. It would kill me. I wonder at your wanting to go."

There was something ghastly comical in it all, and Halleck stood in fear of its absurdity hardly less than of its tragedy. He rapidly revolved in his mind the possibilities of the case. He thought at first that it might be well to call a doctor, and having explained the situation to him, pay him to remain in charge; but he reflected that it would be insulting to ask a doctor to see a man in Hubbard's condition. He took out his watch, and saw that it was six o'clock; and he said desperately: "You can send for me, if you get anxious —"

"I can't let you go!"

"I must really get my breakfast —"

"The girl will get something for you here. Oh, *don't* go away!" Her lip began to quiver again, and her bosom to rise.

He could not bear it. "Mrs. Hubbard, will you believe what I say?"

"Yes," she faltered, reluctantly.

"Well, I tell you that Mr. Hubbard is in no sort of danger; and I know that it would be extremely offensive to him if I staid."

"Then you must go," she answered promptly, and opened the door, which she had closed for fear he might escape. "I will send for a doctor."

"No, *don't* send for a doctor, don't send for anybody; don't speak of the matter to any one: it would be very mortifying to him. It's merely a—a—kind of—seizure, that a great many people—men—are subject to; but he wouldn't like to have it known." He saw that his words were making an impression

upon her; perhaps her innocence was beginning to divine the truth. "Will you do what I say?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Her head began to droop, and her face to turn away in a dawning shame too cruel for him to see.

"I—I will come back as soon as I get my breakfast, to make sure that everything is right."

She let him find his own way out, and Halleck issued upon the street, as miserable as if the disgrace were his own. It was easy enough for him to get back into his own room without alarming the family. He ate his breakfast absently, and then went out while the others were still at table.

"I don't think Ben seems very well," said his mother, anxiously, and she looked to her husband for the denial he always gave.

"Oh, I guess he's all right. What's the matter with him?"

"It's nothing but his ridiculous, romantic way of taking the world to heart," Olive interposed. "You may be sure he's troubled about something that doesn't concern him in the least. It's what comes of the life-long conscientiousness of his parents. If Ben doesn't turn out a philanthropist of the deepest dye yet, you'll have me to thank for it. I see more and more every day that I was providentially born wicked, so as to keep this besottedly righteous family's head above water."

She feigned an angry impatience with the condition of things; but, when her father went out, she joined her mother in earnest conjectures as to what Ben had on his mind.

Halleck wandered about till nearly ten o'clock, and then he went to the little house on Clover street. The servant-girl answered his ring, and when he asked for Mrs. Hubbard, she said that Mr. Hubbard wished to see him, and please would he step upstairs.

He found Bartley seated at the window, with a wet towel round his head and his face pale with headache.

"Well, old man," he said, with an assumption of comradery that was nauseous to Halleck, "you've done the handsome thing by me. I know all about it. I knew something about it all the time." He held out his hand, without rising, and Halleck forced himself to touch it. "I appreciate your delicacy in not telling my wife. Of course you *couldn't* tell," he said, with depraved enjoyment of what he conceived of Halleck's embarrassment. "But I guess she must have smelt a rat. As the fellows say," he added, seeing the disgust that Halleck could not keep out of his face, "I shall make a clean breast of it, as soon as she can bear it. She's pretty high-strung.

Lying down, now," he explained. "You see I went out to get something to make me sleep, and the first thing I knew I had got too much. Good thing I turned up on your door-step; might have been waltzing into the police-court about now. How did you happen to hear me?"

Halleck briefly explained, with an air of abhorrence for the facts.

"Yes, I remember most of it," said Bartley.

"Well, I want to thank you, Halleck. You've saved me from disgrace—from ruin, for all I know. Whew, how my head aches!" he said, making an appeal to Halleck's pity, with closed eyes. "Halleck," he murmured, feebly, "I wish you would do me a favor."

"Yes? What is it?" asked Halleck, dryly.

"Go round to the 'Events' office and tell old Witherby that I sha'n't be able to put in an appearance to-day. I'm not up to writing a note, even, and he'd feel flattered at your coming personally. It would make it all right for me."

"Of course, I will go," said Halleck.

"Thanks," returned Bartley plaintively, with his eyes closed.

XXVI.

BARTLEY would willingly have passed this affair over with Marcia, like some of their quarrels, and allowed a reconciliation to effect itself through mere lapse of time and daily custom. But there were difficulties in the way to such an end; his shameful escapade had given the quarrel a character of its own, which could not be ignored. He must keep his word about making a clean breast of it to Marcia, whether he liked or not; but she facilitated his confession by the meek and dependent fashion in which she hovered about, anxious to do something or anything for him. If, as he suggested to Halleck, she had divined the truth, she evidently did not hold him wholly to blame for what had happened, and he was not without a self-righteous sense of having given her a useful and necessary lesson. He was inclined to a severity to which his rasped and shaken nerves contributed, when he spoke to her that night, as they sat together after tea; she had some sewing in her lap, little mysteries of soft muslin for the baby, which she was edging with lace, and her head drooped over her work, as if she could not confront him with her swollen eyes.

"Look here, Marcia," he said, "do you know what was the matter with me this morning?"

She did not answer in words; her hands quivered a moment; then she caught up

the things out of her lap, and sobbed into them. The sight unmanned Bartley; he hated to see any one cry, even his wife, to whose tears he was accustomed. He dropped down beside her on the sofa, and pulled her head over on his shoulder.

"It was my fault, it was my fault, Bartley!" she sobbed. "Oh, how can I ever get over it?"

"Well, don't cry, don't cry! It wasn't altogether your fault," returned Bartley. "We were both to blame."

"No! I began it. If I hadn't broken my promise about speaking of Sally Morrison, it never would have happened." This was so true that Bartley could not gainsay it. "But I couldn't seem to help it; and you were—you were—so quick with me; you didn't give me time to think; you—— But I was the one to blame, I was to blame!"

"Oh, well, never mind about it; don't take on so," coaxed Bartley. "It's all over now, and it can't be helped. And I can promise you," he added, "that it shall never happen again, no matter what you do," and in making this promise, he felt the glow of virtuous performance. "I think we've both had a lesson. I suppose," he continued sadly, as one might from impersonal reflection upon the temptations and depravity of large cities, "that it's *common* enough. I dare say it isn't the first time Ben Halleck has taken a fellow home in a hack." Bartley got so much comfort from the conjecture he had thrown out for Marcia's advantage, that he felt a sort of self-approval in the fact with which he followed it up. "And there's this consolation about it, if there isn't any other: that it wouldn't have happened now, if it had ever happened before."

Marcia lifted her head and looked into his face:

"What—what do you mean, Bartley?"

"I mean that I never was overcome before in my life by—wine." He delicately avoided saying whisky.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Why, don't you see? If I'd had the habit of drinking, I shouldn't have been affected by it."

"I don't understand," she said, anxiously.

"Why, I knew I shouldn't be able to sleep, I was so mad at you——"

"Oh!"

"And I dropped into the hotel bar-room for a night-cap—for something to make me sleep."

"Yes, yes!" she urged, eagerly.

"I took what wouldn't have touched a man that was in the habit of it."

"Poor Bartley!"

"And the first thing I knew I had got too much. I was drunk—wild drunk," he said, with magnanimous frankness.

She had been listening intensely, exculpating him at every point, and now his innocence all flashed upon her.

"I see—I see!" she cried. "And it was because you had never tasted it before——"

"Well, I had tasted it once or twice," interrupted Bartley, with heroic veracity.

"No matter! It was because you had never more than hardly tasted it that a very little overcame you in an instant. I see!" she repeated, contemplating him, in her ecstasy, as the one habitually sober man in a Boston full of inebriates. "And now I shall never regret it; I shall never care for it; I never shall think about it again! Or, yes! I shall always remember it, because it shows—because it *proves*—that you are always strictly temperance. It was worth happening for that. I am *glad* it happened!"

She rose from his side, and took her sewing nearer the lamp, and resumed her work upon it with shining eyes.

Bartley remained in his place on the sofa, feeling, and perhaps looking, rather sheepish. He had made a clean breast of it, and the confession had redounded only too much to his credit. To do him justice, he had not intended to bring the affair to quite such a triumphant conclusion; and perhaps something better than his sense of humor was also touched when he found himself not only exonerated but transformed into an exemplar of abstinence.

"Well," he said, "it isn't exactly a thing to be glad of, but it certainly isn't a thing to worry yourself about. You know the worst of it, and you know the best of it. It never happened before, and it never shall happen again; that's all. Don't lament over it, don't accuse yourself; just let it go, and we'll both see what we can do after this in the way of behaving better."

He rose from the sofa, and began to walk about the room.

"Does your head still ache?" she asked, fondly. "I *wish* I could do something for it!"

"Oh, I shall sleep it off," returned Bartley.

She followed him with her eyes.

"Bartley!"

"Well?"

"Do you suppose—do you believe—that Mr. Halleck—that he was ever——"

"No, Marcia, I don't," said Bartley, stopping. "I *know* he never was. Ben Halleck is slow; but he's good. I couldn't imagine his being drunk any more than I could imagine your being so. I'd willingly sacrifice his reputation to console you," added Bartley, with a comical sense of his own regret that Halleck was not, for the occasion, an habitual drunkard, "but I cannot tell a lie."

He looked at her with a smile, and broke into a sudden laugh.

"No, my dear, the only person I think of just now, as having suffered similarly with myself, is the great and good Andrew Johnson. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Was he the one they impeached?" she faltered, not knowing what Bartley would be at, but smiling faintly in sympathy with his mirth.

"He was the one they impeached. He was the one who was overcome by wine on his inauguration day, because he had never been overcome before. It's a parallel case!"

Bartley got a great deal more enjoyment out of the parallel case than Marcia. The smile faded from her face, and, "Come, come," he coaxed, "be satisfied with Andrew Johnson, and let Halleck go. Ah, Marcia!" he added, seriously, "Ben Halleck is the kind of man you ought to have married! Don't you suppose that I know I'm not good enough for you? I'm pretty good by fits and starts; but he would have been good right straight along. I should never have had to bring him home in a hack to you!"

His generous admission had the just effect. "Hush, Bartley! Don't talk so! You know that you're better for me than the best man in the world, dear, and even if you were not, I should love you the best. Don't talk, please, that way, of any one else, or it will make me hate you!"

He liked that; and after all he was not without an obscure pride in his last night's adventure as a somewhat hazardous but decided assertion of manly supremacy. It was not a thing to be repeated; but for once in a way it was not wholly to be regretted, especially as he was so well out of it.

He pulled up a chair in front of her, and began to joke about the things she had in her lap; and the shameful and sorrowful day ended in the bliss of a more perfect peace between them than they had known since the troubles of their married life began.

"I tell you," said Bartley, "I shall stick to Tivoli after this, religiously."

It was several weeks later that Halleck limped into Atherton's lodgings, and dropped into one of his friend's easy chairs. The room had a bachelor comfort of aspect, and the shaded lamp on the table shed a mellow light on the green leather-covered furniture, wrinkled and creased, and worn full of such hospitable hollows as that which welcomed Halleck. Some packages of law papers were scattered about on the table; but the hour of the night had come when a lawyer permits himself a novel. Atherton looked up from his as Halleck entered, and stretched out a

hand, which the latter took on his way to the easy chair across the table.

"How do you do?" said Atherton, after allowing him to sit for a certain time in the frank silence which expressed better than words the familiarity that existed between them in spite of the lawyer's six or seven years of seniority.

Halleck leaned forward and tapped the floor with his stick; then he fell back again, and laid his cane across the arms of his chair, and drew a long breath.

"Atherton," he said, "if you had found a blackguard of your acquaintance drunk on your doorstep early one morning, and had taken him home to his wife, how would you have expected her to treat you the next time you saw her?"

The lawyer was too much used to the statement, direct and hypothetical, of all sorts of cases, to be startled at this. He smiled slightly, and said:

"That would depend a good deal upon the lady."

"Oh, but generalize! From what you know of women as Woman, what should you expect? Shouldn't you expect her to make you pay somehow for your privy to her disgrace, to revenge her misery upon you? Isn't there a theory that women forgive injuries, but never ignominies?"

"That's what the novelists teach, and we bachelors get most of our doctrine about women from them."

He closed his novel on the paper-cutter, and laying the book upon the table, clasped his hands together at the back of his head.

"We don't go to nature for our impressions; but neither do the novelists, for that matter. Now and then, however, in the way of business, I get a glimpse of realities that make me doubt my prophets. Who had this experience?"

"I did."

"I'm sorry for that," said Atherton.

"Yes," returned Halleck, with whimsical melancholy; "I'm not particularly adapted for it. But I don't know that it would be a very pleasant experience for anybody."

He paused drearily, and Atherton said:

"And how did she actually treat you?"

"I hardly know. I hadn't been at the pains to look them up since the thing happened, and I had been carrying their squalid secret round for a fortnight, and suffering from it as if it were all my own."

Atherton smiled at the touch of self-characterization.

"When I met her and her husband and her baby to-day—a family party—well, she made me ashamed of the melodramatic compassion I had been feeling for her: It seemed that I

had been going about unnecessarily, not to say impertinently, haggard with the recollection of her face as I saw it when she opened the door for her blackguard and me that morning. She looked as if nothing unusual had happened at our last meeting: I couldn't brace up all at once: I behaved like a sneak, in view of her serenity."

"Perhaps nothing unusual had happened," suggested Atherton.

"No, that theory isn't tenable," said Halleck. "It was the one fact in the blackguard's favor that she had evidently never seen him in that state before, and didn't know what was the matter. She was wild at first; she wanted to send for a doctor. I think towards the last she began to suspect. But I don't know how she looked *then*: I couldn't look at her."

He stopped, as if still in the presence of the pathetic figure, with its sidelong, drooping head.

Atherton respected his silence a moment before he again suggested, as lightly as before:

"Perhaps she is magnanimous."

"No," said Halleck, with the effort of having also given that theory consideration. "She's not magnanimous, poor soul. I fancy she is rather a narrow-minded person, with strict limitations in regard to people who think ill—or too well—of her husband."

"Then perhaps," said Atherton, with the air of having exhausted conjecture, "she's obtuse."

"I have tried to think that too," replied Halleck, "but I can't manage it. No, there are only two ways out of it: the fellow has abused her innocence and made her believe it's a common and venial affair to be brought home in that state, or else she's playing a part. He's capable of telling her that neither you nor I, for example, ever go to bed sober. But she isn't obtuse: I fancy she's only too keen in all the sensibilities that women suffer through; and I'd rather think that he had deluded her in that way than that she was masquerading about it, for she strikes me as an uncommonly truthful person. I suppose you know whom I'm talking about, Atherton?" he said, with a sudden look at his friend's face, across the table.

"Yes, I know," said the lawyer. "I'm sorry it's come to this already. Though I suppose you're not altogether surprised."

"No, something of the kind was to be expected," Halleck sighed, and rolled his cane up and down on the arms of his chair. "I hope we know the worst."

"Perhaps we do. But I recollect a wise remark you made the first time we talked of these people," said Atherton, replying to the mood rather than the speech of his friend.

"You suggested that we rather liked to grieve over the pretty girls that other fellows marry, and that we never thought of the plain ones as suffering."

"Oh, I hadn't any data for my pity in this case, then," replied Halleck. "I'm willing to allow that a plain woman would suffer under the same circumstances; and I think I should be capable of pitying her. But I'll confess that the notion of a pretty woman's sorrow is more intolerable; there's no use denying a fact so universally recognized by the male consciousness. I take my share of shame for it. I wonder why it is? Pretty women always seem to appeal to us as more dependent and child-like. I dare say they're not."

"Some of them are quite able to take care of themselves," said Atherton. "I've known striking instances of the kind. How do you know but the object of your superfluous pity was cheerful because fate had delivered her husband, bound forever, into her hand, through this little escapade of his?"

"Isn't that rather a coarse suggestion?" asked Halleck.

"Very likely. I suggest it; I don't assert it. But I fancy that wives sometimes like a permanent grievance that is always at hand, no matter what the mere passing occasion of the particular disagreement is. It seems to me that I have detected obscure appeals to such a weapon in domestic interviews at which I've assisted in the way of business."

"Don't, Atherton!" cried Halleck.

"Don't, how? In this particular case, or in regard to wives generally? We can't do women a greater injustice than not to account for a vast deal of human nature in them. You may be sure that things haven't come to the present pass with those people, without blame on both sides."

"Oh, do you defend a man for such beastliness by that stale old plea of blame on both sides?" demanded Halleck, indignantly.

"No; but I should like to know what she had said or done to provoke it before I excused her altogether."

"You would! Imagine the case reversed!"

"It isn't imaginable."

"You think there is a special code of morals for women; sins and shames for them that are no sins and shames for us!"

"No, I don't think that. I merely suggest that you don't idealize the victim in this instance. I dare say she hasn't suffered half as much as you have. Remember that she's a person of commonplace traditions, and probably took a simple view of the matter, and let it go as something that could not be helped."

"No, that would not do either," said Halleck.

"You're hard to please. Suppose we imagine her proud enough to face you down on the fact for his sake; too proud to revenge her disgrace on you —"

"Oh, you come back to your old plea of magnanimity! Atherton, it makes me sick at heart to think of that poor creature. That look of hers haunts me! I can't get rid of it!"

Atherton sat considering his friend with a curious smile.

"Well, I'm sorry this has happened to you, Halleck."

"Oh, why do you say that to me?" demanded Halleck, impatiently. "Am I a nervous woman, that I must be kept from unpleasant sights and disagreeable experiences? If there's anything of the man about me, you insult it! Why not be a little sorry for her?"

"I'm sorry enough for her; but I suspect that so far you have been the principal sufferer. She's simply accepted the fact and survived it."

"So much the worse, so much the worse!" groaned Halleck. "She'd better have died!"

"Well, perhaps. I dare say she thinks it will never happen again, and has dismissed the subject; while you've had it happening ever since, whenever you've thought of her."

Halleck struck the arms of his chair with his clenched hands.

"Confound the fellow! What business has he to come back into my way, and make me think about his wife? Oh, very likely, it's quite as you say! I dare say she's stupidly content with him; that she's forgiven it and forgotten all about it. Probably she's told him how I behaved, and they've laughed over me together. But does that make it any easier to bear?"

"It ought," said Atherton. "What did the husband do when you met them?"

"Everything but tip me the wink—everything but say in so many words: 'You see I've made it all right with her. Don't you wish you knew how?'"

Halleck dropped his head, with a wrathful groan.

"I fancy," said Atherton, thoughtfully, "that if we really knew how, it would surprise us. Married life is as much a mystery to us outsiders as the life to come, almost. The ordinary motives don't seem to count; it's the realm of unreason. If a man only makes his wife suffer enough, she finds out that she loves him so much she *must* forgive him. And then, there's a great deal in their being bound. They can't live together in enmity, and they must live together. I dare say

the offense had merely worn itself out between them."

"Oh, I dare say," Halleck assented, wearily. "That isn't my idea of marriage though."

"It's not mine, either," returned Atherton. "The question is whether it isn't often the fact in regard to such people's marriages."

"Then, they are so many hells," cried Halleck, "where self-respect perishes with resentment, and the husband and wife are enslaved to each other. They ought to be broken up!"

"I don't think so," said Atherton, soberly. "The sort of men and women that marriage enslaves would be vastly more wretched and mischievous, if they were set free. I believe that the hell people make for themselves isn't at all a bad place for them. It's the best place for them."

"Oh, I know your doctrine," said Halleck, rising. "It's horrible. How a man with any kindness in his heart can harbor such a cold-blooded philosophy, I don't understand. I wish you joy of it. Good-night," he added, gloomily, taking his hat from the table. "It serves me right for coming to you with a matter that I ought to have been man enough to keep to myself."

Atherton followed him toward the door.

"It wont do you any harm to consider your perplexity in the light of my philosophy. An unhappy marriage isn't the only hell, nor the worst."

Halleck turned.

"What could be a worse hell than marriage without love?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Love without marriage," said Atherton.

Halleck looked sharply at his friend. Then he shrugged his shoulders as he turned again and swung out of the door.

"You're too esoteric for me. It's quite time I was gone."

The way through Clover street was not the shortest way home; but he climbed the hill and passed the little house. He wished to rehabilitate in its pathetic beauty the image which his friend's conjectures had jarred, distorted, insulted; and he lingered for a moment before the door where this vision had claimed his pity for anguish that no after serenity could repudiate. The silence in which the house was wrapt was like another fold of the mystery which involved him. The night wind rose in a sudden gust, and made the neighboring lamp flare, and his shadow wavered across the pavement like the figure of a drunken man. This and not that other was the image which he saw.

(To be continued.)

CARLYLE IN IRELAND.

REMINISCENCES OF MY IRISH JOURNEY. III.

Thursday 26 July.—Spent the morning, which was damp yet with sunshine, in lounging about the shrubberies and wooded alleys; expected Bourke would have been ready to set out before noon, instead of not till 2 p.m. or thereabouts, as it proved. Group of ragged solicitants, this morning and the last, hung about the front door, in silence for many hours, waiting "a word with his Honour"; tattered women, young and old; one ragged able man; his honor safe within doors, they silent sitting or standing without, waiting his Honor's time, tacit bargain that no servant was to take notice of them, they not of him; that was the appearance of it. Sad enough to look upon; for the answer, at last, was sure to be "can't; have no work, no &c. for you: sorry, but have none!" Similar expectants in small numbers I had seen about Sir W. Beecher's: probably they wait about most gentlemen's houses in Ireland in this sad time. Glanced over newspapers; at length out with young Bourke (who is taking the "management," I find, his father surrendering as "too old"); went with him to the scene of Scotchman Meall's operations; scouring a big ditch, several men up to the knees throwing out duckweed, and bog mud,—once a year. Wood around, and good crops, provided you *keep* the ditch scoured; all this region, by nature, execrable, drowned bog: let the cutting of turf by measure; turf once all cut away, attack the bottom with subsoil and other ploughs,—water carried off, prospers admirably. Meall a good solid Angus man; heavy Scotch qualities; getting excellent farm-house and offices set up. Infested by *rabbits*, which eat young green-crop, young hedges (?); must have ferrets or weasels, and how?, Meall's labourers "do very well if there is one set to look at them;" Hasn't yet got them trained to work faithfully alone, tho' making progress in that direction. Home in haste from Meall's farm and nice new gooseberry garden;—off actually at last, Limerick car long waiting.

Up the river; hills of Clare, hills in Limerick county; wide expanse, not without some savage beauty, far too *bare*, and too little of it absolutely green. Talk of Browne and his "blind farmers." Assassination of a poor old soldier he had sent to watch a certain farm; ominous menace before hand, then deed done, "done with an axe," no culprit discoverable. Killaloe, Bourke's house across the river

among rather ragged woods. "City" (I think with some high old church towers) standing high at the other end of the bridge, in dry trim country, at the foot of the long lough, was pleasant enough from the *outside*,—one small skirt of it was all we travelled over. Lough now, with complex wooden and other apparatus for dispersing water; part of the questionable "Navigation of the Shannon." Questionable; indeed everywhere in Ireland one finds that the "Government," far from stinginess in public money towards Ireland, has erred rather on the other side; making, in all seasons, extensive *hives* for which the *bees* are not yet found. West side of Lough Derg: pleasant smooth-dry winding road. Clare hills stretching up, black-fretted, and with spots of culture, all treeless to perhaps 1500 or 2000 feet gradually enough, on the left. Greener high hills on the other side of lake with extensive slate quarries, *chief* trade hereabouts. One *Spaight* of Limerick, able active man heard of before, works them; resides here. "St. Patrick's purgatory!" said Bourke, pointing out a flat island, with black tower and architectural ruins:—not *so*, (as I found afterwards: the Lough Derg of purgatory (still a place of pilgrimage, where Duffy with his mother had *been*) is in Donegal; smallish lough, some miles to right as we went from Sligo to town of Donegal. Hail shower, two policemen, on the terrace of the stony hills. A country that *might* all be very beautiful, but is not so, is bare, gnarled, craggy, and speaks to you of sloth and insolvency. "When every place was no place, and Dublin was a shaking bog;" Irish phrase for the beginning of time. "Sitting under de ditch, taking a *blast* of de pipe;" Scotch this too, all but *ditch*, which doesn't as here mean *wall-fence* but *trench* for fence or drain.

Scariffe; straggling muddy avenues of wood begin to appear; woman in workhouse yard, fever-patient we suppose; had come flat, seemingly without pillow, on the bottom of a stone-cart; was lying now under blue cloaks and tatters, her long black hair streaming out beyond her—motionless, outcast, till they found some place for her in this hospital. Grimmiest of sights, with the long tattered cloud of black hair.—Procession next of workhouse young girls; healthy, clean in whole coarse clothes; the *only* well-guided group of children visible to us in these parts,

—which indeed is a general fact. Scariffe itself, dim, extinct-looking hungry village (I should guess 1,000 inhabitants) on the top and steep sides of a rocky height. Houses seemed deserted, nothing doing, considerable idle groups on the upper part (hill top) of the street, which after its maximum of elevation spreads out into an irregular wide triangular space,—two main roads going out from it, I suppose, towards Gort and towards Portumna.—Little *ferrety* shopkeeper, in whole clothes, seemingly chief man of the place, knows Bourke by often passing this way; “Well, Mr. O’Flanahan, say, tho’ that was not it, do you think we can get a car to Gort?”—“Not a car here, sir, to be had for love or money; people all gone to adjourned assizes at Tulla, nayther horse nor car left in the place! Here was a precious outlook: Bourke however did not seem to lay it much to heart. “Well Mr. O. Flanahan, then you must try to do something for us!” “I will,” cried the little stumpy ferret of a man; and instantly despatched one from the group, to go somewither and work miracles on our behalf. Miracle-worker returns with notice that a horse and car can (by miracle) be achieved, but horse will require some rest first. Well, well; we go to walk; see a car standing; our own old driver comes to tell us that *he* has discovered an excellent horse and car *waiting* for hire just next door to Mr. O’Flanahan’s. And so it proved; and so, in five minutes, was the new arrangement made; O’Flanahan acquiescing without any blush or other appearance of emotion. Merely a human ferret, clutching at game, hadn’t caught it. Purchased a thimbleful of bad whisky to mix in water in a very smoky room, from him; “odd copper, yours.” “Why sir?” and sent ardently for “change,”—got none, however, nor spoke more of getting. Poor O’Flan, he had got his house new floored; was prospering, I suppose, by work-house grocery-and-meal trade, by secret pawnbroking,—by *eating* the slain. Our new car whisked us out of Skariffe, where the only human souls I notice at any industry whatever, were two, in a hungry-looking silent back-corner languidly engaged in sawing a butt of extremely hard Scotch fir.

Road hilly but smooth, country-bare but not boggy; deepish narrow stream indenting meadows to our left just after starting,—(mountain stream has made ruinous inundation since),—solitary cottages, in dry nooks of the hills: girl *dripping* at the door of one a potful of boiled reeking greens, has picked one out as we pass, and is zealously eating it; bad food, great appetite, extremity of hunger, likely, not unknown here! Brisk evening be-

comes cloudier; top of the country,—wide waste of dim hill country, far and wide, to the left: “Mountains of Clare.” Bog round us now; pools and crags: Lord Gort’s Park wall, furze, pool, and peatpot desolation just outside; strong contrast within. Drive long, after a turn, close by this park: poor Lord has now a “receiver” on him; lies out of human vision now! Approach to Gort: Lord Something-else (extinct now, after begetting many bastards), it was he that planted these ragged avenues of wood,—not quite so ugly still as nothing;—troubled huggermugger aspect, of stony fields and frequent, nearly all, bad houses, on both sides of the way. Haggard eyes at any rate. Barrack big gloomy dirty; enter Gort at last. Wide street sloping swiftly; the Lord Something-else’s house—quaintish architecture, is now some poor-house, subsidiary or principal; Bourke, on the outlook, sees lady friend or cousin at window, looking for him too, and eager salutations pass. Deposits me in dim big greasy-looking hôtel at the bottom of the street; and goes, —I am to join him (positively!) at tea.

Dim enough tea, lady is poor-law inspector’s sister wife or something. Poor-law Inspector himself is Bishop Horsely’s son (or else grandson?); Dundee man, well enough and very hospitable, not a man to set the Thames on fire. Horrible account of chief inn at Galway; no good water attainable in Galway, no nothing almost! “Military ball *has* lately been at Gort; Gort too, in spite of pauperism’s self, is alive;—“surgeon of the Regiment a Dumfries man?” well and good, *ach Gott!* Home to bed; snoring monster in some other room; little sleep; glad that it was not wholly none. [Be quick!]

Friday 27 July.—Up early enough, breakfast do.; wait for Limerick-&-Galway Coach, due about 8 a.m. (or 9?)—Confused ragged aspect of the market-place, on which (a second long street here, falling into the main one from westward, but *not* crossing it) my windows look, my bedroom window *has* looked. Sour milk firkins, sordid garbage of vegetables; old blue cloaks on women, greasy-looking rags on most of the men, defacing the summer sun, this fine morning! Troop of cavalry in undress file in from an easterly entrance,—exercising their horses; very trim and regular they. Good woman in silent tobacco-shop; what strange unvisited islands do, not uninhabited, lie in the big ocean of things! Chapel; people praying in it, poor wretches! Coach at last: amid tumult of porters, suddenly calling me, luggage *already* hoisted in, this man to pay and then that; Horsley too out saluting me, I do get aloft, and roll gladly away.

Some green fields, even parks and trees, tho' rather roughish, and with barren hills beyond, this lasts for a mile or two: then fifteen miles of the stoniest barest barrenness I have ever yet seen. Pretty youth mounts beside, polite enough in his air and ways, not without some wild sense; "Connaught young gentleman", he too is something: on the box sits a fat Irish tourist in oilskin, beyond my own age; eager to talk, has squireen tendencies; no sense or too little, don't. "Connaught rangers 88th: memorable to me for repute of blackguardism in Dumfries: natives proud of them for prowess here. Big simple driver, do. do. guard: I think we had no further company, and in the inside there was none. Stone cottages, stone hamlets, not nearly so ugly as you might have looked for in such a country,—stony, bare, and desolate beyond expression. Almost interesting as the breezy sunshine lay on it: wide stony expanse, in some places almost like a continuous flagged floor of grey—white stone; pick the stone up, build it into innumerable little fences, or otherwise shove it aside, the soil, when free, or freed of water, seems sharp and good. Parks here and there; where wood has thriven: greenest islets in the sea of stone. Martin of Galway's representative, in one; Browne or Black (Blake); plenteous names these, English-Irish air in all *our* company, Redington's (secretary) draining, trenching goes on here; our stage, and I see that my writing case *is* inside, beneath a big corn-bag. Galway bay, and promontory, where Galway city is. Stones, stones,—with greenest islets here and there. Oh for men, pickmen, spademen, and masters to guide them! "Oranmore," with grey masses of old monastic architecture. (Clanricarde's *Castle* this!). Silent as a tomb otherwise: not a hammer stirring in it, or a bootfall heard, stagnant at the head of its sleeping tide-water: how on earth do the people live? Barrenest of roads towards Galway; dusty, lonely, flanked by ill-built dry stone walls, poor bare fields beyond. Pauper figures, and only a few, the women all with some red petticoat or something very red, plodding languidly here and there under the bright noon, tatterdemalion phantasm, "piece of *real* Connaught," with some ragged walletkins on him; at a turn under some trees. *Parklets*, as if of Galway merchants; very green indeed, and wood growing bravely when once tried. Galway suburbs; long row of huts mostly or all thatched,—true Irish houses, "Erasmus Smith's school;" young gentleman knows of it; to the right; a big gaping house;—in vacation just now. Road always mounting, has now mounted, got into *streets*; gets into

a kind of central square;—Duffy visible; Hotel (all full of assize people); and here are letters for me, a Galway editor for guide, with car ready for yoking,—and we must be in Tuam *this* evening.

Letters read, we mount our car: straight steep streets, remarkable old city; how in such a stony country it exists! Port wine and Spanish and French articles inwards, cattle outwards, and scantlings of corn; no *other* port for so many miles of country; *enough* of stony country, even that will make a kind of feast. Inlet of river from Lough Corrib the Connemara country: extensive government works here too. "Godless College," turreted grey edifice, just becoming ready; editor warmly approves of it,—Maynooth pupil this editor, a burly thick-necked, sharp-eyed man;—couldn't *be* a priest; in secret counterworks M'Hale, as I can see, and despises and dislikes his courses and him. "Give them light:" no more *Protestant* act than that "Maynooth grant."

If the devil were passing through my country and he applied to me for instruction on any truth or fact of this universe, I should wish to give it him. He is *less* a devil, knowing that 3 and 3 are 6, than if he didn't know it; a light-spark tho' of the faintest is in this fact; if he knew *facts enough*, continuous light would dawn on him, he would (to his amazement) understand what this universe *is*, on what principles it conducts itself, and would *cease* to be a devil!—Workhouse, well enough for it,—"human swinery;" can't be bothered looking much at any more of them. Model-farm or husbandry school; can't find time for it,—sorry "Piscatory school," means only school for fishermen's children: in the Claddagh,—whither now, past old sloop lying rotting in the river, along granite quays, government works, (hives *without* bees); and enter the school at last, and there abide mostly. Good school really, as any I saw, all catholics,—can't speak English *at first*, "Dean Burke" not there, over in England; substitute, with undermaster and do. mistress, handy Irish people, man and wife if I remember; geography &c., finally singing: and substitute goes out with us, "show you the 'Claddagh.'" Complexity of silent narrow lanes, quite at the corner of the town, and clear of it, being over the river too; kind of wild Irish community; or savage poor republic trying still to subsist on fishing here. Dark, deep-sunk people, but not naturally bad. We look into many huts; priestly schoolmaster, a brisk frank clever kind of man, knows Irish, seems to be free of them all. Petticoats, as usual, high-dyed, however dirty; lilac, azure, especially red. Old woman at a live coal of

languid turf; likes "tay;" net-weaving (tho' not entirely) is going on too: husbands all out at the fishing. The herrings are still here? "Yes, your reverence."—Hope they *stay* till you get *ready* to catch them!" he answered. Claddagh as like Madagascar as England. A kind of charm in that poor savage freedom; had lately a revd. senior they called their "admiral" (a kind of real *king* among them), and priests and reverence for priests abound. —Home to our editor's lodgings now (inn uninhabitable for assize tumult): one "Councillor Walker" has been inquiring twice for me (editr. has told me); I cannot yet recollect him for *Petrie's*, and A. Sterling's "Chambers Walker" near Sligo, nor try much to make him out at all.

Hospitable luncheon from this good editor. Duffy's *sub*-editor now, I think;—in great tumult, about 3½ p.m. in blazing dusty sun, we do get seated in the "Tuam Car," quite full and,—Walker recognising me, inviting warmly both Duffy and me to his house at Sligo, and mounting up beside me, also for Tuam this night,—roll prosperously away, Duffy had almost rubbed shoulders with Attorney General Monahan; a rather sinister polite gentleman in very clean linen, who strove hard to have got him hanged lately, but couldn't, such was the *bottomless* condition of the thing called "Law" in Ireland. Long suburb again, mostly thatched, kind of resemblance to "the Trench" near Dumdries. Bad seat mine, quite *under* driver's, wont admit my *hat*, or hardly even my head; Walker politely insists on exchanging when the horses change. Talk, talk from Wr. very polite, conciliatory, rational too, not very deep. Bare country; not quite so stony as the morning's, not quite so barren either. Romantic anecdote (murder, ? ghost, ? or what) of a family that lived in some bare mansion visible to the left,—totally forgotten now. Country flattens, gets still more featureless; "John of Chume's" Cathedral tower; "little influence John of Chume;" anecdotes of some Roman-Irish Bishop and him;—Tuam itself, happily, and dismount, about 7 p.m.; reverence of landlady to Duffy; tea, Walker joining us; walk out, McHale's big not beautiful Cathedral (towers like *pots* with many *ludles*); back of McHale premises, "College" or whatever he calls it, outer staircase wants parapet; ruinous enough,—this is St. Jarlath's, then, ? If we go into the street the protestant bishop's house stands right opposite too. Across then to protestant cathedral; old, very good,—don't go in. Ancient Cross, half of it, is *here*, other half (root or basis of it) is at McHale's standing on the open circuit there: "Judgment of Solomon

has not answered for *these* two mothers!" On emerging, a crowd has gathered for Duffy's sake; audible murmur of old woman there, "Yer hanar's wilcome to Chume!" Brass band threatening to get up, simmering crowd in the street; a letter or so written; get off to bed,—high up mine, and not one of the *best* in nature!

Saturday 28 July.—Ostlers, horses, two rattling windows, finally cocks and geese; these were one's lullabies in "Chume;" outlook on the ugly McHale Cathedral, and intervening lime-patched roofs, at present moist with windy rain:—poor Duffy in his front "best bedroom," hadn't slept at all. Hurried breakfast in the grey morning 7 a.m., Bill—n. b. Bill came to us at *Sligo*, unsettled still the inn-keeper said,—and Duffy with surprise paid it there too, uncertain whether not a second time! Walker is out, bound for Sligo at an after hour; appoints us thither for Monday evening. Squabbling of lady passenger about being cheated of change by some porter or boots:—confused misarrangement, and noise more or less on all hands, as usual; windy scotch-mist, coming down occasionally in shower; off at length, thank Heaven, towards Castlebar and Westport, *taliter qualiter*. Watery fields, ill-fenced, rushes, rubbish; country bare and *dirty*-looking; weather rather darkening than improving. Simple big Irishman on coach-roof beside me; all in *grey-blanket*, over all; some kind of corn or butter trader, I suppose; as well-dressed kind of natives are very apt to be. "Father has *taken* the Ballina workhouse contract" said one, (who got up, farther forward on the road): "taken it," Indian-meal at so-and-so. There is something entertaining too in a region of *unadulterated* professed ugliness? Ride by no means uncomfortable in the scotch-mist (wind to *left* and *rear*), with outlook over ill-tilled bare and ragged expanses, road flanked sometimes with beggarly scotch-firs.

Man holding up a fiery peat in a pair of tongs; stop to change horses; fiery peat is for the guard, who leans forward with (dodeen) pipe, *good-natured* gorgon-face, weighed down with laziness, age and fat: smack, smack! intense sucking, 'bacco being wet, and the saliva came in dew-drops on the big outcurled lips; poor old fellow, he got his pipe to go at last, and returned the tongs and peat by flinging them away. What a pre-established harmony, this of the fiery peat and the gorgon guard! Bright thro' the scotch-mist of the future, this fiery peat gleams beacon-like on his soul, there burns for him a little light of hope. Duffy is inside, lady passenger (of the cheating boots), and some poor young gentleman with the bones of his leg broken. Per-

haps we didn't change horses at the fiery peat; but only delivered and received parcels there? Next halt, there was a change; a great begging too by old sybil woman, a mounting of one or more (grain-dealing?) passengers, with fine dresses, with bad broken umbrellas. The morning is getting wetter; stormful, dashes of heavy showers as we approach Castlebar, road running, and *red* streamlets in the ditches on either side. Duffy has proposed that we shall *stop* at Castlebar, and give up Westport; overruled. "Hollymount," pleasant-looking mansion, with lawns and groves on the left; letter to the owner, but didn't think of delivering it. Lord Lucan's close by Castlebar and on the other side of it too: has *cleared* his ground (cruel monster! cry all people); but is draining, building, harrowing and leasing; has decided to make this ugly land *avail*, after clearing it. Candour must admit that *here* is a second most weighty consideration in his favour, in reference to those "evictions." First-rate new farmstead of his, Scotch tenant (I think), for peasants that will work there is employment here; Lord Lucan *is* moving, at least, if all others lie motionless rotting; Castlebar in heavyish rain; town-green; confusion of confusions, at the edge of that, and looking down the main street, while they tumble the luggage, re-arrange themselves, put out the poor broken-legged gentleman at the hospital—(rain now battering and pouring), and do at last dash forth towards Westport.

Wind and rain now right ahead, prefer this to stew of inside; Lord Lucan's husbandry seen to each side from under umbrella,—with satisfaction, tho' not unmixed. Gigantic drain; torn thro' a blue *whinstone* range of knolls, and neatly fenced with stone and mortar; drippings of the abominable bog (which is all round, far and wide, ugly as chaos), run now thro' it as a brown *brook*. Abominable bog, thou *shalt* cease to be abominable, and become subject to man! Nothing else worth looking at; dirty hungry cottages, in groups or single; bog generally, or low-lying rushy wet ground, with a storm of heavy rain beating it,—till certain heights, which over look Westport. Gorgon guard's face pours water from every angle,—careless he, as if it had been an old stone face:—talks busily, nonsense, what I heard of it, with some foolish passenger the only one now. Distressed gigs; one distressed gig; riders and it running *clear* with wet. Tobacco remains to one! Heights at last; Westport big substantial-looking (*Fronti nulla fides!*); "Croagh Patrick" big mountain bone amid tumbling cloud masses, glimpses too of the bay, all close at hand now; and

swiftly down hill we arrive, get to our inn (flaring *hôtél*, fit for Burlington Street by *look*), and, in about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour of confused waiting and vicissitude, *get* our luggage, and begin to think of *seeing* the people I had letters for. Waiter despatched accordingly; people gone, people &c.—One little captain Something, an intelligent commonplace little Englishman (just about to *quit* this horrid place, and here for the second time) does attend us, take us to Westport workhouse, the wonder of the universe at present.

Human swinery has here reached its *acme*, happily: 30,000 paupers in this union, population supposed to be about 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above 3 or 4000 of them, subsidiary workhouses, and outdoor relief the others. Abomination of desolation; what *can* you make of it! Outdoor quasi-work: 3 or 400 big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks and barrows, "levelling" the end of their workhouse hill; at first glance you would think them all working; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce or two of mould, and it is all make-believe; 5 or 600 boys and lads, pretending to break stones. Can it be a *charity* to keep men alive on these terms? In face of all the twaddle of the earth, shoot a man rather than train him (with heavy expense to his neighbours) to be a deceptive human *swine*. Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room: *vogue la galère*. "Dean Bourke" (Catholic Priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here: middle-aged middle-sized figure, rustyish black coat, hessian boots, white stockings, good humoured, loud speaking face, frequent Lundy-foot snuff;—a mad pauper woman *shrieks* to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking: Dean poor fellow, has to take it "asy," I find,—how otherwise? Issuing from the workhouse, ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging: Get along wid ye"! cries he impatiently, yet without ferocity: "Doun't ye see I'm speaking wi' the gentlemen! Arrah, thin! I don't care if ye were dead! Nothing remained but patience and Lundy-Foot snuff for a poor man in these circumstances. Wherever he shews face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him; he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge in: poor Dean Bourke! Lord Sligo's park, in this instance. But beggars still, one or two,—have climbed the railings, got in by the drains? Heavy square mansion, ("1770" architecture): Lord Sligo going to the Killeries, a small lodge he has to the south—no rents at

all: I hear since "he has nothing to live upon but an opera-box;" literally so (says Milnes),—which he bought in happier days, and now lets.—"Croagh Patrick, won't ye go to it?" Bay.—Clew bay, has a dim and shallow look, hereabouts; "beautiful prospects."—yes Mr. Dean; but alas, alas! Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some luncheon at our inn, and quit this citadel of mendicancy intolerable to gods and man, back to Castlebar *this* evening. Brilliant *rose-pink* landlady, reverent of Duffy, (proves to be a sister, daughter perhaps, of the "Chume" one) is very sorry; but—&c. No bells in your room; bell often enough broken in these sublime establishments of the west of Ireland. Bouquet to Duffy;—mysteriously handed from unknown young lady, with verse or prose note; humph! humph!—and so without accident in now bright hot afternoon, we take leave of Croagh Patrick—(devils and serpents all collected there—Oh why isn't there some Patrick to do it now again!) and, babbling of "literature" (not by my will), perhaps about 5 p.m. arrive at Castlebar again, and (for D's sake) are reverently welcomed.

Tea. Irish country priest,—very soft youth, wonderfully like one of our own green parsons fresh from college, the only one I saw of that sort. Out to the Inspector's Capt'n. Something, for whom I have a letter: Strelezki there, whom we had seen at Westport too, talk-talking with his bell-voice, and unimportant semi-humbug meaning, "Strelezki is coming!" all the natives, with inconceivable interest, seemed whispering to one another; a man with something *to give* is coming!—This Capt'n., in his dim lodging, a considerably more intelligent young man (30 or so); talk—to breakfast with him to-morrow.

Westport Union has £1100 a-week from Government (proportion rate-in-aid), Castlebar has £800, some other has £1300 &c. &c., it is so they live from week to week. Poor-rates, collectible, as good as *none*. (£28.14 say the books); a peasant will keep his cow for years against all manner of cess-collection; spy-children, tidings run as by electric wires, that a cess-collector is out, and all cows are huddled under lock and key.—*unattainable* for years. No rents; little or no *stock* left, little cultivation, docks, thistles; landlord sits in his mansion, for reasons, except on *Sunday*: we hear of them "living on the rabbits of their own park." Society is at an *end* here, with the land uncultivated, and every second soul a pauper.—"Society" *here* would have to eat itself, and end by cannibalism in a week, if it were not held up by the rest of our empire still standing

afoot! Home thro' the damp streets (not bad streets at all, and a population still partly *clothed*, making its Saturday markets); thimbleful of punch over peat fire or ashes, whiff of tobacco, and bed.

Sunday 29 July.—Breakfast with Capt'n. Farrar (that was the name) sharp, distinct, decisive young soldier; manfully or patient and active in his hopeless position here. On my return Duffy has been at *mass* and sermon. Priest reproving practices on "patron days" (pilgrimages &c. which issue now in *whisky* mainly), with much good sense, says Duffy. Car to Ballina—(*Bally* is place, *val-lum*); drivers, boots &c. busy packing. Tuam coach, (ours of yesterday) comes in; there rushes from it, *shot* as if by cannon from Yorkshire or Morpeth without stopping,—W. E. Forster! very blue-nosed, but with news from my wife, and with inextinguishable good-humour; he mounts with us almost without refection, and we start for Ballina; public car all to ourselves; gloomy hulks of mountains on the left; country ill-tilled, some *untilled*, vacant, and we get upon wide stony moorland, and come in sight of the desolate expanses of "Lough Con."

Police-barrack, excise-barrack, in a loop of the mountain washed by the lake. Picturesque sites, in nooks and on knolls; one ruined cottage in a *nook* (belongs to Lord Lucan), treeless yet screened from winds, nestled among the rocks, and big lake close by: why couldn't I get it for a hermitage! Bridge (I think there must have been), and *two* Loughs. Inexpressible solitude, unexampled desolation; bare grey continent of crags, clear sea of fresh-water,—some farms and tufts of wood (one mournful ruined-looking place, which was said to be a burying-ground and monastic ruin) visible far off, and *across* the lake always. Clear blue sky, black showery tempests brewing occasionally among the hills. Brother car meets us, brief dialogue, among the crags; little pug-nosed Irish figure in Sunday clothes, had been escorting a comrade, mounts now beside Duffy,—proves to be a tailor, I think. Account by him, inexpressibly vague, of certain neighbouring localities. "Archb. Mc Hale," John of "Chume" was born hereabouts; peasant-farmer's son. Given a vivacious greedy soul, with this grim outlook vacant of all but the eternal crags and skies, and for reading of life's huge riddle, an Irish Mass-Book only,—one had a kind of glimpse of "John of Chume;"—poor devil, after all! Ballina; immense suburb of thatched huts again; solid, broad, unexpectedly handsome main-street; corn-factors, bacon-factors, land-agents, (attorneys, in their good days must have done it); halt at the farther end, close

by a post-office, and a huge hungry-looking hôtel, or perhaps two hôtels; into one of which, the wrong one surely if there was a choice, we are ushered, and in the big greasy public room find a lieut. of foot busy smoking.

"Private room" very attainable, but except for absence of tobacco not much more exquisite; in fact this poor hôtel was the *dirtiest* in our Irish experience; clearly about *bankrupt*; as one would see; but the poor waiters, the poor people all, were civil; their poverty gave them even a kind of dignity,—the grey-bearded head waiter's final *bow* next day (disinterested bow) is still pathetic for me. Certain Hamiltons, inspectors; the Captain H. an Ulster man; big cheeks and black bead-eyes; Calvinist-philanthropist; a really good, but also really stupid man. Write in my back bed-room; annoyed by gusts of *bravura singing* (Sunday not the less) from the Lieut. of Foot; sorrow on him, and yet pity on him! To workhouse, to workhouses, with Bead-eye; *Subsidiary* workhouses these; boys *drilling*,—discharged soldier: one of the drill-serjts., begs for something of the nature of "shoes" when it is done. "There is Cobden, you see!" said poor bead-eyed Hamilton; "discharged that man, and now he comes upon us!" Kindness *à la* Exeter Hall; this, with strict Calvinism for life-theory is H's style. A *thatched* subsidiary workhouse this; all for the children:—really good, had the children been getting bred towards anything but *pauperism*! *pauperism* in geometrical progression. Dinner of perhaps 500 of them, girls I think. "Och, Sur, its *four years* I've been here, and this little girl isn't well, yet!" Four years: what a kindness to us, to stay so long! What she now wanted with this girl? "To get her taken to the salt water,"—a small allowance for that. Brutallest stupidity can hardly be more brutal than these human swineries had now grown to seem to me. Dormitories &c.,—a street nearly all in ruins beside this admirable place; population of it gone to workhouse, to England, to the grave.—Other subsidiary workhouse; *continents* of young women; really whole big roomfuls of them (for it was now raining) waiting for dinner.—Home with disgust; to have tea with Hamilton in the evening at his house.

After dinner, walk towards his house; moist windy evening, rain has ceased. Correct little house, good and hospitable man,—tries to convince me of philanthropy;—pauses horror struck:—I decide (in my own mind) that the *less* of this the better; he (I found afterwards) asks Duffy privately—"if I am an atheist or what?" Hospitable promise to go and show us a "country of evictions" on the morrow;

we shall see! and so home to bed. It was going towards his house that a man (Sundayed workman) caught Duffy's hand, and reverently shook it with apologies.

Monday 30 July.—Worst of Irish beds, worst of Irish nights, (noise &c.) does finally end. At breakfast Hamilton is punctual and appears: "not me, thank you kindly" and the rest also didn't go,—or only Forster of the rest, and at some other hour. Thro' the streets with my two inspectors (Hamilton and his cousin the "Belmullet" inspector, a simple watery man with one arm, Mrs. Dr. Evory Kennedy's brother), towards the workhouse. "The Scotch Shop," so called; a Glasgow thing, has propagated itself hither from Sligo; dull Scotchman, "never so bad a trade as *now*;" building, furnishing of workhouses, always some money going till now; his brother has taken a farm hereabouts, (rent seemed *high* with such pauperism);—his shag tobacco (nearly unknown in Ireland) is very dear and very bad; adieu to the Scotch shop, and him! Dulse in Ballina street market;—comes from Belmullet, I hear; gathered there, carted hither, 42 miles, sold for 2 here! wretched huckster, who has no better industry, subsists his garron upon the way side, lodges with some fellow-poor man,—goes his 84 miles, on these terms, and takes to gathering new *dulse*. Was such industry ever heard of before in this world? Not this poor huckster is to blame for it, first of all; not he first;—Oh Heavens, innumerable mortals are to blame for it; which quack of us is *not* to blame for it?—Look into the *areas* of the workhouse with bead-eyed friend; then, for his sake and for my own, I decline to go farther; return to inn,—where at least is a sofa, where tobacco and solitude are possible. Car is to go about two o'clock, and I am due at Sligo to-night. Duffy, finding certain "Dillons" here, decides finally to stay; Forster too stays, flying about in an uncertain way. Col. Something, a great "exterminator" hereabouts, and a great improver also; that is he, riding into town: stubborn, uncultivated big redhaired face, and solid military figure, from 50 to 60;—not the worst of Ballina men he. Glimpse of Bourke, with note from somebody, (from the Tralee gentleman it was, who had been "absent at Valentia"),—glimpse of Duffy and Dillons; away, then, away!

First part of our route, moory, at first some symptoms of plantation and improvement, by and bye none: Col. Something (Gott's?) evictions, long ghastly series of roofless cottages visible enough;—big drain, internal, was not visible: poor groom sitting by me on the car was eloquent as to Cols. "cruelty;" Col.

himself, I understand, asserts that his people went away voluntarily, money and resource being wholly run out. Beggar cottagers need to be supported by public rate; whether the rate is paid them in cottages or in workhouse is really not so material as the second question—"what becomes of their land, they having *ceased* to cultivate it? Gort and Lucan answer? Their land becomes *arable*, will be ploughed in all coming years! Not so bad, surely—My groom gets off; *his* master most humane thrice-excellent old Dublin gentleman, driving up now with son-in-law, daughter &c. in gig; "no evictions" there, no, no! Son-in-law, fat young gentleman, had a dish-hat as usual,—dish-hats drab-colored, black, brown, and even green, universal wear of young gentlemen here, and indeed in all country parts (Scotland and England too) at present. Flat, flat, waste of moor; patches of wretched oats—then peat bogs, black pools; the roofless cottages not far off at any time. Potatoes,—poor cottier digging his little plot of them, three or four little children eagerly "gathering" for him: pathetic to look upon. From one cottage on the way side, issue two children *naked* to beg; boy about 13, girl about 12, "naked" literally, some sash of rag round middle, oblique-sash over shoulder to support that, stark-naked would have been *as* decent (if you had to jump and run as these creatures did) and much cleaner. *Dramatic*, I take it, or partly so, *this* form of begging: "*strip* for your parts, there is the car coming!" Gave them nothing.

Stage: "Dromore" (?) little hamlet; country alters here, sun too is out, beautiful view of the sea, of Sligo bay with notable mountains beyond, and high (limestone) dry hills on our right too; much indented coast, circuitous road for Sligo; but decidedly a pleasant region, with marks of successful cultivation everywhere, tho' still too *treeless*, (and full of *beggary* below board, as we afterwards found). Small young lady from Dromore going on visit to Sligo, her parasol a little interrupts my view, "bay of" something ("Ballisadare" it would seem) on this side of Sligo Bay: high fine hill between the two,—north side of that, it turns out, is Walker's house. Sligo at last; beautiful descent into it, beautiful town and region altogether. Down, down, to the river-bank then halt a little to right; Mr. Walker, with servant and nice neat car is waiting: how charitable to the dusty heart-broken soul of a pilgrim from his car! No host can do a kinder thing, than *deliver* a poor wretch in these circumstances, save him from porters, inn-waiters, and the fatal predatory brotherhood!—up, some three miles; then on a pleasant shelf of the big hill or mountain

"Knocknarea" dividing Sligo from the other bay, a trim fertile little estate, beautifully screened and ornamented (or soon about to be so), a neat little country house, and elegant welcome: thanks, thanks! Elaborate dinner, however, *no* dish of which *dare* I eat; salmon, veal, lamb, and that is *all*! Cold beef supplies every want. Excellent quiet bedroom; to bed utterly done, almost sleeping for an hour before I got away.

Friday 31 July.—Fine morning, fine outlook over Sligo, bay, city, mountain; around us pretty walks and garden, with farm improvements fast progressing, behind us the mountain rises trim and green, on the top of it an ancient *cairn*, conspicuous from afar,—which Petrie asserts gravely to be the "Grave of Queen MAB,"—some real old Irish "queen" who had grown in the popular fancy to be this! Good Petrie, he is much loved here, but there was no chance of warning him of *me* in time.—Drive to Sligo now, find Duffy and Forster just arrived, and eating luncheon at their inn, go along to visit workhouse, to visit Lough Gill; they two to dine with us at night.—Whether Duffy went with us to Lough Gill ("Wynne" of Hazlewood) I don't recollect; rather think yes; but if so he staid behind us, and came up with Forster? [Important indeed!]
—Dinner was altogether polite and pleasant; Forster went about 11; then bed, and hospitable Walker will have us in town before six to-morrow, on our road towards Donegal, where these tourings are to *end*.

Beauties of "Hazelwood" (where Forster meets us in a car of his own) are very considerable; really fine lake (the Lough Gill itself, wide undulating park, umbrageous green-swarded, silent big house, pleasure boats on lower *arm* of Lough, and queer little wind-mill pump; very good indeed. "Wynne Esq"; who has this day been stirring up a row among the butter merchants, breaking *their* monopoly, and stirring up their noise. His tenants complained, "6d per lb. a dreadful price:" get your firkins ready, full of *good* butter and *I* will give you real Liverpool prices: *hinc lachryma*, what the issue was, I never heard.—Of workhouse, 1800 strong, say nothing: heavy fat-flabby but solid English ex-military man for manager; wide (idle-looking) school: group of wandering gentlemen; one (of Rathmullen on Lough Swilly to whom we had a letter, a dark-yellow, lean long figure; "most anxious" &c. if we will come; but till Saturday he cannot be at home, and none knows whether that will answer.—Sligo and cholera? *Telluric* or atmospheric the influence; by no means a *dirty* town; the reverse *in comparison*. Talk of the "Cevigna mines" rich in coal and iron,

say *richest*; not worked, company once, 1st managery,—*shot*; second manager sent to Chancery; mines sleep till "Government" make some canal or do something. Relief works in Sligo; steep street a little levelled; what to do with the *mould*? Throw it into the river! "Upon *my* salmon?" eagerly objects one. It is at last *carted* far away.—Elder Walker one of the Presentment justices in relief time; we voted away £28000 *one* morning ("English have plenty of money"); terribly indignant now that they should demand payment of *one half* of it; "had we known that!"—a miserable business this of the famine works and relief works altogether;—sad proof that in Ireland is *no* organic government, and in England *no articulate* do.: a do. presided over by Lord John Russell only and the element of parliamentary palaver!—Part of Sligo belongs to Lord Palmerston; I didn't learn, or ask which part.

Wednesday 1 August.—Up at five, forwarded in all ways by kind hospitable Walker, (to whom, farewell kindly), car at the car-stand in Sligo, before six of the sunny morning.—"Gavogne" (dammed up here?) gurgling past as a considerable stream, and breweries &c. on the other side. Beggars, beggars; only industry *really* followed by the Irish people. "For the love of God, yer hanar!" &c. &c. "Wouldn't it be worth your consideration, whether you hadn't better drown or hang yourselves, than live a dog's life in this way?" They withdrew from me in horror; did at least withdraw! Judicious confusion of loading luggage; Car full to overflowing: Sligo wit—"Go home, and shave yourself!" "Sure, I'm not so ugly as you, shaved or not!" (Fat gross fellow,—some bacon-dealer, I suppose, got this wit-arrow, ohone! away at last; all jammed together;—steep ups and downs; horses hardly *can*, won't at one place, and we have to dismount. Bacon-dealer next me, Duffy on my right, tall old cleanly peasant jammed under Forster and driver beyond; Sligo bay, and bright sea, with moory mountainous capes in front of *us*. Lord Palmerston's country; *some* draining visible; *much* had been heard of; ugly, bare, moory country; would one were out of it all, as we now soon shall be! Donegal mountains blue-black over Donegal bay far westward to Teelin head. Dingy desolate looking country, in spite of the fine, calm morning. "Killibegs," and some coastguard station, the only sign of inhabitaney. Cleanly peasant, at sight of some new locality "breaks out into narrative; is, at least was, a coastguard,—had *once* a notable adventure, seizing or trying to seize some smuggler there,—minute particulars of it,—for 30 years

seem to have done nothing else but merely "look out", the one peopled point in his old memory. Particulars from him of coastguard discipline and ways; well-done excise; when a thing is to *be* done, it can be done.—Bathing lodgings, getting ruinous many of them, (potatoe-failure has stopped supplies), good shore for bathing, and individuals, (to one's envy) are now seen swashing about in the act; blue brine and sandy shore, &c.: in Leitrim county; said once, for a moment, to be "in Fermanagh" (mistake probably?). Ruined Castle (where?) "Four Masters" did their compilation there; recollect the old black hulk of ruins,—think it might be in Donegal county further on. Bathing hamlets, do. houses, lodges (*once* ornamental); lime and white-wash, very abundant, cannot hide ruin. "Bundoran" cleanish high-lying village, headquarters of bathing; bacon-dealer—runs to see a sick friend, Car waits for him; drink of water? *Effort*, by shopkeeper or car clerk,—think I got it, tho' after despairing. Sea and Donegal and Killibegs abroad, moory raggedness with green patches near, all treeless,—nothing distinct till steep narrow street of "Ballyshannon"; mills, breweries, considerable, confused, much white-washed country town. Breakfast, as if for the King's hundred, near the higher end. Tourists, quasi-English, busy at our table already: silent exct. waiter, doing his swiftest in imperturbable patience and silence. Car gone; we have to climb the steep, at the top it will wait for us. And so to the road again, quitting Ballyshannon; only Duffy, Forster, and I, of our car, did breakfast there.

Day now growing hotter, road dustier; remember nothing or little till Donegal: a Mr. Hamilton (?) has embanked some lagoon, saved many acres, gives real symptoms of being busy as a king of tillers in that quarter. Country improving; hedges even, and some incipencies of wood shelter and ornament. Donegal a dingy little town; *triangular* market place; run across to see O'Neill's old mansion; skeleton of really sumptuous old castle,—*Spanish* gold, in Queen Elizabeth's time, had helped: by one of the three *angles* (there is a road by each) we got away again; dropping Forster who will see the lagoon-embanker (didn't find him), will then by Glenties to Gweedore, and meet *me* there; Duffy is for Derry, and we part at Stranorlar; I, by appointment, am for Lord George Hill's, and have a plan of route from Plannauer.—Bare miserable country; dingy Donegal has *workhouses* building, *pitch* employed there, no other masonry; *sleepy* valley with some trees and green patches spreading up into the sleepy mountains; high ground

towards Gap of Barnesmore becomes utter peat. Barnesmore I remember well; nothing of a "Gap" to speak of; Dalveen Pass, and several unheeded Scotch ones, far surpass it in "impressiveness;" important military pass, no doubt. Moor, moor, brown heather, and peat-pots, here and there a speck reclaimed into bright green,—and the poor cottier oftenest gone. Ragged sprawling bare farmstead, bright green and black alternating abruptly on the grounds and no hedge or tree; ugly enough,—and now from the moor-edge one sees "Stranorlar" several miles off, and a valley mostly green, not exemplary for culture, but most welcome here. Down towards it,—Duffy earnestly talking, consulting, questioning; pathetic, as looking to the speedy end now. Down into the valley; fat heavy figure, in grey coarse woollen, suddenly running with us, sees me, says "all r-ight!" It is poor Plattnauer, who has come thus far to meet me! we get him up; enter through the long outskirts of "Stranorlar," up its long idle-looking street, to coach-stand;—and there Duffy stretching out his hand, with silent sorrowful face, I say Farewell and am off to Plattnauer's little inn; and consider my tour as almost ended. After an hour, of not very necessary waiting, (lunch smoking &c. provided by the kind Plattnauer) we get the car he has hired for me from Letterkenny, and proceed thither.

Fourteen miles; a tilled country mostly, not deficient here and there in wood; ragged still, tho' greatly superior to late wont; recognize the *Ulster* dialect of carman, Ulster practice of the population generally. Talk,—burdensome, had there been much of it? Mountains about Gweedore, details (eulogistic, enthusiastic) of Lord George Hill; three men (officialities, of some kind,—excise or other with dish-hats, before us in their car; road now rapidly winding downwards: pass them at last; can bethink of no other road-fellow whatever. Country greenish for most part, with gnarled crags; I should have expected ferns in the ditches, but don't remember them. Millpond at the bottom of our descent, then long slow ascent up Letterkenny Street, broad, sometimes rather ragged-looking, always idle-looking,—busy only on market days, with corn and cattle, I suppose. Hôtel at last; and carman satisfied, a grateful change into Lord George's car. To Ballyarr then! Now towards 6 or 7 o'clock. Long, mile—long straight steep ascent; then complex cross roads "to Rathmelton," to &c.; country commonplace, hill-and-dale, not quite bare; at length Ballyarr clump of wood; high rough hedges, gates, farm-looking place; and round the corner of

some offices we come to an open smooth kind of back court, with low piazza at the further side: from below piazza,—then at the back entrance, (the only handy one to his mansion) Lord George himself politely steps out to welcome us. Handsome, grave-smiling man of 50 or more; thick grizzled hair, elegant club nose, low cooing voice, military composure and absence of loquacity; a man you love at first sight. Glimpse of Lady (Georgina?) Hill, a nunlike elderly lady, and of one or two nice silent children; silent small elegant drawing room; a singular silent politeness of element reigns; at length refecton in a little dining room, (*tea*, I suppose?)—and, in a bare but clean and comfortable room, presided over by the Great Silences, one sinks gratefully asleep. Gweedore on the morrow like an *unopened* scroll lying before—I bethink me, we walked out too, that evening, Lord George Plattnauer and I, with pleasant familiar talk; and for supper after our return, he ordered me Irish stir-about, a frightful parody of "Scotch porridge," (like hot *dough*), which I would not eat and even durst not except in *semblance*. Deep ditches, *gross* kind of crop;—potatoes, turnips, "Egyptian wheat," (so called, grown from wheat found in *mummy*); land has originally been, much of it even lately, flat bog.

Monday 2 August.—Dim moist morning. pleasant breakfast (Lady Augusta (?) who has a baby, not there), paternal *wit* of Lord G. with his nice little modest boys and girls in English, German, French; Platt. to go with us to Gweedore. Big new mill; big peat stacks; carriage house, some 3 nice sleek wiry horses, "all kept at *work*," and able for it. Air of gentleman farmer's place and something more; car about 11 and swift firm horse, rain threatening,—which came only to a heavy Scotch-mist now and then, with brief showers. Tattery untrimmed fields, too small, ill-fenced, not right in any way. Wretched puddly village, "Kilmacrennan," like an inverted saddle in site, brook running through the heart of it (?) miserable raree "caravan" stationed there, amid the dirt, poverty and incipient ruin. Road heavy and wet, past many ill-regulated little farms. Dunghill of one, "I have admonished him *not* to let it run to waste so,"—but he doesn't mind! Road (is all very obscure to me; cardinal-points, at the time, not well made out, which is always fatal to one's recollection!)—road, leading N.-westward, begins mounting, is still a little cultivated, very *steep* side road to north, Letterkenny to Glen and Carrickart I suppose!; mounts, mounts, occasional mist-rain a little heavier, day calm, and silvery, bleared glimpses had of the moor.—

"National School" high up. I descend and enter, Lord George waits cheerfully, but won't; the worst of all conceivable "national schools"; poor dreary frozen-alive school-master, and 10 or 12 ragged children,—“parents take them all away in turf time;” they learn *nothing* at any time. Wrote in this book a *disapproval*. Protest against these schools; Catholics can do so little, don't always do it; a difficult affair for McDonnell and Whately! Ghostly staring “new catholic chapel,” true Irish “Joss-house” on the moor to left; the image of ennui, sore-throat, and hungry vain hope of dinner! Peat farther on; foolish old farmer and his forces at work in peat-stack, *pack horses* instead of carts; a scandal to behold. Moor mounting ever higher, getting very black and dreary; cannot much *remember* the coming of Letterkenny and Dunfanachy road; do remember scandalous black muddy moors, all gleaming wet as a sponge, with grey rugged mountains (*close* to us on the left), with crags, rain and silent black desolation everywhere; the worst of it however I think was further on.

“Glenbeagh Bridge;” turning round a sharp corner of a muddy peat-hill, we are upon it, and see Lough Beagh, “the prettiest of all the Donegal lakes”—no great shakes, no great shakes? Hungry improved “farmstead” (some glimpse of slate and stone I do remember in it) with drowned meadows by the lake-side, to left. Lake narrow (outlet of it, “Owencarrow,” running from left to right of us); high stony steep of mountains beyond it; far up to the left, bright green spaces, (or stripes and patches) with woods, appearance of an interesting *pass* thro’ the mountains; more Highland-looking than anything I saw elsewhere; one “Forster” owns it.—At the beginning of our journey, and almost up to this point, there were large effectual long *main-drains* visible, just cut; a young Lord something's property,—sorry I cannot recal his name; he, and his “Government money” and beneficent extensive work were the most *human* thing I saw. Begins at Kilmacrenan, perhaps earlier. Here at Glenbeagh Bridge was a “relief convnc. road” (very conspicuous intended-improvement, on our left), but lying as usual with a wall at each end of it. Mount again; black rocky “Dooish” (where are eagles, *seen* as we *returned* this way) on our left, and road rough, wet and uneven. “Calabber” stream (not do. “bridge”) I have a distinct recollectn. of that; cutting down thro’ the *shoulder* (you would have said), of a considerable hill; “Halfway House,” and the still heathery glen that led towards it (Calabber stream *this*, at a higher point of it, running towards Owencarrow? Alas! I had no

map of any value; I had no time, no patience or *strength* of any kind left!) all at the half-way house, which is a coarse dark weather-tight cottage, a *rebuilding* I imagine; drink for the horse; good-humoured poor woman *will* have “a drop of potheen” when you return. Lord George knows all these people; speaks kindly, some words in Irish or otherwise, to every one of them. Excellent, polite, pious-hearted, healthy man; talk plentiful, sympathy with all good in this Lord G., candid openness to it; fine voice, excellent little *whistle* through his teeth as he drove us,—horse performing admirably. After Halfway-House, view of some wretched quagmire, with a lakelet by it, and spongy black bog and crag all round, which some Irish “Dublin Lawyer” has purchased, and is improving: Lord pity him, send *more* power to his elbow! I never drove, or walked, or rode, in any region such a black dismal 22 miles of road. *This* is the road Lord George drives every week these 17 years, drives or rides, thro’ these dismal moors,—strong in the faith of something higher than the “picturesque”—Mount Arrigal, a *white*-peaked very sandy mountain, *roof*-shaped and therefore conical from some points of view, beautiful and conspicuous from all (2462 feet, map says),—lay a little *west* of this Irish lawyer: we cross by the southern side of it,—and suddenly out of the black moor into view of a lake “Lough-Na-Cung”) stretching northwestward round *that* side of Arrigal; and at the head of this Lough-Na-cung, come the prettiest patch of “improvement.” I have ever in my travels beheld. Bright as sapphire, both grass and woods, all beatifully laid out in garden-walks, shrubbery-walks &c. and all shrunk for us to a tidy fairy-garden, fine trim little house in it too with incipient *farms* and square fields adjoining; to our eye and imagination drowned in black desolation for 15 miles past, nothing could be lovelier. A Mr. Something's, lately deceased (to Lord George's deep regret); I think, a Liverpool Merchant (?): Widow lives here, and Lord George's doctor at Gweedore (I learn on the morrow) is to marry one of the young ladies: very well! “Lough-Na-Cung” (I *heard* no name to it, but take this from the map) stretched away northward bending to west, a narrow *crescent* Lough, of no farther beauty; and from the *Clady* river, which traverses Gweedore and comes out at Bunbeg; here now *is* Lord George's domain, and swiftly descending (by the *back* of Arrigal, which hangs white-sandy very steep over us) for about a mile we are *in* said domain. “Hundred thousand welcomes!” (Irish phrase for that) said Lord George with a smile. Plattnauer and I *had* smoked our third pipe or

cigar; "you can do it in 3 pipes"—*Head of Lough-Na-Cung* I remember too; stony dell amid the high mountains, mounting in terraces of visible rock; like some *Cumberland* pass, new to me in Ireland.

The back of the Claddy, stretching out from this Lough 5 or 6 miles, and *flattening* itself wide towards the sea, is Lord George Hill's domain. Black, dim, lonely valley: hills all peat, wet and craggy heather, on each side; hills to right are quite vacant wet moor (tho' *less* craggy in appearance and lower); river-side, mostly waste quagmire of rushes, *can* become fat meadow and has here and there: river sluggish brown-coloured; hills to left (as *we* enter; hills to north, that is); are of gentlish acclivity, but stony beyond measure; sprinkled in ragged clusters here are the huts of the inhabitants, wretchedest "farmers" that the sun now looks upon, I do believe. Lord George's improvements are manifold; for instance, each man has his "farm" now all in *one*, not in 20 as heretofore, one long stripe of enclosure (dry-stone wretched wall, or attempt at wall, and cottage in or near it,) each cottage too, has now some *road*; but "improvements" all are swallowed in the chaos, chaos remains chaotic still. Hill road from "Dunfanahy," descending on the right,—not *yet* quite travellingable, I think. New farm of Lough-Na-cung (*Liverpool widow*) "Improvements;" Ulster peasant in it; has really been endeavouring; house is built, slated, stones, like a quarry, torn out everywhere, trenchings, feeblest symptoms of turnips springing, potato plot (ruined *now* alas!) is really growing; grey bony man stands looking, with what hope he can. Cottages now of Lord George's; dry-stone fence half-done along the road; has hung so for years in spite of his encouragements to get it *whole* done. Black huts, bewildered rickety fences of crag: crag and heath, *unsubduable* by *this* population, damp peat, black heather, grey stones, and ragged desolation of men and things! Boat is on the river, fishy but *unfished* till now; "Gweedore inn," two-storied white *human* house with offices in square behind, at the foot of hills on right, near the river: this is the only *quite* civilized-looking thing; we enter there, thro' gateway, into the clean little sheltered court, and then under the piazza at the back of the inn, Forster waits for us, and is kindly received.

Rain has ceased, 2pm or 3; but the air is damp, bleared, cold. Mount along the hill side; certain fields already saved out of it, not bad fields, but a *continent* of haggard crag-and-heather desolation, with its swamps and rivulets still remaining. Over the Clady something like an incipency of a modern

hamlet, and patches of incipient green; bridge thither, too far to go; chapel and school (Protestant Orange, no doubt) on this side the river; signal-staff flag now *mounted*, his Lordship being *here*, and accessible to all creatures. Dinner in our little inn. Lord George's *surgeon* (from Bunbeg; of whom mention was already) joined us, I think, in the evening. Manager of inn (for Lord George I think) an Ulster man, solid clever man of 45. Aberdeen-awa' man, chief-manager, a hook-nosed, lean slow-spoken man of like age: what do you think of these people? "Oah-h! a whean *deluidid* craiteurs, Sir: but just ye-see—!" Walk, with this man in company in the evening, to the new farmhouse he is getting built for himself, and new fields he is *really* subduing from the moor; pure peat all; but lime is abundant everywhere, and he does not doubt, and will certainly prevail, he. Some 5 or 6 Aberdeen and Ulster men; nothing else that one can see of human that has the smallest real promise here; "*deluidid* craiteurs," lazy, superstitious, poor and hungry. 7/6 no uncommon *rent*, 30/ about the highest ditto:—listening to Lord George I said and again said, "No hope for the men as *masters*; their one *true* station in the universe is *servants*," "slaves" if you will; and never can they know a right day till they attain that." Valley, if it were cultivated, might really be beautiful. Some air of stir and population and habitability already on it; huts, ragged potato patches, nearer there by the river side oat-patches, (lean cows, I suppose, are on the hills); *south*-side of river is as before nearly or altogether vacant of huts. Return to our inn, after arrangements for the morrow. How these people conspired to throw down Lord George's fences, how they threatened to pay no rent, at first, but to *shoot* agent if compelled, and got their priest to say so; how they had no notion of work by the day, (*came* from 8 to 11 a.m.) and shrieked over hook-nosed Aberdeen when on Saturday night he produced his book and insisted on paying them by the *hour*;—how they are in brief, dark barbarians not intrinsically of ill dispositions—talk and commentaries on all this; small close room, with the damp wind and wide moorland outside, polite "stirabout" again, to me useless: finally to bed, with pathetic feelings, gratitude, sorrow, *love* for this noble man, and *hope* as if *beyond* the grave!

Friday 3rd August.—We drive to Bunbeg (must be far briefer to day!) Valley spreads out into flat undulations; still crags and moor everywhere: blue sea with islands and much *sand* ahead; brisk, sunny forenoon. Visit new parsonage (Oh Orange-protestantism!); Par-

son, young fat Dublin Protestant, enters; has a drawing-room with "scrapbooks" and *wife-gear* (wife doesn't appear:) not a beautiful big fat young Protestant; but alas what better can be had? To Bunbeg; village (of perhaps 300 or more) scattered distractedly among the crags, sprinkled along, *thickening* a little towards Clady mouth, where are the storehouse, mill, harbour, all amid crags forevermore! Crag has been blasted away for *sites*; rises yet abrupt behind the walls in that quarter, paths climbing over it. Big excellent mill, —proved most useful in famine time:—silent at present, till harvest come. do. do. storehouse, or "shop" of innumerable wares; nearly *empty* now, waiting for a "practical shopkeeper" that would undertake it. Harbour landing-place built by Ulster-man of the inn, —"well-done" as I tell him. Big rings for warping-in ships,—the General Commissioners of lighthouses (?) did that, after entreaty —Aberdeen fisherman; excellent clear-eyed brown-skinned diligent-sagacious fellow, excellent wife of his (*before*, in a house that wouldn't "turn rain," but was all whitened, &c. and clean & hearty-looking), from whom a drink of buttermilk for me.—Fisherman went with us to the *old* mill and its cascade (queer old ruin, and gushing loud waterfall), when some of his men try the net to no purpose.—Ancient Irish *squire* actually "begging" here; follows about in blue camlet cloak, with always some new cock-and-bull story, which Lord George, when unable to escape by artifice, coldly declares in words that he can't listen to. Strange old squire; whiskey all along and late failure of potatoes have done it; gets no rent, won't sell, "a perfect pest," the fisher calls him. School, (Prot't) better or worse,—children all *clean* at least; some 20 or more of them, boys and girls.—Sun now is *high*; we mount, turn into Bloody-Foreland road; boy on our left hand, blue water, and immensities of sand, *blown* hereabouts in great lengths over the land (as I can see from the distance,—remind me of the mansion and park *sanded*, (name?) and nothing but the *chimney tops* left, on these coasts); straggling wretched hamlet, when a fair is (monthly or annually?) go into the baker's shop (Aberdeen, he too), into a kind of tavern now under the carpenter's, where Lord George at first lodged on undertaking this affair; bare craggy moor still, still; desolate savagery; Lord George and his Aberdeens *versus* Celtic nature and Celtic art. Call on the Catholic priest; poor fellow, he looked suspicious, embarrassed, a thick heavy vulgar man of 45; *half* a peasant still, yet on the *way* towards better,—good growth of turnips round his cottage, cottage some approach to civi-

lization: a book or two,—unfortunately only mass-books, directories or the like: we evidently lifted a mountain from his heart when we took ourselves away. "One man of these natives that doesn't lie." Send for him; rides with me a bit,—rough, clayey, bearded, old man, clothes dirty and bad but still whole; can't well understand him, or make myself intelligible (for he neither reads or writes) so send him away with good wishes. We are now driving, by a *back* road, towards the inn; Farm Cottage, with potato-and-corn patches as we go. "Rent," none in famine year: uncertain ever since; trifling when it does come, for nobody's rent has been raised at all: Aberdeen fisherman only clear immediate source of revenue. (*Ice-house* for him; prices now being bad *here*). People won't fish, or can't: lobster-pots given, and method shewn,—avails not. Have had to *buy* out innumerable rights, "right of fishing" "right of keeping an inn," right of &c. &c. £500. £300 &c.: to keep peace, and do indubitable justice,—*after* purchasing the property. People won't work, in all or I fear the majority of cases, day's work for hire, if they have *potatoes* or other means of existing. Winged scarecrow, breaking stones (on the other road) this morning, with his scandalous ragged farm close by, is an instance: wouldn't 3 months ago; went, to some island of Gola, where was a cousin with potatoes and good heart; ate the potatoes out,—and *now* he works; his dress gone to the "tulip" farm. May the devil pity him!—On the whole, I had to repeat often to Lord G. what I said yesterday; to which he could not refuse essential consent. His is the largest attempt at benevolence and beneficence on the *modern* system (the emancipation, all-for-liberty, abolition of capital punishment, roast-geese-at-Christmas system) ever seen by me, or like to be seen: alas, how *can* it prosper; except to the soul of the noble man himself who earnestly tries it, and works at it, making himself a "slave" to it these 17 years!?

Lunch at the hotel; inscribe in the "book;" with difficulty get packed,—roll away (Forster and all) in the sunny fresh afternoon: road seen a *second* time, not lovely still; half-way house potheen (didn't taste it, I?)—Kilmacrenan again, and fields more and more with hedges; we leaping down, had *walked* a great deal; house was excellent; but dark twilight, very cold to *us*, had now settled down; and all were glad enough to get within doors, to a late cup of Christian tea. Lord G. lights fire too, by a match; very welcome blaze: presents me two pairs of his Gweedore socks. Bed soon and sleep.

Saturday 4th August.—After breakfast, to

visit a certain rough peasant farmer of the neighborhood distinguished as being "rich." Rough as hemp, in all respects, he proved. *Sluttish*, sluttish, anxious too for "improvements," good terms to be given for reclaiming bog, &c.—This was a *brother* of the peasant who had "made the money;" the latter was now dead: made by "thrift," not industry; worth little when made? A civil-natured man too; and with the kind of appetite for something cleaner and more manful than this scene of dunghoops; poor old fellow; towards sixty, and had "tended the cows," till this *throne* became vacant for him. Home by the offices again; Lady A. with the children in the garden: a delicate, pious, high and simple lady; *sister* of Lord G.'s former wife. White sand (like pounded sugar) from *Muckish* mountain (I forget if this is the name that signifies "Pig" mountain—which animal one mountain does really resemble?) Proprietor wouldn't, at a *fair* rate, allow the Belfast glasshouses to help themselves to this sand; therefore they at no rate meddle with it.—Coach yoked; hasty kind farewell, and go, Lord George driving, I on the box beside him; one of the finest of days. By pleasant fields, shady or otherwise agreeable roads to Ra' Melton, or rather past the one side of Ra' Melton.—Town lying over the river, (river "Lannan," it seems); chiefly a substantial white *row* along the quay (with respectable show of ships). *Our* road (on the *west* side) being up a steep hill; wood abundant, really a pleasant active little town. Barilla manufactory (*help* carts passing in met us) near it; small, but precious the like of it, and rare in Ireland.

By pleasant roads still, of the same sort to Rathmullen. Old Abbey (or Castle?) there, close by the sea; quite at the end of the white, quiet, rather steep-lying village; view across Lough Swilly properly a *frith* not bad tho' too bare. To Mr. Something, a retired merchant of full purse, our intended host's father-in-law. Showy, newish house and grounds, overhanging the sea near by; retired merchant not at home, his wife (poor Mrs. Sterling's dialect and manner were recalled to me) greatly flattered by Lord G.'s call, will give lunch, &c. will do all things but *speak* a little less:—we withdrew to her daughter's, to see our adventure, which doesn't look too well, to the *end*. End is: intended host has not *come*, or given any notice; will "probably" be here to-night; help-mate, a thick, stubborn-looking lady of 40, childless, and most likely wearing the breeches, (to judge by appearances): she invites &c.; but there is clearly only one thing, to be gone,—get across to Derry, and take one's ease at one's

inn. Conveyed by Lord George; meet "retired merchant" and his son; use him for getting Ferry boat secured (Ferry is *his* by county law) off, in the bright windy afternoon; a really pathetic and polite farewell from his Lordship and poor Plattner. In all Ireland, lately in any other land, I saw no such beautiful soul.

Red haired ferrymen, effectual looking fellows; forts, on Irish Island &c., 5 or 6 artillerymen in each: (on Derry side); Innishowen hills on other; *bare* country as before, as *always* in this island, but with a Scotch aspect rather than Irish, beggary and rags having now become quite subordinate. Across soon; to Derry soon, by a high-lying bare, "too populous," country. Many hungry-looking clusters of cottages (slated here, but visibly *hungry*); a ruin or two; several attorneys' country-seats; (prosperous attorneys), of which the architecture was not admirable. Seven miles:—at length turning suddenly a corner, Derry is there to the south of us, close at hand; rising *red* and beautiful on elevated hill or "bluff" (it must have been once).—Foyle moderately supplied with ships, running broad and clear past the farther side of it. The prettiest-looking town I have seen in Ireland. The free school; a big old building in fields, to right of us before we enter. Two or three *mill* chimnies (*not* corn-mills all of them, a linen-mill or flax-mill one at least visible); coal-yards, appearance of real shipping trade; suburbs, gate; and steep climb by the back of the old walls; Imperial hotel in fine—"one of the best in Ireland," says report; one of the dearest, and not the best, says experience. Very indifferent bed there (wretched French bed, which species may the devil fly away with out of this British country!); and for lullaby the common sounds of an inn, augmented by a very powerful *cock* towards morning.

A Dr. Mc. Knight (editor, pamphleteer &c.) warned by Duffy, came to night; led us thro' the city wonders, the old cannon &c.; gave us, unconsciously, a glimpse into the raging *animosities* (London companies *versus* Derry town was the chief, but there were many) which reign here as in all parts of Ireland, and alas, of most lands;—invites us to breakfast for monday; an honest kind of man, tho' loud-toned and with wild eyes, this Mc.Knight; has tobacco too, and a kind little orderly polite wife (a "poverty honourable and beautiful.") Surely we will go. Steamer is to sail on monday at 1 p.m. for Glasgow; Scotland ho!

Sunday 5th August.—Hot bright day; letter to Lord Clarendon (farewell, I don't *come* by Dublin), Captain Something, a chief

of Engineers (surveyors, map-makers in these parts) comes to take us out to "Temple Moyle" an agricultural school, and to show us about. A clean, intelligent *thin* little soul; of Twistleton's introducing? long wooden bridge, rather disappoints not *better* than Waterford: viewed from the other shore (height to the south, which our Captain makes us ascend) is very pretty in the sunshine. "*Grianan of Aileach*" (old Irish King's Palace, talked of by Mc.Knight last evening), site of it is visible 6 miles off to north. Good enough country, part well cultivated, part ill;—to London agent of Fishmongers' (? Mercers?) Company a brisk impetuous managing little fellow,—who escorts us to Temple Moyle,—"Mr. Campbell" the Scotch manager, is overtaken by us on the road. Temple Moyle very good indeed, so far as *cultivation of the ground goes*; questionable perhaps, on its *human side*? A dozen of the boys, Catholics, and very ugly, were at dinner. The "teaching," our brisk Londoner indicated was rather in a staggering way. "Acre of turnips *better* than one of potatoes," testifies Campbell "and *easier* to cultivate if you do both *well*." Londoner's sad experience of Ireland; tries to promote emigrating, to buy tenants out, very sad work. "The Company's rents £4000, don't get £1500 net. If I had an Irish estate, I would sell it; if I couldn't I would give it away." Look, in returning, at the attempted futility of an "Embankment of the Foyle;" Railway to Newtown Limavaddy was to embank Foyle; £80,000 (?) spent; no railway done, none was *needed*; no embankment, only heaps of barrows, waste flat diggings, and some small patch of ground (inconceivably small) saved out of the wreck till *new* money be subscribed. Very ugly distracted-looking flat: Home. Oh let us home; for the evening too is getting grey and cold! Captain to dine with us; a weary evening,—sofa, back-garden, smoke;—walk in the Diamond by moonlight; respectable old city. Walker's Memorial; Prison Gates, Bishop's House. Trade terribly gone, all say, much poverty; Eheu! to bed, and leave it to the gods!

Monday 6th August.—Breakfast at Mc. Knights: sunny hot morning,—small room full (got up the window of it, with effort!): big Derry Protestant clergyman, Ex-mayor "Haslett;" weighty set of men. Emphatic talk to them: far too emphatic, the human nerves being worn out with exasperation! "Remedy for Ireland? To cease generally from following the devil: no other remedy that I know of; one general life-element of humbug these two centuries, it has fallen *bankrupt*: this universe, my worthy brothers,

has its laws terrible as death and judgment if we "cant" ourselves away from following them. Land tenure? What is a land-lord, at this moment, in any country, if Rhadamanthus looked at him? What is an Archbishop; alas, what is a Queen,—what is a British specimen of the Genus *Homo* in these generations? A bundle of *hearsays* and authentic appetites; a *canaille* whom the gods are about to chastise, and to extinguish if he cannot alter himself! &c. &c." Derry Aristocrats behaved *well* under all this. Not a pleasant breakfast; but oh it is the last! Off to pack, and get on board.—Shameless tumult on the quays, which continued long; cattle loading, and 300 finest peasantry; McKnight to take leave, and another and another; and the roar of wild men and cattle, and the general turmoil of (Irish) nature not yet ended! Yo heave ho! at last; and with many heelings and edgings (water *scant* in some places of this Frith of Foyle) we quit Innishowen Head, Malin Head, and the rest, and issue hopefully into the open sea. Bare not uninteresting coast; Glasgow Steamer going bravely, afternoon bright. Port Rush, our mooring there; last Irish crowd; Adieu, my friends, a happy evening to you. Port Rathlin Island, with many intervening rocky islets, grim basaltic.—Robert Bruce, Esq. once in Rathlin. Giant's Causeway, tourists dabbling up and down about in boats; Heaven be their comforter! We seem to be quite near it here, and it isn't worth a mile to travel to see. Poor old woman, who *has* no money for fare, shall be set out on the beach: "my son in Glasgow Hospital!" probably enough a fib; but the cabin people club, and pay her fare. Beautiful boat, but not interesting passengers,—the reverse of that. "Fair Head" (or I forget which); combination of crags on it which they call "the Giant;" other more distant cape growing ever dimmer; and shortly, on our right, looms out high and grim the "Mull of Cantire," and we are on the *Scotch* coast! Much improved prospects, directly on opening the west side of the Mull; comfortable fenced crop-fields; comfortable *human* farms. Isle of Arran; Sandy Island? (? Beautiful blazing lights, beaming in the red of twilight); Ailsa Craig; Campbell-town bay; and now unhappily the daylight is quite gone, and the night breeze is cold; sofa in little cabin, and stony fragments of sleep. Awake, still and confused; on quarter deck are finest peasantry (hitched forward out of their place); but on the left, two cotton-mill chimnies, and Glasgow is close by. Euge! Dark City of Glasgow, pulses of some huge iron-furnace ("Dickson's Blast," so named by mate) fitfully from moment to moment illuminating it; excellent skipper, terribly strait-

ened to land; do at last (2 a.m.) and with difficulty get into a big dark nautical Inn; no noddy, barrow or other vehicle to convey us to a hotel. Sleep in spite of all; huge mill roaring in at my open window, on the morrow at 8. Remove after breakfast; look at Glasgow (under David Hope's escort); Commercial Capital of Britain, *this*; thank Heaven for the sight of real human industry, with human fruits from it, once more! On the morrow, home by rail to Scotsbrig. The sight of fenced fields, weeded crops, and human creatures with whole clothes on their backs,—

it was as if one had got into spring water out of dunghill-puddles; the feeling lasted with me for several days. *Finis* now.

This is my whole remembrance, or nearly so, of the *Irish Tour*; plucked up, a good deal of it, from the throat of fast-advancing oblivion (as I went along), but quite certain to me once it is recalled. Done now, mainly because I had beforehand bound myself to do it;—worth nothing that I know of, otherwise;—*ended*, at any rate, this Wednesday 16th October 1849. And now to-morrow?

THE END.

Thomas Carlyle.



FORTY.

In the heyday of my years, when I thought the world was young,

And believed that I was old—at the very gates of Life—

It seemed in every song the birds of heaven sung

That I heard the sweet injunction: "Go and get to thee a wife!"

And within the breast of youth woke a secret sweet desire;

For Love spoke in that carol his first mysterious word,

That to-day through ashen years kindles memory into fire,

Though the birds are dead that sang it, and the heart is old that heard.

I have watched my youth's blue heavens flush to angry, brooding red,

And again the crimson palsied in a dull unpregnant gloom;

I am older than some sorrows; I have watched by Pleasure dead;

I have seen Hope grow immortal at the threshold of the tomb.

Through the years by turns that gave me now curses, now caresses,

I have fought a fight with Fortune wherein Love hath had no part;

To-day, when peace hard-conquered riper years and weary blesses,

Will my fortieth summer pardon twenty winters to my heart?

When the spring-tide's verdure darkens to the summer's deeper glories,

And in the thickening foliage doth the year its life renew,

Will to me the forests whisper once more their wind-learn't stories?

Will the birds their message bring me from out the heaven of blue?

Will the wakened world for me sing the old enchanted song—

Touch the underflow of love that, through all the toil and strife,

Has only grown the stronger as the years passed lone and long?

Shall I learn the will of Heaven is to get for me a wife?

The boy's heart yearns for freedom, he walks hand-in-hand with pleasure;

Made bright with wine and kisses he sees the face of Life;

He would make the world a pleasance for a love that knows not measure;

But the man seeks Heaven, and finds it in the bosom of his wife.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was New Year's day, and his Excellency, the President, had had several months in which to endeavor to adjust himself to the exigencies of his position, though whether he had accomplished this with a result of entire satisfaction to himself and all parties concerned and unconcerned had, perhaps unfortunately, not been a matter of record. According to a time-honored custom, he had been placed at the slight disadvantage of being called upon to receive from time to time the opinions of the nation concerning himself without the opportunity of expressing, with any degree of publicity, his own opinions regarding the nation, no bold spirit having as yet suggested that such a line of procedure might at least be embellished with the advantage of entire novelty, apart from the possibility of its calling forth such originality and force of statement as would present to the national mind questions never before discussed, and perhaps not wholly unimportant. All had, however, been done which could be done by a nation justly distinguished for its patriotic consideration for, and courtesy toward, the fortunate persons elevated to the position of representing its dignity at home and abroad. Nothing which could add to that dignity had been neglected—no effort which could place it in its proper light, and remove all difficulty from the pathway of the figure endeavoring creditably to support it, had been spared. The character of the successful candidate for presidential office having been, during the campaign, effectually disposed of,—his morals having been impugned, his honor rent to tatters, his intellectual capacity pronounced far below the lowest average,—united good feeling was the result, and there seemed little more to attain. His past had been exhausted. Every event of his political career and domestic life had been held up to public derision, laudation, and criticism. It had been successfully proved that his education had been entirely neglected, and that his advantages had been marvelous; that he had read Greek at the tender age of four years, and that he had not

learned to read at all until he attained his majority; that his wife had taught him his letters, and that he had taught his wife to spell; that he was a liar, a forger, and a thief; that he was a model of virtue, probity, and honor—each and all of which incontrovertible facts had been public property and a source of national pride and delight.

After the election, however, the fact that he had had a past at all had ceased to be of any moment whatever. A future—of four years—lay before him, and must be utilized: after that, the Deluge. The opposing party sneered, vilified, and vaunted themselves in the truth of their predictions concerning his incapacity; the non-opposing party advised, lauded, cautioned, mildly discouraged, and in a most human revulsion of feeling showed their unprejudiced frankness by openly condemning on frequent occasions. The head of the nation having appointed an official from among his immediate supporters, there arose a clamor of adverse criticism upon a course which lowered the gifts of his sacred office to the grade of mere payment for value received. Having made a choice from without the circle, he called down upon himself frantic accusations of ingratitude to those to whom he owed all. There lay before him the agreeable alternatives of being a renegade or a monument of bribery and corruption, and if occasionally these alternatives lost for a moment their attractiveness, and the head of the nation gave way to a sense of perplexity, and was guilty of forming in secret a vague wish that the head of the nation was on some other individual's shoulders, or even went to the length of wishing that the head upon his own shoulders was his own property, and not a foot-ball for the vivacious strength of the nation to expend itself upon—if this occurred—though it is by no means likely—it certainly revealed a weakness of character and inadequacy to the situation which the nation could not have failed to condemn. The very reasonable prophecy—made by the party whose candidate had not been elected—that the Government must inevitably go to destruction and the country to perdition had, through some singular over-

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sight on the part of the powers threatened, not been fulfilled. After waiting in breathless suspense for the occurrence of these catastrophes, and finding that they had apparently been postponed until the next election, the Government had drawn a sigh of relief, and the country had gained courage to bestir itself cheerfully, with a view to such perquisites as might be obtained by active effort and a strong sense of general personal worthiness and fitness for any position.

There had descended upon the newly elected ruler an avalanche of seekers for office, a respectable number of whom laid in his hands the future salvation of their souls and bodies and generously left to him the result. He found himself suddenly established as the guardian of the widow, the orphan, and the friendless, and required to repair fortunes or provide them, as the case might be, at a moment's notice; his sympathies were appealed to, his interests, his generosity as an altogether omnipotent power in whose hands all things lay, and whose word was naturally law upon all occasions, great or small; and any failure on his part to respond to the entirely reasonable requests preferred was very properly laid to a tendency to abandoned scheming or to the heartless indifference of the great—which decision disposed of all difficulties in the argument, apart from such trivial ones as were left to the portion of the delinquent and were not referred to. Being called upon in his selection of his cabinet to display the judgment of Solomon, the diplomacy of Talleyrand, and the daring of Napoleon, and above all to combine like powers in each official chosen, he might have faltered but for the assistance proffered him from all sides. This, and the fact that there was no lack of the qualifications required, supported him. Each day some monument of said qualifications, and others too numerous to mention, was presented to his notice. To propitiate the South it was suggested that he should appoint A—; to secure the North, B—; to control the East, C—; to sweep the West, D—; and to unite the country, E—. Circumstances having finally led him to decide upon G—, the Government appeared to be in jeopardy again, but—possibly through having made use of its numerous opportunities of indulging in acrobatic efforts in the direction of losing its balance and regaining it again in an almost incredible manner—it recovered from the shock and even retained its equilibrium upon finding itself in the end saddled with a cabinet whose selection was universally acknowledged to be a failure when it was not denounced as a crime.

On this particular New Year's day, there

were few traces on the social surface of the disasters which so short a time before had threatened to engulf all. Washington wore an aspect even gayier than usual. The presidential reception began the day in its most imposing manner. Lines of carriages thronged the drive before the White House, and the diplomatists, statesmen, officials, and glittering beings in naval and military uniform who descended from them were possibly cheered and encouraged by the comments of the lookers-on, who knew them and their glories and their short-comings by heart. The comments were not specially loud, however. That which in an English crowd takes the form of amiable or unamiable clamor, in an American gathering of a like order resolves itself into a serene readiness of remark, which exalts or disposes of a dignitary with equal impartiality, and an ingenuous fearlessness of any consequence whatever, which would seem to argue that all men are born free and some equal, though the last depends entirely upon circumstances. Each vehicle, having drawn up, deposited upon the stone steps of the broad portico a more or less picturesque or interesting personage. Now it was the starred and ribboned representative of some European court; again, a calm-visaged Japanese or Chinese official, in all the splendor of flowing robes and brilliant color; and again a man in citizen's clothes, whose unimposing figure represented such political eminence as to create more stir among the lookers-on than all the rest. Among equipages, there drove up at length a rather elegant little *coupe*, from which, when its door was opened, there sprang lightly to the stone steps the graceful figure of a young man, followed by an elder one. The young fellow, who was talking with much animation, turned an exhilaratingly bright face upon the crowd about him.

"On the whole, I rather like it," he said.

"Oh!" responded his companion, "as to that, you like everything. I never saw such a fellow."

The younger man laughed quite joyously.

"There is a great deal of truth in that," he said, "and I don't suppose you will deny that it is an advantage."

"An advantage!" repeated the other. "By Jupiter, I should think it was an advantage! Now, how long do you think this fellow will keep us waiting when we want him?"

"Oh," was the answer, "he is Mrs. Amory's coachman, you know, and there isn't a doubt that he has had excellent training. She isn't fond of waiting."

"No," said the other, with a peculiar smile. "I should fancy she wasn't. Well, I guess we'll go in."

They turned to do so, and found themselves near a tall man in uniform, who almost immediately turned also and revealed the soldierly visage of Colonel Tredennis.

He made a quick movement forward, which seemed to express some surprise.

"What, Amory!" he exclaimed. "You here, too? I was not at all sure that you had returned."

"I am scarcely sure myself yet," answered Richard, as he shook hands. "It only happened last night, but Bertha has been home a week. Is it possible you haven't seen her?"

"I have not seen anybody lately," said Tredennis, "and I did not know that she had returned until I read her name in the list of those who would receive."

"Oh, of course she will receive," said Richard. "And Planefteld and I—you have met Senator Planefteld?"

"How do you do?" said Senator Planefteld, without any special manifestation of delight.

Tredennis bowed, and Richard went on airily, as they made their way in:

"Planefteld and I have been sent out to do duty, and our list extends from Capitol Hill to Georgetown Heights."

"And he," said Senator Planefteld, "professes to enjoy the prospect."

"Why not?" said Richard. "It is a bright, bracing day, and there is something exhilarating in driving from house to house, to find oneself greeted at each by a roomful of charming women—most of them pretty, some of them brilliant, all of them well dressed and in holiday spirits. It is delightful."

"Do you find it delightful?" inquired Planefteld, turning with some abruptness to Tredennis.

"I am obliged to own that I don't shine in society," answered Tredennis.

He knew there was nothing to resent in the question, but he was conscious of resenting something in the man himself. His big, prosperous-looking body and darkly florid face, with its heavy, handsome outlines and keen, bold eyes, had impressed him unpleasantly from the first, and on each occasion of their meeting the impression seemed to deepen.

"Well, Amory shines," was his response, "and so does Mrs. Amory. We are to drop in and see her shine, as often as we happen to be in the neighborhood through the day."

They had reached the threshold of the reception-room by this time, and Richard, catching the last words, turned and spoke.

"Of course you will be there yourself in the course of the day," he said. "We shall possibly meet you—and, by the bye, you will see Mrs. Sylvestre. She arrived two days ago."

When they came out again, Richard was in

more buoyant spirits than before. The lighted rooms, the brilliant dresses, the many faces he knew or did not know, the very crush itself, had acted upon him like a fine wine. He issued forth into the light of day again, girded and eager for his day's work.

"There is nothing like Washington," he announced, "and especially nothing like Washington at the beginning of the season. Just at the outset, when one is meeting people for the first time since their return, they actually have the air of being glad to see one, and a man has a delightful evanescent sense of being somehow positively popular."

"Does it make you feel popular?" demanded Planefteld of Tredennis, in his unceremonious fashion.

Tredennis presented to him an entirely immovable front.

"How do you find it?" he inquired.

The man laughed.

"Not as Amory does," he answered.

When the *coupé* appeared and he took his place at Richard's side, he bent forward to bestow on Tredennis, as they drove away, a glance expressive of but little favor.

"I don't like that fellow," he said. "Confound him!"

Richard settled himself in his corner of the carriage, folding his fur-trimmed coat about him quite luxuriously.

"Oh, no. Not confound him," he replied. "He is a delightful fellow—in his way."

"Confound his way, then," responded Planefteld. "There's too much of it."

Richard leaned slightly forward to look at the tall, motionless figure himself, and the faintest possible change passed over his face as he did so.

"He is not exactly a malleable sort of fellow," he remarked, "and I suppose there might arise occasions when he would be a little in the way—but there is no denying that he is picturesque."

"Oh!" exclaimed his companion, with more fervor than grace. "The devil take his picturesqueness!"

In the meantime Colonel Tredennis awaited the arrival of his own carriage, which had fallen back in the line. The surging of the crowd about him, the shouts of the policemen as they called up the vehicles, the rolling of vehicles and opening and shutting of doors, united themselves in an uproar which seemed to afford him a kind of seclusion. The subject of his thoughts as he stood in the midst of the throng was not a new one; it was one from whose presence he had ceased to expect to free himself; but as the information in the morning paper had accelerated the pulse of emotion in him,

so his brief interview with Richard Amory had quickened it again. Since the day when he had left her in Virginia, five months before, he had not seen Bertha at all, and had only heard from her directly once. She had been at Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, and afterward visiting friends in the Northern cities. After his return from the West, Richard had frequently been with her, and their letters to the professor had informed him that they were well and were involved in a round of gayeties.

How the time had passed for Tredennis he could not himself have told. When he had returned to Washington, he had lived and moved as a man in a dream. The familiar streets and buildings wore an unfamiliar look. It was a relief to find the places more deserted than before; his chief desire was to be, if possible, entirely alone. In the first vivid freshness of his impressions it seemed incredible that the days he had been living through had come to an end, and that absolutely nothing remained but the strange memory of them. At times it appeared that something must happen—some impossible thing which would give reality to the past and motive to the future. If in any of his nightly walks before the closed and silent house he had suddenly seen that the shutters were opened and lights were shining within—if Bertha herself had, without warning, stood at the window and smiled upon him, he would have felt it at first only natural, even though he knew she was hundreds of miles away.

This for a few weeks, and then his exaltation died a gradual death for want of sustenance, and there remained only the long, sultry days to be lived through and their work to be done. They were lived through and their work was not neglected, but there was no one of them which dragged its slow length by without leaving marks upon him which neither time nor change could erase in any future that might come.

"Five months," he said, as he waited with the clamor about him, "is longer than it seems—it is longer."

And Miss Jessup, passing him at the moment and looking up, found herself so utterly at a loss for an adjective adequate to the description of his expression, that her own bright and alert little countenance fell, and existence temporarily palled upon her.

It was late in the day when he reached the Amorys. When he drove up several carriages stood before the door, one of them Bertha's own, from which Richard and Planefield had just descended. Two or three men were going into the house, and one or two were leaving it. Through the open door was to be seen the lighted hall and glimpses of bright

rooms beyond, from which came the sound of voices, laughter, and the clink of glass.

Richard entered the house with Tredennis, and flung off his rather sumptuous outer garment with a laugh of relief.

"We have made fifty calls so far," he said, "and have enjoyed them enormously. What have you accomplished?"

"Not fifty, by any means," Tredennis answered, and then the man-servant took his coat, and they went into the parlors.

They seemed to be full of men—young men, middle-aged men, old men; even a half-grown boy or two had timidously presented themselves, with large hopes of finding dazzling entertainment in the convivialities of the day. The shutters were closed and the rooms brilliantly alight; there were flowers in every available corner, and three or four charmingly dressed women, each forming a bright central figure in a group of black coats, gave themselves to their task of entertainment with delightful animation.

For a moment Tredennis stood still. He did not see Bertha at once, though he fancied he heard her voice in the room adjoining, where through the half-drawn *portières* were to be seen men standing, with coffee-cups, wine-glasses, or little plates in their hands, about a table bright with flowers, fruits, and all the usual glittering appurtenances. The next instant, amid a fresh burst of laughter, which she seemed to leave behind her, she appeared upon the threshold.

As she paused a second between the heavy curtains, Tredennis thought suddenly of a brilliant tropical bird he had once seen somewhere, and the fancy had scarcely formed itself in his mind before she recognized him and came forward.

He had never seen her so brilliantly dressed before. The wonderful combination of rich and soft reds in her costume, the flash of the little jeweled bands clasped close about her bare throat and arms, their pendants trembling and glowing in the light, the color on her cheeks, the look in her eyes, had a curiously bewildering effect upon him. When she gave him her hand he scarcely knew what to do with it, and could only wait for her to speak. And she spoke as if they had parted only an hour ago.

"At last," she said. "And it was very nice in you to leave me until the last, because now I know you will not feel obliged to go away so soon." And she withdrew her hand and opened her fan, and stood smiling up at him over its plumed border. "You see," she said, "that we have returned to our native atmosphere and may begin to breathe freely. Now we are real creatures again."

"Are we?" he answered. "Is that it?" and he glanced over the crowd, and then came back to her and looked her over from the glittering buckle on her slipper to the scintillating arrow in her hair. "I suppose we have," he added. "I begin to realize it."

"If you need anything to assist you to realize it," she said, "cast your eye upon Mr. Arbuthnot and I think you will find him sufficient; for me, everything crystallized itself and all my doubts disappeared the moment I saw his opera hat, and heard his first remark about the weather. It is a very fine day," she added, with a serene air of originality, "a little cold, but fine and clear. Delightful weather for those of you who are making calls. It has often struck me that it must be unpleasant to undertake so much when the weather is against you. It is colder to-day than it was yesterday, but it will be likely to be warmer to-morrow. It is to be hoped that we shall have an agreeable winter."

"You might," he said, looking at her over the top of her fan, "induce them to mention it in the churches."

"That," she answered, "is the inspiration of true genius, and it shall be attended to at once, or—here is Senator Plane-field: perhaps he might accomplish something by means of a bill?"

The Senator joined them in his usual manner, which was not always an engaging manner, and was at times a little suggestive of a disposition to appropriate the community, and was also a somewhat loud-voiced manner, and florid in its decorative style. It was, on the whole, less engaging than usual upon the present occasion. The fact that he was for some reason not entirely at ease expressed itself in his appearing to be very wonderfully at ease; indeed, metaphorically speaking, he appeared to have his hands in his pockets.

"A bill!" he said. "You have the floor, and I stand ready to second any motion you choose to make. I think we might put it through together. What can we do for you?"

"We want an appropriation," Bertha answered, "an appropriation of fine weather, which will enable Colonel Tredennis to be as giddy a butterfly of fashion as his natural inclination would lead him to desire to be."

Plane-field glanced at Tredennis with a suggestion of grudging the momentary attention.

"Is *he* a butterfly of fashion?" he asked.

"What!" exclaimed Bertha, "is it possible that you have not detected it? It is the fatal flaw upon his almost perfect character. Can

it be that you have been taking him seriously, and mistakenly imagining that it was Mr. Arbuthnot who was frivolous?"

"Arbuthnot!" repeated the Senator. "Which is Arbuthnot? How is a man to tell one from the other? There are too many of them!"

"What an agreeable way of saying that Colonel Tredennis is a host in himself!" said Bertha. "But I have certainly not found that there were too many of him, and I assure you that you would know Mr. Arbuthnot from the other after you had exchanged remarks with him. He has just been beguiled into the next room by Mrs. Sylvestre, who is going to give him some coffee."

"Mrs. Sylvestre," said Tredennis. "Richard told me she was with you, and I was wondering why I did not see her."

"You did not see her," said Bertha, "because I wished her to dawn upon you slowly, and having that end in view, I arranged that Mr. Arbuthnot should occupy her attention when I saw you enter."

"He couldn't stand it all at once, could he?" remarked Plane-field, whose manner of giving *her* his attention was certainly not grudging. He kept his eyes fixed on her face, and apparently found entertainment in her most trivial speech.

"It was not that, exactly," she answered. Then she spoke to Tredennis.

"She is ten times as beautiful as she was," she said, "and it would not be possible to calculate how many times more charming."

"That was not necessary," responded Tredennis.

He could not remove his own eyes from her face, even while he was resenting the fact that Plane-field looked at her; he himself watched her every movement and change of expression.

"It was entirely unnecessary," she returned, "but it is the truth."

"You are trying to prejudice him against her," said Plane-field.

"She is my ideal of all that a beautiful woman ought to be," she replied, "and I should like to form myself upon her."

"Oh, we don't want any of that," put in Plane-field. "You are good enough for us."

She turned her attention to him. Her eyes met his with the most ingenuous candor, and yet the little smile in them was too steady not to carry suggestion with it.

"Quite?" she said.

"Yes, quite," he answered—not so entirely at ease as before.

Her little smile did not waver in the least.

"Do you know," she said, "it seems almost incredible, but I will try to believe it.

Now," she said to Tredennis, "if Senator Plane-field will excuse me for a moment, I will take you into the other room. You shall speak to Mrs. Sylvestre. He has already seen her. Will you come?"

"I shall be very glad," he answered. He followed as she led him to the adjoining room. On its threshold she paused an instant.

"Exactly as I expected," she said. "She is listening to Mr. Arbuthnot."

Mr. Arbuthnot was standing at the end of the low mantel. He held a cup of coffee in his hand, but had apparently forgotten it in giving his attention to his very charming companion. This companion was of course Mrs. Sylvestre herself. Tredennis recognized her clear, faintly tinted face and light, willowy figure at once. She wore a dress of black lace with purple passion-flowers, and she was looking at Arbuthnot with reflective eyes almost the color of the flowers. She did not seem to be talking herself, but she was listening beautifully with a graceful receptive attention. Arbuthnot evidently felt it, and was improving his shining hour with a sense of enjoyment tempered by no lack of ability to avail himself of its fleeting pleasure.

It is possible, however, that his rapture at seeing Tredennis may have been tempered by the natural weakness of man, but he bore himself with his usual unperturbed equanimity.

"There," he remarked to Mrs. Sylvestre, "is the most objectionable creature in Washington."

"Objectionable!" Mrs. Sylvestre repeated. "Bertha is bringing him here."

"Yes," responded Arbuthnot, "that is the objection to him, and it leaves him without a redeeming quality."

Mrs. Sylvestre gave him a charmingly interested glance and the next instant made a slight movement forward.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "it is Colonel Tredennis!" and she held out her hand with the most graceful gesture of welcome imaginable.

"It is very good of you to remember me," Tredennis said.

"It was not difficult," she answered, with a smile. And they fell, in the most natural manner, a step apart from the others, and she stood and looked at him as he spoke just as she had looked at Arbuthnot a moment before. Arbuthnot began to give mild attention to his coffee.

"It is quite cold," he said to Bertha. "Will you give me another cup?"

"Yes," she answered, and took it from his hand to carry it to the table. He followed her, and stood at her side as she poured the fresh cup out.

"It is my impression," he said, with serene illiberality, "that she did not remember him at all."

"Yes, she did," Bertha replied. "She remembers everybody. That is one of her gifts. She has a great many gifts."

"I did not place implicit confidence in her intimation that she remembered me," he proceeded, still serenely. "I liked the statement, and saw the good taste of it, and the excellent reasons for its being true, but I managed to restrain the naïve impulses of a trusting nature. And it doesn't strike me as being so entirely plausible that she should have remembered Tredennis."

He paused suddenly and looked at Bertha's hand, in which she held the sugar-tongs and a lump of sugar.

"Will you have one lump or two?" she asked.

Then he looked from her hand to her face. Her hand was trembling and her face was entirely without color. The look of strained steadiness in her uplifted eyes was a shock to him. It seemed to him that any one who chanced to glance at her must see it.

"You have been standing too long," he said. "You have tired yourself out again."

He took the cup of coffee from her.

"It is too late for you to expect many calls now," he said, "and if any one comes you can easily be found in the conservatory. I am going to take you there, and let you sit down for a few seconds at least."

He gave her his arm and carried the cup of coffee with him.

"You will have to drink this yourself," he said. "Have you eaten anything to-day?"

"No," she replied.

"I thought not. And then you are surprised to find your hand trembling. Don't you see what utter nonsense it is?"

"Yes."

He stepped with her into the tiny conservatory at the end of the room, and gave her a seat behind a substantial palm on a red stand. His eyes never left her face, though he went on talking in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"Drink that coffee," he said, "and then I will bring you a glass of wine and a sandwich."

She put out her hand as if to take the cup, but it fell shaking upon her lap.

"I can't," she said.

"You must," he replied.

The inflexibility of his manner affected her, as he had known it would. When he sat down in the low seat at her side and held out the cup, she took it.

"Go and get the wine," she said, without looking at him.

He went at once, neither speaking nor glancing back at her. He was glad of the opportunity of turning his face away from her, since he felt that, in spite of his determination, it was losing something of its expressionless calm.

When he entered the room Mrs. Sylvestre still stood where he had left her. It was she who was speaking now, and Tredennis who was listening, looking down upon her with an expression of much interest.

When he had procured a glass of wine and a sandwich, Arbuthnot went to her.

"I have secreted Mrs. Amory in the conservatory," he said, "with a view of inducing her to take something in the form of sustenance. I can produce her at a moment's notice if she is needed."

"That was consideration," she replied.

"It was humanity," he answered, and went away.

Bertha had finished the coffee when he returned to her. The blanched look had left her, and her voice, when she spoke, sounded more natural and steady.

"It did me good," she said, and this time she looked at him, and there was something in her uplifted eyes which touched him.

"I knew it would," he answered.

"You always know," she said. "There is no one who knows so well what is good for me;" and she said it with great gentleness.

He took refuge from himself, as he sometimes found it discreet to do, in his usual air of lightness.

"I am all soul myself," he remarked, "as you may have observed, and I understand the temptation to scorn earthly food and endeavor to subsist wholly upon the plaudits of the multitude. You will, perhaps, permit me to remark that though the new gown"—with an approving glance at it—"is an immense and unqualified success, I doubt its power to sustain nature during the six or eight hours of a New Year's reception."

Bertha glanced down at it herself.

"Do you think it is pretty?" she asked.

"I shouldn't call it pretty," he replied. "I should call it something more impressive."

She still looked at it.

"It is a flaring thing," she said.

"No, it isn't," he returned, promptly. "Not in the least. You might call it brilliant—if you insist on an adjective. It is a brilliant thing, and it is not like you in the least."

She turned toward him.

"No," she said, "it isn't like me in the least."

"It looks," remarked Arbuthnot, giving it some lightly critical attention, "as if you had taken a new departure."

"That is it exactly," she returned. "You always say the right thing. I have taken a new departure."

"Might I ask in what direction?" he inquired.

"Yes," she responded. "I will tell you, as a fair warning. I am going to be a dazzling and worldly creature."

"You are?" he said. "Now that is entirely sensible, though I should scarcely call it a new departure. You know you tried it last winter, with the most satisfying results. When Lent came on you had lost several pounds in weight and all your color, you had refined existence until neither rest nor food appeared necessary to you, and the future was naturally full of promise. Be gay by all means; you'll find it pay, I assure you. Go to a lunch-party at one, and a reception at four, a dinner in the evening, and drop in at a German or so on your way home, taking precautions at the same time against neglecting your calling list in the intervals these slight recreations allow you. Oh, I should certainly advise you to be gay."

"Laurence," she said, "do you think that if one should do that *every day, every day*, and give oneself *no* rest, that after a while it would *kill* one?"

He regarded her fixedly for an instant.

"Do you want to die?" he said at last.

She sat perfectly still, and something terribly like and yet terribly unlike a smile crept slowly into her eyes as they met his. Then she replied, without flinching in the least or moving her gaze:

"No."

He held up a long, slender forefinger, and shook it at her, slowly, in his favorite gesture of warning.

"No," he said, "you don't—but even if you fancied you did, don't flatter yourself that it would happen. Shall I tell you what would occur? You would simply break down. You would lose your self-control and do things you did not wish to do, you would find it a physical impossibility to be equal to the occasion, and you would end by being pale and haggard—haggard, and discovering that your gowns were not becoming to you. How does the thing strike you?"

"It is very brutal," she said, with a little shudder, "but it is true."

"When you make ten remarks that are true," he returned, "nine of them are brutal. That is the charm of life."

"I don't think," she said, with inconsequent resentment, "that you very much mind being brutal to me."

"A few minutes ago you said I knew what was good for you," he responded.

"You do," she said, "that is it, and it is only like me that I should hate you because you do. You must think," with a pathetic tone of appeal for herself in her voice, "that I do not mind being brutal to you, but I don't want to be. I don't want to do any of the things I am doing now."

She picked up the bouquet of Jacqueminot roses she had been carrying and had laid down near her.

"Don't talk about me," she said. "Let us talk about something else—these, for instance. Do you know where they came from?"

"I could scarcely guess."

"Senator Planefteld sent them to me."

He regarded them in silence.

"They match the dress," she said, "and they belong to it."

"Yes," he answered, "they match the dress."

Then he was silent again.

"Well," she said, restlessly, "why don't you say something to me?"

"There isn't anything to say," he replied.

"You are thinking that I am very bad?" she said.

"You are trying to persuade yourself that you are very bad, and are finding a fictitious excitement in it, but it is all a mistake. It won't prove the consolation you expect it to," he answered. "Suppose you give it up before it gives rise to complications."

"We are talking of Bertha Amory again," she said. "Let us talk about Agnes Sylvestre. Don't you find her very beautiful?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Why don't you say more than 'yes'?" she asked. "You mean more."

"I couldn't mean more," he answered. "I should think it was enough to mean that much—there are even circumstances under which it might be too much."

"She is lovelier than she used to be," said Bertha, reflectively. "And more fascinating."

"Yes to that also," he responded.

"Any one might love her," she went on in the same tone. "Any one."

"I should think so," he replied, quietly.

"I do not see how it would be possible," she added, "for any one—who was thrown with her—to resist her—unless it was some one like you."

She turned a faint smile upon him.

"I am glad," she said, "that you are not susceptible."

"So am I," he said, with some dryness.

"If you were susceptible you would go too," she ended. "And I don't want every one to leave me."

"Every one?" he repeated.

She rose as if to go, giving a light touch to the folds of her dress, and still smiling a little.

"Colonel Tredennis has fallen a victim," she said, "in the most natural and proper manner. I knew he would, and he has distinguished himself by at once carrying out my plans for him. Now we must go back to the parlors. I have rested long enough."

They returned just in time to meet a fresh party of callers, and Arbuthnot was of necessity thrown for the time being upon his own resources. These did not fail him. He found entertainment in his surroundings, until a certain opportunity he had rather desired presented itself to him. He observed that Mrs. Sylvestre was once more near him, and that the men occupying her attention were on the point of taking their leave. By the time they had done so he had dexterously brought to a close his conversation with his male companion, and had unobtrusively forwarded himself, in an entirely incidental manner, as an aspirant for her notice.

She received him with a quiet suggestion of pleasure in her smile.

"Have you enjoyed the day?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I am almost sorry that it is so nearly over. It has been very agreeable."

Then he found her eyes resting upon him in the quiet and rather incomprehensible way which Bertha had counted among her chiefest charms.

"Have you enjoyed it?" she inquired.

"If I had not," he said, "I should feel rather like a defeated candidate. One may always enjoy things if one applies oneself."

She seemed to reflect upon him an instant again.

"You see a great deal of Bertha?" she said.

"Yes, a great deal. Would you mind telling me why you ask?"

"Because that remark was so entirely like her," she replied.

"Well," he returned, "there is no denying that I have formed myself upon her, and though the fact reveals me in all my shallow imitative weakness, I can offer the apology that the means justifies the end. Upon the whole, I am glad to be detected, as it points to a measure of success in the attempt."

"But," she went on, "she tells me that she has formed herself upon you."

"Ah," he said; "she meant you to repeat it to me—her design being to betray me into a display of intoxicated vanity."

"She is very fond of you," she remarked.

"I am very fond of her," he answered, quickly—and then relapsing into his usual

manner—"though that is not a qualification sufficiently rare to distinguish me."

"No," she said, "it is not."

Then she gave Bertha one of the glances.

"It was very thoughtful in you to take her into the conservatory," she said. "I was startled to see how pale she looked as you left the room."

"She is not strong," he said, "and she insists on ignoring the fact."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "that was what struck me when we met for the first time in the autumn—that she was not strong. She used to be strong."

"If she would accept the fact she would get over it," he said, "but she won't."

"I met her first at Newport," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "just after Janey's illness. For a day or so I felt that I did not know her at all; but in course of time I got over the feeling—or she changed—I scarcely know which. I suppose the strain during the little girl's illness had been very severe?"

"There is no doubt of that," said Arbuthnot; "and her anxiety had been much exaggerated."

"I shall see a great deal of her this winter," she returned, "and perhaps I may persuade her to take care of herself."

He spoke with a touch of eager seriousness in his manner.

"I wish you would," he said. "It is what she needs that some woman should call her attention to the mistake she is making."

"I will try to do it," she responded, gently. "I am fond of her too."

"And you intend remaining in Washington?" he asked.

"Yes. I have had no plans for three years. When first it dawned on me that it would interest me to make plans again, I thought of Washington. I have found a house in Lafayette Square, and I think I shall be established in it, with the assistance of my aunt, who is to live with me, in about three weeks."

"That sounds very agreeable," he remarked.

"I shall hope to make it sufficiently so," she said. "Will you come sometimes to see if my efforts are successful?"

"If you knew how unworthy I am," he responded, "even my abject gratitude for your kindness would not repay you for it."

"Are you so very unworthy?" she was beginning, when her eye appeared to be caught by some object at the other side of the room.

It was not a particularly interesting object. It was merely the figure of an unprepossessing boy, whose provincial homeliness was rendered doubly impressive by his frightful embarrassment. He had arrived a few mo-

ments before with two more finished youths, whose mother Bertha knew, and having been basely deserted by them at the outset had stranded upon the treacherous shores of inexperience as soon as he had shaken hands.

Mrs. Sylvestre's beautiful eyes dwelt upon him a moment with sympathy and interest.

"Will you excuse me," she said to Arbuthnot, "if I go and talk to that boy? Bertha is too busy to attend to him, and he seems to know no one."

Arbuthnot gave the boy a glance. He would not have regretted any comparatively harmless incident which would have removed him, but his own very naturally ignoble desire not to appear to a disadvantage restrained the impulse prompting a derisive remark. And while he objected to the boy in his most pronounced manner, he did not object in the least to what he was clever enough to see in his companion's words and the ready sympathy they expressed. Indeed, there was a side of him which derived definite pleasure from it.

"I will excuse you," he answered; "but I need you more than the boy does, and I cannot help believing I am more worthy of you—though, of course, I only use the word in its relative sense. As I remarked before, I am unworthy, but as compared to the boy——! He is a frightful boy," he added, seeming to take him in more fully, "but I daresay his crimes are unpremeditated. Let me go with you and find out if I know his mother. I frequently know their mothers."

"If you do know his mother, I am sure it will be a great relief to him, and it will assist me," said Mrs. Sylvestre.

They crossed the room together, and, seeing them approach, the boy blushed vermilion and moved uneasily from one foot to the other. Gradually, however, his aspect changed a little. Here were rather attractive worldlings whose bearing expressed no consciousness whatever of his crime of boyhood. He met Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes and blushed less; he glanced furtively at Arbuthnot, and suddenly forgot his hands and became almost unconscious of his legs.

"I have been asking Mrs. Sylvestre," said Arbuthnot, with civil mendacity, "if you did not come with the Bartletts. I thought I saw you come in together."

"Yes," responded the boy. "I am a cousin of theirs."

"Then I have heard them speak of you," Arbuthnot returned. "And I think I had the pleasure of meeting your sister several times last winter—Miss Hemingway?"

"Yes," said the boy, "she was here on a visit."

In two minutes he found himself convers-

ing almost fluently, and it was Arbuthnot who was his inspiration equally with Mrs. Sylvestre. He was a modest and inoffensive youth, and overestimated the brilliance of the scenes surrounding him, and the gifts and charms of his new-found friends, with all the ardor of his tender years. To him, Arbuthnot's pale, well-bred face and simple, immaculate attire represented luxury, fashion, and the whirling vortex of society. The kindly imagination of simplicity bestowed upon him an unlimited income and an exalted position in the diplomatic corps at least—his ease of manner and readiness of speech seeming gifts only possible of attainment through familiarity with foreign courts and effete civilizations. When he was asked how he liked Washington, if he intended to spend the season with his relations, if he had made many calls, and if the day did not seem to be an unusually gay one, he accomplished the feat of answering each question, even adding an original remark or so of his own. The conversation seemed to assume a tone of almost feverish brilliancy in view of the social atmosphere surrounding these queries. When he was led into the adjoining room to partake of refreshments, he ate his lobster-salad with an honest young appetite, much aided by the fact that Mrs. Sylvestre gave him his coffee, and, taking a cup herself, sat down by him on a sofa. As he watched her, Arbuthnot was thinking her manner very soft and pretty, and inspired by it his own became all that could be desired in the way of dexterity and tact. As he exercised himself in his entertainment, his first objections to the boy gradually vanished; he plied him with refreshments, and encouraged him to renewed conversational effort, deriving finally some satisfaction from finding himself able to bring to bear upon him with successful results his neatly arranged and classified social gifts. When the young Bartletts—who had been enjoying themselves immensely in the next room—suddenly remembered their charge and came in search of him, their frank countenances expressed some surprise at the position they found him occupying. He was relating with some spirit the story of a boat-race, and Mrs. Sylvestre, who sat at his side, was listening with the most perfect air of attention and pleasure, while Arbuthnot stood near, apparently bent upon losing nothing of the history. He ended the story with some natural precipitation and rose to go, a trifle of his embarrassment returning as he found himself once more, as it were, exposed to the glare of day. He was not quite sure what conventionality demanded of him in the way of adieus, but

when Mrs. Sylvestre relieved him by extending her hand, nature got the better of him, and he seized it with ardor.

"I've had a splendid time," he said, blushing. "This is the nicest reception I've been to yet. The house is so pretty and—and everything. I was thinking I shouldn't go anywhere else, but I believe I shall now."

When he shook hands with Arbuthnot he regarded him with admiration and awe.

"I'm much obliged to you," he said, his vague sense of indebtedness taking form. "If you ever come to Whippleville I'm sure my father would like to—to see you."

And he retired with his young relatives, blushing still, and occasionally treading on their feet, but his modesty, notwithstanding, bearing with him an inoffensive air of self-respect, which would be more than likely to last him through the day, and perhaps a little beyond it.

Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes met Arbuthnot's when he was gone.

"You were *very* kind to him," she said.

"I am obliged to confess," he replied, "that it was nothing but the low promptings of vanity which inspired me. It dawned upon me that he was impressed by my superior ease and elegance, and I seized the opportunity of exhibiting them."

"You knew just what to say to him," she added.

"That," he replied, "was entirely owing to the fact that I was a boy myself in the early part of the last century."

"He was an appreciative boy," she said, "and a grateful one, but I am sure I could not have made him comfortable if you had not been so kind."

And she once again bestowed upon him the subtle flattery of appearing to lose herself an instant in reflection upon him.

There were no more callers after this. Later on an unconventional little dinner was served, during which Mrs. Sylvestre was placed between Arbuthnot and Tredennis, Plane-field loomed up massive and florid at Bertha's side, and Richard devoted himself with delightful ardor to discussing French politics with the young woman who fell to his share.

This young woman, whose attire was perfect and whose manner was admirable, and who was furthermore endowed with a piquant, irregular face and a captivating voice, had attracted Tredennis's attention early in the evening. She had been talking to Richard when he had seen her first, and she had been talking to Richard at intervals ever since, and evidently talking very well.

"I don't know your friend," he said to

Bertha, after dinner, "and I did not hear her name when I was presented."

"Then you have hitherto lived in vain," said Bertha, glancing at her. "That is what Richard would tell you. Her name is Helen Varien."

"It is a very pretty name," remarked Tredennis.

"Ah!" said Bertha. "You certainly might trust her not to have an ugly one. She has attained that state of finish in the matter of her appendages which insures her being invariably to be relied on. I think she must even have invented her relatives—or have ordered them, giving *carte blanche*."

She watched her a moment with a smile of interest.

"Do you see how her sleeves fit?" she asked. "It was her sleeves which first attracted my attention. I saw them at a lunch in New York, and they gave me new theories of life. When a woman can accomplish sleeves like those, society need ask nothing further of her."

Tredennis glanced down at her own.

"Have you accomplished——" he suggested.

"In moments of rashness and folly," she answered, "I have occasionally been betrayed into being proud of my sleeves, but now I realize that the feeling was simply impious."

He waited with grim patience until she had finished, and then turned his back upon Miss Varien's sleeves.

"Will you tell me about Janey?" he said.

"When last I saw her, which was this morning," she replied, "she was as well as usual, and so were the others. Now I have no doubt they are all in bed."

"May I come and see them to-morrow or the day after?"

"Yes," she answered. "And at any time. I hope you will come often. Mrs. Sylvestre will be with me until her house is ready for her, and, as I said before, I wish you to know her well."

"I shall feel it a great privilege," he responded.

She leaned back a little in her chair, and regarded her with an expression of interest even greater than she had been aroused to by the contemplation of Miss Varien's sleeves.

"Have you fond out yet," she inquired, "what her greatest charm is?"

"Is it by any chance a matter of sleeves?" he asked—and he made the suggestion stolidly.

"No," she answered, "it is not sleeves. One's difficulty is to decide *what* it is. A week ago, I thought it was her voice. Yesterday I was sure it was her eyelashes and the

soft shadow they make about her eyes. About an hour ago, I was convinced it was her smile, and now I think it must be her power of fixing her attention upon you. See how it flatters Mr. Arbuthnot, and how, though he is conscious of his weakness, he succumbs to it. It will be very pleasant occupation during the winter to watch his struggles."

"Will he struggle?" said Tredennis, still immovably. "I don't think I would in his place."

"Oh, no," she answered. "You mustn't struggle."

"I will not," he returned.

She went on with a smile, as if he had spoken in the most responsive manner possible.

"Mr. Arbuthnot's struggles will not be of the usual order," she remarked. "He will not be struggling with his emotions, but with his vanity. He knows that she will not fall in love with him, and he has no intention of falling in love with her. He knows better—and he does not like affairs. But he will find that she is able to do things which will flatter him, and that it will require all his self-control to refrain from displaying his masculine delight in himself and the good-fortune which he has the secret anguish of knowing does not depend upon his merits. And his struggles at a decently composed demeanor, entirely untinged by weak demonstrations of pleasure or consciousness of himself, will be a very edifying spectacle."

She turned her glance from Arbuthnot and Mrs. Sylvestre, whom she had been watching as she spoke, and looked up at Tredennis. She did so because he had made a rather sudden movement, and placed himself immediately before her.

"Bertha," he said, "I am going away."

Her Jacqueminot roses had been lying upon her lap. She picked them up before she answered him.

"You have made too many calls," she said.

"You are tired."

"I have not made too many calls," he replied, "but I am tired. I am tired of this."

"I was afraid you were," she said, and kept her eyes fixed upon the roses.

"You were very fair to me," he said, "and you gave me warning. I told you I should not profit by it, and I did not. I don't know what I expected when I came here to-day, but it was not exactly this. You are too agile for me; I cannot keep up with you."

"You are not modern," she said. "You must learn to adjust yourself rapidly to changes of mental attitude."

"No, I am not modern," he returned; "and I am always behindhand. I do not

enjoy myself when you tell me it is a fine day, and that it was colder yesterday, and will be warmer to-morrow, and I am at a loss when you analyze Mr. Arbuthnot's struggles with his vanity."

"I am not serious enough," she interrupted. "You would prefer that I should be more serious."

"It would avail me but little to tell you what I should prefer," he said, obstinately. "I will tell you a simple thing before I go—all this counts for nothing."

She moved slightly.

"All this," she repeated, "counts for nothing."

"For nothing," he repeated. "You cannot change me. I told you that. You may give me some sharp wounds—I know you won't spare those—and because I am only a man I shall show that I smart under them, but they will not move me otherwise. Be as frivolous as you like, mock at everything human if you choose, but don't expect me to believe you."

She put the flowers to her face and held them there a second.

"The one thing I should warn you against," she said, "would be against believing me. I don't make the mistake of believing myself."

She put the flowers down.

"You think I am trying to deceive you," she said. "There would have to be a reason for my doing it. What should you think would be the reason?"

"So help me God!" he answered, "I don't know."

"Neither do I," she said.

Then she glanced about her over the room—at Planefield, rather restively professing to occupy himself with a pretty girl—at Miss Varien, turned a trifle sidewise in her large chair so that her beautiful sleeve was displayed to the most perfect advantage, and her vivacious face was a little uplifted as she spoke to Richard, who leaned on the high back of her seat—at Arbuthnot, talking to Agnes Sylvestre, and plainly at no loss for words—

at the lights and flowers and ornamented tables seen through the *portières*—and then she spoke again.

"I tell you," she said, "it is *this* that is real—*this*. The other was only a kind of dream."

She made a sudden movement and sat upright on her chair, as if she meant to shake herself free from something.

"There was no other," she said. "It wasn't even a dream. There never was anything but this."

She left her chair and stood up before him, smiling.

"The sky was not blue," she said, "nor the hills purple; there were no chestnut trees, and no carnations. Let us go and sit with the rest, and listen to Mr. Arbuthnot and admire Miss Varien's sleeves."

But he stood perfectly still.

"I told you I was going away," he said, "and I am going. To-morrow I shall come and see the children—unless you tell me that you do not wish to see me again."

"I shall not tell you that," she returned, "because it would be at once uncivil and untrue."

"Then I shall come," he said.

"That will be kind of you," she responded, and gave him her hand, and after he had made his bow over it, and his adieus to the rest of the company, he left them.

Bertha crossed the room and stood near the fire, putting one foot on the fender, and shivering a little.

"Are you cold?" asked Miss Varien.

"Yes—no," she answered. "If I did not know better, I should think I was."

"Allow me," said Miss Varien, "to make the cheerful suggestion that that sounds quite like malaria."

"Thank you," said Bertha; "that seems plausible, and I don't rebel against it. It has an air of dealing with glittering generalities, and yet it seems to decide matters for one. We will call it malaria."

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER SONG.

GAY little birds, trill out to the morning,
And make the new day with your sweet matins ring!
Oh, quivering dew-drops, do ye twinkle a warning?
My wild pulses throb—the little birds sing.

Oh, heart, my glad heart!

Oh, heart, my mad heart!

What laughs in the sunlight that gilds the hills over,
And hides by the brook where the long grasses shake?
Listen, wild winds! 'Tis the name of my lover!
Hush! Whisper it softly, or my full heart must break!

M.

EMERSON'S PERSONALITY.

THE death of Emerson rounds into a perfect orb one of those radiant lives scattered at wide intervals through history, which become the fixed stars of humanity. A youth of purest, fiery aspiration, a manhood devoted to the eloquent exposition in word and act of moral truths, an old age of serene benevolence—in his case the traditional fourscore years allotted to our kind were literally passed upon the heights, in daily familiarity with ideas and emotions which are generally associated only with moments of exaltation. His uncompromising devotion to Truth never hardened into dogmatism, his audacious rejection of all formalism never soured into intolerance, his hatred of sham never degenerated into a lip-protest and a literary trick, his inflexible moral purpose went hand in hand with unbounded charity. In him the intellectual keenness and profundity of a philosopher, and the imagination of a poet, were combined with that child-like simplicity and almost divine humility which made him the idol of his fellow-townsmen and the easily accessible friend of the ignorant and the poor. No discrepancy exists between his written words and the record of his life. He fought his battle against error and vice, not with the usual weapons of denunciation and invective, but by proclaiming in speech and deed the beauty of truth and virtue. He has founded no school, he has formulated no theory, he has abstained from uttering a single dogma, and yet his moral and intellectual influence has made itself felt as an active and growing power for highest good over the whole breadth of the continent. It is not my purpose to criticise his literary achievement, nor to estimate his value as poet and essayist; I shall simply endeavor to indicate, however inadequately, the genius of his personality.

Probably few American readers are unacquainted, through photograph, portrait, or written description, with Emerson's outward characteristics: the tall, spare figure, crowned by the small head carrying out, with its bird-like delicacy and poise, the aquiline effect of the beaked nose and piercing eyes. But no art can reproduce the luminous transparency, as it were the sun-accustomed gaze, of those unforgettable eagle eyes, nor the benign expression of smiling wisdom which in his old age transfigured his naturally rugged features. This expression revealed something brighter than resignation or even cheerful-

ness: it was the external sign of a spirit that had faced without shrinking the problems of existence, had suffered with the poet's twofold suffering, as keenly through sympathy as through experience—and that none the less found only a pledge of joy in the beauty of life and the promise of death. "That which was ecstasy had become daily bread." His very presence seemed like a benediction to those who saw him pass through the streets and outlying fields of his beloved town. To complete this general sketch of his appearance, it may be added that his coloring was Saxon; the effect of the inward light which tempered the austerity of his vigorously molded countenance was not a little enhanced by the freshness of complexion which he retained almost to the end, by the clear gray-blue of his eyes, and the dry, twinkling humor of his smile. His manner toward strangers, while extremely simple, was marked by an exquisite suavity and dignity which peremptorily, albeit tacitly, prohibited undue familiarity or conventional compliment. Sought after as he was, particularly during recent years, by literary novices who saluted him as master, and pestered, like all prominent persons, by visits and letters from the ordinary notoriety-mongers, he found no occasion to resort to inveterate exclusiveness or repelling harshness. He seemed indeed to hit upon the happy medium between that amiable weakness which has made the approval of some elderly poets considered equivalent to a "brevet of mediocrity," and that impenetrable self-absorption which on the other hand shuts out many great minds in advancing age from sympathy with a rising generation. He never acknowledged the receipt of works sent to him by authors, unless he could offer them encouragement, preferring to disappoint them by his silence rather than by his dispraise. Let me not be understood as implying that his literary judgment was infallible. The strong religious bias of his nature necessarily developed in him certain idiosyncrasies of taste and opinion. For him, Shelley and Poe were distinctly not poets; he had little or no acquaintance with Heine, and I am inclined to think, though of this I have no positive knowledge, that Swinburne's name was similarly absent from his list of singers. On the other hand, in defiance of all æsthetic canons, very inferior as well as obscure writers might be exalted by him to a dizzy eminence,

almost lifted into immortality, by one of his golden sentences, simply because such a writer had struck or tried to strike that note of moral aspiration with which every chord of Emerson's great heart throbbed in unison. And his praise, when he bestowed it, was royal, almost overpowering the recipient by its poetic hyperbole. His friends and correspondents had to make liberal allowance for this splendor of enthusiasm which led him to magnify the merits of others, and for his peculiar eloquence, which adorned them with ideal loveliness, and which flowed as freely in his familiar letters and his serious conversation as in his books and lectures. Within the sharply defined limits fixed by his temperament, he was one of the most searching, discriminating, fresh, and delicate of critics. With his penetrating vision and glowing imagination, he gave us new insight into the genius of Plato, Plutarch, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, Burns, and many others concerning whom the final word seemed long since uttered. He invariably lifted us up to a higher point of observation of the most familiar objects. And in estimating the worth of a new production, his clear judgment (always within the above-mentioned limitations) seemed little less than oracular. On one occasion, only a few years ago, a friend consulted him for advice in regard to the poems of a then unknown writer, who has since won high recognition. The manuscript was read to him in the presence of two or three persons of culture and intelligence; the poems were crude, rugged, and strongly individual. So strange and uncouth did they seem that, when the reader ceased, no one else present had been able to form the vaguest opinion as to their artistic value; but Mr. Emerson himself, without pause or hesitancy, gave utterance to a criticism so incisive and comprehensive as to supply in the briefest compass all the advice and encouragement which the young poet needed at the time. "No discouragement must damp his ardor," concluded Mr. Emerson, "no rebuff be sufficient to quell this impulse which urges him to write. A single voice in his favor should be enough to support him till he attain the mastery of style and taste which shall complete and perfect his gift. Indeed, a single voice is more than I had myself as a beginner," he added with his wise, subtle smile. "My friends used to laugh at my poetry, and tell me I was no poet."

Rigorously as he insisted upon the moral element in art, he was also a passionate admirer of beauty of form. He delighted in that unsurpassable master of form, Petrarch, and set a very high value upon the technical finish

of Tennyson, "some of whose single words," he said, "were poems in themselves." Careful to fastidiousness in his own choice of words, he was a severe arbiter, and could not endure a feeble or inadequate epithet. His poems have been censured for their formlessness, but their peculiarities of structure arise in no instance from negligence, but from an essential lack of lyric spontaneity and an over-weight of thought. Indeed, Emerson, as is evinced by his indifference to Shelley, remained ever deaf to pure lyricism; the frank sensuousness of its appeal to the ear rather than to the soul repelled this austere spirit. Nor, even when it addressed the soul through the ear, could he be easily reached through this medium: music was to him a sealed volume. And yet, nowhere in his published works do I find a more eloquent description of the poet's prerogative than in the following words, which I am fortunately enabled to quote from a private letter, wherein he uses the musician's symbols: "I observe that my poet gains in skill as the poems multiply, and may at last confidently say, I have mastered the obstructions, I have learned the rules, and now every new thought and new emotion shall make the keys eloquent to my own and to every gentle ear. Few know what treasure that conquest brings, what independence and royalty. Grief, passion, disaster are only materials of art, and I see a light under the feet of Fate herself." I take the liberty of enriching my page with yet one more quotation from a letter written by Mr. Emerson: "Books are a safe ground and a long one, but still introductory only, for what we really seek is ever comparison of experiences—to know if you have found therein what alone I prize, or, still better, if you have found what I have never found, and yet is admirable to me also. Books so tyrannize over our solitude that we like to revenge ourselves by making them very secondary, and merely convenient as hints and counters in conversation. Yes, and I hold that we have never reached their best use until our own thought rises to such a pitch that we cannot afford to read much. I own this loftiness is rare, and we must long be thankful to our silent friends before the day comes when we can honestly dismiss them."

These brief extracts, selected almost at random, sufficiently prove, by their characteristic force of expression and nobility of tone, what a treasure-mine will be opened to the world if Mr. Emerson's correspondence be published.

I have never met with any allusion in print to Emerson's gift of elocution, and yet no one who heard him read a stanza of poetry

was likely to forget it. He indulged in no elocutionary tricks, no studied intonations, but his voice took on an added sonority, the verse seemed to flow from his lips with a mingled force and sweetness which thrilled through the listener's every fiber. It was my good fortune to hear him read one evening Mr. Stedman's ballad of "Ossawatomie Brown," which was an especial favorite of his. So powerful was the impression created by the subdued organ-tones, the majesty of his delivery, and the heroic ring with which he narrated the stirring tale and chanted the refrain, that I confess to having been then and since utterly unable to form a critical estimate of the poem itself. Whether it be one of the noblest lays ever sung by man, or a modest and unpretentious ballad, I leave it for unbiased critics to determine; for my part, I am glad to give it the full credit of the magical effect produced by its adequate interpretation.

Of late years, the pretty little village of Concord became, as the home of Emerson, the Mecca of many a reverent pilgrim from all parts of America and even of the Old World. To how many thousand youthful hearts had not his word been the beacon—nay more, the guiding star—that led them safely through periods of mental storm and struggle! For the privilege of pressing his hand, of looking into his eyes, men would travel over leagues of land and sea. And when they came from London or San Francisco, from Berlin or St. Petersburg, what did they find? In a modest home, looking out upon orchard and garden, in the midst of wholesome, natural influences, simple, domestic, obedient to every moral law, they saw him whose

"soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart,"
and yet

"The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The closer one drew to that fount of wisdom and goodness, the clearer and brighter did it

show. Those who only knew him through his books and appreciated his intellectual power, were prone to think of him as "a man forbid," wrapt in philosophic musings, and formidable of access. The first glance at his benevolent face, which, as Hawthorne said, wore "a sun-beam in it," sufficed to set the shyest at their ease. Nothing but falsehood, flippancy, and affectation need have felt abashed in his presence; for his courtesy, gentleness, simplicity, and boundless hospitality made "nothing that was human alien to his sympathy."

Amidst the turmoil and greed of our modern life, this radiant spirit stood erect and shining as a shaft of light shot from the zenith. All his life long he had insisted upon the infinite force of personality, and he himself proved the living embodiment of his theory. With his lofty idealism, he individually outweighed the contrary evidence of whole townful of his fellow-countrymen given up to "the toss and pallor of years of money-making." Had he not the right to say: "In literature, as in life, I believe that the units, or atoms, outvalue the masses"? Let us be thankful that he was not, as some people complain, a man of action. America has never been, and is not likely to be in future, at a loss for men of practical energy, of prompt and decisive deed. But Emerson alone, even if none other comparable to him shall arise again, has conferred upon her the right to smile at the reproach of being absorbed in a rank materialism. Nor is it too much to say that he was the inspirer and sustainer of countless heroes of some of the bravest deeds in our history.

He is the splendid antithesis of all that is mean and blameworthy in our politics and pursuits, for he also is the legitimate outcome of American institutions, and affords an eternal refutation of the fallacy that democracy is fatal to the production and nurture of the highest chivalry, philosophy, and virtue.

Emma Lazarus.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE idea of extent—of great length and breadth,—the idea of large numbers, both of miles and inhabitants; the idea of enormous products; of gigantic mountain ranges; of big trees in immense forests; of endless rivers and unbounded prairies—this idea of extent and quantity is the one most commonly associated with the name of America. Our inventions are myriad; our bridges, our public buildings, our factories, our railroad systems, our charities, are enormous. Our national capital is a "city of magnificent distances." Besides this, we used to have, and we have not yet quite lost, a reputation for loudness of voice and manners, and a spirit of braggadocio based upon the general largeness of all things American.

It is a curious thing that the æsthetic products of America, those even that are considered most individual to the country, and some of those which have had the widest foreign vogue, are characterized rather by their condensation of manner and subtlety of thought and expression, than by that other more obvious American quality of physical force and extent. In America the arts have a strong tendency to refinement and even spirituality. We have had only two or three painters of "big pictures." We have eight or ten painters, at least, whom it would be hard to surpass in any one country of Europe to-day in the rarer qualities of technique. It is in America that wood-engraving has been carried to the highest delicacy of expression, and that the art of making stained glass has reached a delicacy and richness that well nigh equals, and a variety that surpasses, the best epochs of glass-making.

The only thing enormous about American literature is the "great daily" system, which has reached its culmination in our western cities. Longfellow, Lowell (except in his humorous works), and Holmes, are mainly regarded abroad as scholars and citizens of the world. Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bret Harte, names like these, stand preëminently for American literature to the foreign audience; and how intense, condensed, and subtle the art of these writers! Even Whitman, with all his rank virility, writes about, but not for, the populace. Where is there more subtle description of out-of-door nature than in the books of Thoreau and Burroughs? Holmes is regarded by competent foreign critics as the first living English master of the delicate art of what is rather vaguely called *vers de société*. Bret Harte is the American humorist most widely quoted both at home and abroad. The humor of Warner is most refined and elusive. Our later novelists, Howells, James, and Cable, are famed for the delicacy of their observation and style. American

writers have long produced the best "single number" stories; while the English have, until very lately at least, been ahead of us in the production of first-class serial novels. A great danger, indeed, of the tendency of all American art is over-refinement, over-subtlety—resulting sometimes in self-consciousness and pettiness of execution.

Geographically speaking, it would seem as if America should have given birth to Carlyle, with his prodigality of expression, rather than to Emerson with his brevity, reticence, and subtlety of phrase. And yet Emerson is the natural, as well as the finest flower of our new-world life. His thoughts, by their sympathetic national quality, have taken hold of the minds of the thinking part of our vast population, as have the thoughts of no other man. He has inspired our men of action. He has inspired the inspirers,—the ministers of every creed, the school-teachers, the writers.

But other men of thought; other wits (and some, like Bryant, regard Emerson chiefly as a wit), other preachers will arise and do their work in other epochs of the national life. As a prophet and preacher he may be supplanted, temporarily at least. In fact there must always be some living preacher whose message will come to our hearts with peculiar directness and authenticity. The continuance of Emerson's fame and power as an author will depend upon the verdict of posterity as to his art. No one can authoritatively predict what that verdict will be. But it is not presumptuous to discuss the point and to give one's own convictions. It seems to us that Emerson's thoughts, expressed either in prose or verse, are packed tight for a long journey. Especially does this seem clear with regard to his poetry. Harsh and limping as much of his verse may be, there are lines, couplets, stanzas, and whole poems that have about them the flavor of immortality. Hating jingle, he sometimes stumbled into discord,—but for all that there is no poet that has written on this side of the water, who has produced so many lines of poetry not only weighty with deep and novel thought, but beautiful in form and texture,—with a beauty like Shakspeare, like Shelley (whom he underrated), like Keats. When Emerson's line is good, it is unsurpassably good—having a beauty not merely of cadence, but of inner, intense, birdlike sound: the vowels, the consonants, the syllables are exquisitely musical. It may be said of Emerson as of Michael Angelo, when he "deigns to be beautiful" how piercing the quality of beauty!

There is one thing in which Emerson, as a poet, is preëminent. Not even Wordsworth can excel him in his power to put a moral idea into artistic form.

"No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

The poem entitled "Terminus" is a striking example of Emerson's best art. Philosophic and original

*The two last published essays of Emerson are "Impressions of Carlyle in 1848," and "The Superlative," which appeared in this magazine for May, 1881, and February, 1882. See also an illustrated paper on "The Homes and Haunts of Emerson," by F. B. Sanborn, in the number for February, 1879. Mention is made of Emerson in Carlyle's Irish notes on page 249 of the June number of THE CENTURY.

in thought, and musical in diction,—regularly irregular in metre,—like all his poems, it

"—mounts to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

"TERMINUS.

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softened the fall with wary foot:
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the Gladiators, halt and numb."

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

But whatever rank may be assigned in the future to the great poet departed,—the greatest of the new world,—there is an immortality in which he is secure. There is no doubt of the weight and extent of Emerson's influence, as a thinker and writer, in our own day and generation. "He who is of his own time, is for all time."

Institutional Charity.

ELSEWHERE in these pages will be found the history of a great charity reform in connection with the work of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. The story which it tells is instructive, and, with the growth of the country and the growth in it of wealth, it becomes increasingly important. We are not as yet cursed, in America, with those ancient bequests which make it the duty of twelve respectable widows, on every Good Friday morning, to scramble for sixpences on their benefactor's tomb, or which distribute loaves and shillings, so far as they will go, on Christmas-day to any who may ask for them. But we have already developed a vast system of institutional charity, comprising alms-houses, asylums, and the like, maintained by the State and practically free to all comers. The degradation, through a voluntary self-pauperization which these may work in their beneficiaries, has elsewhere been pointed out; but there is another aspect of the administration of institutional charity which needs constantly to be kept in mind. It is its influence in the education of a pauper class, who, find-

ing it easy to winter in the poor-house, and to tramp the streets and roads in the summer time, abandon honest labor, and dedicate themselves to that view of life which regards the world as owing them a living without their having earned it. "The story of Margaret," to which Mr. Smalley alludes, shows how easily such a system as ours may breed a race of paupers, who are criminals as well as paupers, and the facility with which access is had to our public institutions is a matter which demands the most anxious consideration of every lover of his country.

A free hospital sounds like a noble thing; but if men are to be educated in unthrift, because of the assurance that they will be taken care of under all emergencies, and that any forecast as to those emergencies is a thing with which they need not trouble themselves, then we have inaugurated a system which, by a law as sure and certain as that of gravitation, drags down and dishonors the whole social fabric. No man can accustom himself to taking for nothing that which is not his, and which, with reasonable precaution, he could have provided for himself, without being deteriorated in the process.

Again it needs to be remembered, that with the growth of institutional charity comes the creation of a class known as the institutional official. We have the alms-house-keeper and his assistants; we have men and women who are employed in our asylums and hospitals in a work which easily becomes hardening, if not brutalizing. Under our present system these persons hold their places largely through political influence. Appointments are the reward of political service, and paupers are led to vote in brigades. We have thus a class whose interest it is to maintain and perpetuate the system of institutional charity on its most expensive scale, and who, because they are not appointed for merit, are unlikely to regard their positions otherwise than as opportunities for gain. Moreover, those positions afford them an opportunity to tyrannize over the weak, and often to indulge their passions without restraint. The inside history of some of our alms-houses is a story of horror and shame. The operation of State charity thus becomes doubly infamous,—degrading those who administer it and those for whom it is administered.

It is over against such a condition of things as this that such organizations as the State Charities Aid Association of New York must needs array themselves. They are needed to furnish for the oversight of all such institutions a band of men and women of high character, single motives, and unflinching courage, who will watch the workings of our institutional charities and let into them air and daylight. The average official in our public institutions soon comes to regard himself as administering his office by divine right. He resents inquiry or inspection. He has derived his authority, he tells you, from the member of the Legislature who secured his appointment, or the Commissioners who designated him. And when, as a citizen, you come to the door of the institution which he superintends and demand to be admitted and to examine it, he resents your visit as an intrusion. Here, then, is the issue. Let us understand that it is time to make it squarely. He is your servant, not that of the Commissioners. You are a tax-payer. You, and others like you, build and support the alms-

house and the hospital. The gentry in the Legislature and the Commissioners generally represent the very smallest pecuniary interest in these properties. They are yours, as one of those citizens who own property and are taxed for the maintenance of the charities of the State. Stand on your rights. Let no Legislature have the insolence to challenge them. See to it that in your State a law is enacted which shall make it the duty of a judge of the Supreme Court to admit representatives of the tax-payers as voluntary visitors and inspectors of State charities. And then let it be remembered that in such voluntary oversight and service lies the hope of the country in regard to all matters of wise and righteous dealing with the poor and the disabled.

A Successful Man's Failure.

We have been informed lately, in connection with a noble benefaction for the education of negroes in the South, that there are multitudes of benevolent people who are waiting to give away their money in charity, if only they knew what to do with it. And the implication is that no better service could be rendered to philanthropy than to provide for these embryo benefactors the counsel that shall rightly guide them in the distribution of their wealth. This may be so; but it is difficult to see why anybody in our country who desires to do good with his money should be troubled in finding trustworthy channels through which to distribute it. There are certain great enterprises—educational, scientific, humane, or religious,—which are of approved character and of unquestioned record. It is a great pity that men of wealth, instead of being so often eager to institute some scheme which shall merely perpetuate their own names, should not be willing to strengthen these. If they desire to associate their names with them, let them designate their gift for some special department, and then, as in England, call them "foundations," which shall bear their own names, as the "Smith," "Jones," "Brown," or "Robinson Foundation." But there are colleges and museums of art and missionary enterprises in abundance, about which all wise men are agreed, which it is far better should be enlarged than that a new machinery, working in parallel lines, should be created. For the new machinery implies the new machine; and the new machine implies the new staff of workers who are to run it. And thus you multiply agencies for doing work which is substantially identical, where one agency might readily accomplish the whole. Moreover, the indiscriminate multiplication of charitable agencies renders increasingly probable the imperfect and erroneous administration of charitable work. Such work demands gifts and aptitudes which are not common; and yet, in our day, almost every rich man thinks he can institute a charity and make it permanently helpful.

In this connection the history of the late Mr. Stewart is instructive. Mr. Stewart was a very gifted shopkeeper, whose rare talent in a single line gave him both fame and wealth. But he knew as little of charity as he cared for it; and when he came, at the close of his life, to attempt something in that direction, he blundered with a facility and self-confidence which ought to be enduringly instructive. It had been urged upon him that he owed something to the work-

ing-girls who had done so much to build up his fortune; and so, tardily and ignorantly, he set about a scheme in their behalf. He built a huge structure, capable of housing a thousand people. Every feature of this structure, in view of the purpose for which it was designed, was a glaring incongruity,—and then, when he had completed it, he condescended to ask the counsel of experts as to carrying his scheme into practical execution. He was informed by those whose counsel he ought long before to have sought that the very character of his building prohibited it from being useful. He was shown that to assemble one thousand young women under one roof in a working-woman's house, was to necessitate one of two things: either a police so vigilant and so intrusive as to be to any decent girl intolerable; or else, a laxity so provocative of evil as almost to guarantee it. He was shown that he ought to have built a series of small houses, each with a matron or housekeeper of its own, and each to contain a dozen girls, at most, where the surveillance could have been constant without being obtrusive, and where something like domesticity would have made a home in name a home in fact. But Mr. Stewart believed supremely in Mr. Stewart. Successful men generally believe in themselves. He showed this in his architecture, which was hideous, where it might as easily have been graceful and pleasing. He showed it in his charitable plans to which he gave but little thought, and in which he chose to be sufficient to himself. And so his great wealth has resulted in no service to his fellow townspeople and in scanty honor to his memory.

It is a story which may profitably be read by other rich men. There are existing agencies for charitable and philanthropic work which should be strengthened, but, that wealthy and generous citizens desire to give money, is hardly a sufficient reason for multiplying new and untried schemes for its expenditure. We want not so much the new machinery as a larger wisdom to inform that which already exists.

American Art-students Abroad.

AMERICA being the only civilized country in the world that inherits no works of art, and being also one of the smallest producers of art works, is the only country in the world that obstructs the entrance into it of works of art produced beyond its own limits. It not only seriously obstructs the importation of foreign art productions, but it has lately, it seems, gone to work to obstruct the importation of all works of art produced abroad by American painters and sculptors, by means of increased consular charges. When to these increased and onerous charges we add the thirty-five per cent. which the poor American student must pay on the value of his frame before he can get his framed picture into his own country, it will be seen that the Government deals neither generously nor wisely with the American art student abroad. A petition is being circulated among American artists and art students, resident in Europe, calling upon the Secretary of State to relieve them of these unjust burdens.

Mr. Frelinghuysen will doubtless be able and willing to reduce the consular costs, but whether he will be able to go further and get the duties taken off the frames is another question. The petition begs "for such revision of duties as will enable American artists to

send their works framed to America, entirely free of duty." That is a matter for Congress to act upon, and we fear it will be difficult to make a Congressman understand why one frame is not as good as another for any picture—if it fits and looks "spruce." We doubt if a Congressman would like the artist's frame anyhow. He would, we are quite sure, think it a requirement of good taste, as well as of good government, to "protect" one of Mr. Whistler's frames, for instance, completely out of the country.

Puritans and Witches.

In an article entitled "Putting away the Pathies" in "Topics of the Time" for May, we said that "the venerable Puritan clung to his iron-bound Bible with one hand, while with the other he piled fagots upon the fire built to consume the unfortunate witch." Several American correspondents have replied to this that no fires were ever built to consume any witch in Massachusetts.

We did not say there were. We did not refer to Massachusetts. There were other Puritans beside those in America. If our correspondents will refer to Lecky they will find, for instance, that Scotch witchcraft was but the result of Scotch Puritanism. They will also learn that there were more executions for witchcraft during the few years of the Commonwealth than in the whole period before or since. In this and other works they will find frequent reference to Puritanical pyrotechnics.

It is true nobody was burned in the Salem witchcraft craze—but one old man of eighty died a worse death, by being very slowly pressed to death, in the horrible manner known to Old English Law. Witchcraft was a common superstition of the time. In Connecticut a reputed witch was pitched into the river

to see if she would float; one was hanged to the yard-arm on an emigrant ship coming to Maryland, to silence the clamor of the crew; in North Carolina, one was put to death; while in an out-of-the-way place in the State of New York it is said there was a mild witchcraft excitement in this very century. But only under the influence of an intense religious fervor and a stern and sincere faith, like that of early New England, could there have been a veritable crusade against witches, led by the most learned divines, like Mather, and countenanced by the most eminent judges, like Sewall. In Virginia, where religion and morality were lower than in New England, it was thought sufficient to drive the devil out of a witch by dipping her into the water; in Pennsylvania, the Quakers acquitted the only woman accused of witchcraft, but threw a sop to popular prejudice by finding her guilty of the common fame of being a witch, and binding her over to keep the peace.

Is not the foolish sensitiveness about our forefathers a mark of the provincialism of our intellectual life? All of our local historians are engaged in defending somebody. Mr. Brodhead is a strong advocate for the claims of the Dutch; Mr. Scharf slashes at everybody who shrugs a shoulder at Maryland; Mr. Lodge has a particular mission to defend Massachusetts "through thick and thin"; Dr. Ellis and Mr. Palfrey are almost as apologetic, and Dr. De Costa takes the stray and rather profligate churchmen of New England, like Thomas Morton, under his wing. But there is not enough to choose among the colonists to make it possible for one set of descendants to throw stones at another. We of New York, whose forerunners were guilty of the horrible legal massacres that followed the "Negro Plot," are not worthy to cast a tiny pebble at Salem and Boston.

LITERATURE.

Ayres's "The Orthoëpist" and "The Verbalist."

THE first of these manuals is a very respectable book, as such books go. The pronunciations given are ordinarily ones in good usage, if not the only ones in good usage; and the man who follows them will rarely have reason to complain of his guide. This is largely due to the fact that the compiler has himself taken the pains to follow the best authorities. In the few cases in which he ventures to "hazard impressions of his own," as he puts it, the success he meets with seems hardly to pay for the risk he runs. Moreover, he is haunted by that same phantom which besets so many writers who treat of orthoëpy. This is not, as might be supposed, the fancy that there exists one uniform standard correct pronunciation of English wherever

it is spoken on the globe. This is bad enough, but there is something worse. Many have a feeling—it would hardly be just to call it a deliberate opinion—that somewhere, carefully laid away from the common eye, is to be found a pure and perfect ideal of pronunciation, independent of usage. To gain this the aspirations of all orthoëpists are, or ought to be, directed, and their exertions put forth without ceasing. Until this has been secured they have no right to be at peace. The quest of the Holy Grail is nothing compared to such a search, and if the article sought for is actually to be found, Mr. Ayres is not the Galahad who will succeed in the achievement. But, for all this, the book is a very good book, and will be of service to those who use it right—that is, who use it as a guide and not as an authority.

We wish we could say as much in praise of the book that follows. Use breeds a habit in a man, and to works like "The Verbalist" we have attained to the habit of patient resignation. The gross blunders they make, the absurd opinions they advance, have long

* The Orthoëpist. A pronouncing manual, containing about three thousand five hundred words. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Verbalist. A manual devoted to brief discussions of the right and the wrong use of words, etc. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ceased to irritate: they even fail to amuse. They are all alike; at least, the main difference is in the degree of their worthlessness. None of them has the conception that correct usage is a fact to be ascertained. They all go upon the principle that it is a conclusion to be reached by a process of reasoning, and even in that case it is a matter of little importance to them whether the premises with which they start are right or wrong. They all speak as if grammarians were some way responsible for language, and that new forms and expressions were manufactured by these gentry for popular consumption. None of them seem to be aware that it is the business of the grammarian merely to search out and record what is good usage; that, when he ventures beyond that, he transcends his functions; that, on the other hand, good usage is established by the concurrent consent of the best writers and speakers, and that, where they differ, we must study them to find where the weight of authority lies, and not the opinions of those whose only claim to consideration is that they have written criticisms about matters they do not understand. It is because men are unwilling or unfitted to put forth the exertion required that books like "The Verbalist" are so peculiarly worthless. Where everybody is poor, however, there is a certain distinction in being the poorest. To this it is, perhaps, fair to say that Mr. Ayres has attained. He parades, in his preface, a number of authorities; but he has not mastered his subject sufficiently to know which of them are worth anything and which are not. He has all the impartiality of ignorance, and, to him, one man is as good as another.

True, in such a compilation as this it would be strange if there were not some remarks worth heeding, and some information of value. A conspicuous illustration of the latter is the able and scholarly discussion of the origin and history of the form *is being built*, which originally appeared in this magazine, and fills nearly twenty pages of "The Verbalist." Unfortunately, such cases are rare. In their place can be found in abundance the blunders of ignorant men and the assertions of incompetent men. In the first few pages we can refer to statements made in regard to *a*, to *above*, to *and*, to *at best*, and to *authoress*, as being either false in fact, or not in accordance with the best usage; and in this list we are far from exhausting the mistakes and misconceptions that are to be found under the first letter of the alphabet. In the case of several words the seeker after light will find nothing vouchsafed except the personal opinion of the author. This is, naturally, of first importance with himself, but others may be disposed to prefer even that of Shakspeare, who is usually the school-grammarian's representative of all that is abominable in usage.

The objection we have to books of this kind, as usually prepared, is a fundamental one. They are nothing but the outcome of the ignorance of the men who write them, and of the whims and prejudices to which that ignorance gives rise. No discussion of usage or grammar is of the slightest value that is not founded upon a full study of the origin and history of the form under consideration, and of the opinions in regard to it of the best writers, as exhibited in their practice. Let us take, for instance, the pronouns treated in this volume under *case*, and see to what conclusion such a method will inevitably lead.

What are the facts in regard to the history of such expressions as *it is me*, *it is him*, *between you and I*? In the first place, such expressions are not known till the sixteenth century. Up to that period the cases are not confounded. In Chaucer, *I* and *ye* and *he* are always in the nominative, *me* and *you* and *him* are always in the objective. This condition of things may be said to have lasted, with scattered exceptions, to the middle of the sixteenth century. Then came the period of license, which at one time threatened to break up all distinction between the nominative and objective of the personal pronouns, and of the interrogative *who*. In this matter colloquial speech, as usual, preceded literary speech. The reason for this confusion of forms it is not necessary to discuss here; the fact is all that we have to consider. But of the fact itself the dramatic writings of the reigns of Elizabeth and James furnish plenty of proof, and the grammatical emendations of modern editors have not been thorough enough to hide it. The earliest editions of Shakspeare are full of instances where *I* and *me*, *we* and *us*, *ye* and *you*, *he* and *him*, *she* and *her*, and *who* and *whom* are used interchangeably. In this respect modern texts give us an unfaithful picture of the original. But Shakspeare was not at all singular in the usage. All the writers who represent the colloquial speech of that period abound more or less in it. In the matter of the plural of the pronoun of the second person, the interchange of *ye* and *you* has become permanently established in the language, or it is better to say that *you*, the original dative and accusative, has practically supplanted the original nominative *ye*. The literature of the period shows the transition. Our authorized version of the Bible, though bearing the date of 1611, really represents the language of the first half of the sixteenth century. Consequently, it never uses *you* as a nominative, but invariably *ye*. The Rheims version, which was brought out in 1582, naturally falls into the language of its period. It uses both *ye* and *you* as the nominative, but prefers the latter.

But with one or two exceptions in particular phrases, it was only in the instance of this plural that the supplanting of one case by another became well established. With the remaining pronouns the forms grammatically more correct maintained themselves. But neither did the other forms die out; in fact, the two methods of expression have lasted side by side to the present time. Colloquial language, as represented in dramatic literature especially, has from the sixteenth century down steadily preferred the use of *who* as an objective to *whom*, when the pronoun begins an interrogation; and the locutions of which *it is me* is an example can be found in the language of good and sometimes of the greatest writers from that day to this, along with those of which *it is I* is an example. But during the present century there has been a steadily growing preference for the latter methods of expression. As a result of it there has been an increasing tendency to condemn the former as absolutely indefensible. The usage preferred by his own times the ordinary man will do well to adopt. But he will not do well to condemn the other usage as a gross error. It has too much and too good authority in its favor to justify this loose kind of denunciation. Philologically speaking, *it is me* is just as correct as *it is you*. The difference between them is that the latter is sustained by

the authority of all good writers and speakers, the former merely by the authority of some. The student if he is wise, will, therefore, avoid using the former method of expression; but if he is wise, he will also avoid abusing it.

Were time and space at our disposal, we should go through the whole elaborately constructed but essentially false doctrine of the use of the subjunctive, as quoted in this volume from Professor Bain. Professor Bain is certainly not to be classed with ordinary grammarians: but he labors under an imperfect knowledge of our earlier speech, and a disposition to state the facts of our modern speech not as they really are, but as theoretically they ought to be. Only here we will take occasion to say that, outside of certain expressions that have survived the wreck that has overtaken the subjunctive, modern English has never made any distinction between that mood and the indicative. We mean to say by this that not merely to the general sense, but to the sense of the highly educated, there is no difference conveyed by the employment of either one form or the other; that is, to use an example from this volume, "wait till he returns" has precisely the same signification as "wait till he return." A man may drill himself into making a distinction in his own usage, and apparently a few go painfully through that process; but it is not a distinction recognized by men who speak their language idiomatically. The form of the subjunctive has survived, but except in certain expressions the life has long gone out of it. There is not the slightest foundation for the assertion made in this volume that the mood is less used than a century ago; nor is it of the least consequence whether it is popular or unpopular with "nowaday grammarians." They have no more to do in deciding its destiny than many other educated men, and far less than some. During all the periods of modern English the form has been steadily employed; but its special sense was disappearing even in Chaucer's time, as one can see by contrasting the infrequency of his use of it with its frequency in a writer like Robert of Gloucester, who flourished less than a hundred years before. A century after Chaucer's death the special sense had died out. No one need take our word for this. Let him examine for himself any of the great writings or great writers of modern English, beginning with our version of the Bible and ending with Macaulay. It will make no difference to what or to whom he directs his attention; the result will in all cases be the same. In fact, in the volume we are reviewing, a note is quoted which attacks the "consistency and correctness" of the translation of the Bible, because it uses the indicative where the subjunctive ought to be found. It is out of such combinations of ignorance and presumption that most of our verbal criticism is manufactured.

Works of this kind, however poorly done, are often defended on the ground that their writers are actuated by good motives, and that at least they teach men to reflect upon their manner of speech. But a virtuous intent is a very wretched plea to set up for incorrect assertions, especially when there was no need of making them at all. Nor does it do any one the least good to reflect upon anything about which he is totally uninformed. On the contrary, it does him harm. It teaches him to hurry to conclusions before he has become acquainted with the facts upon which they are

based. From this arise the inefficiency and the self-sufficiency of most verbal criticism. A very large proportion of the condemnation of the words and expressions used by our greatest writers is based upon the most helpless ignorance both of facts and principles. Every one is, indeed, under obligations to avoid what seems to him wrong in speech, but he is equally under obligations to bear in mind that every great author is strictly a great artist in language, and is naturally far more familiar with the details of his art, and far more particular in observing its rules, than is possible for the ordinary man even to comprehend. The latter may, therefore, according to his imperfect light avoid what the former feels free to use; but if he has any judgment he will refrain from expressing decided opinions as to its correctness or incorrectness until he has exhausted every source of information that is accessible to both. If he goes upon this plan he may not have so much to say; but what he says will cease to be ridiculous.

Shorthouse's "John Inglesant."*

A SERIOUS historical romance is an unusual phenomenon in modern literature, and a romance with a faint monastic flavor and a semi-perceptible Tory bias is rare enough to excite one's curiosity. It is only by some such theory that one can account for the attention which Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant" has attracted. Religion and politics are topics of vital interest, and even a mediocre writer who discusses either from the point of view of any large number of his fellow-men is sure of an audience.

As a mere literary performance "John Inglesant" is in no wise remarkable. The style is bald, but with a pleasing simplicity and directness which reconcile the reader to its barrenness. The story itself is quite destitute of *esprit* and dramatic power, but betrays minute scholarship and serious preparatory studies. The author's purpose seems to be primarily to instruct; and he has not the slightest scruple in breaking the thread of his narrative at any critical point for the sake of delivering a homily illustrating some curious phase of thought prevalent during the seventeenth century. Thus the philosopher Hobbes and many obscurer expounders of the ideas of the period are permitted to indulge their loquacity to an unpardonable extent; and as the effect of these discourses upon the hero's history is all out of proportion to their length, they seem, from the reader's point of view, to have small excuse for being. Judging by his evident admiration for the ideals of mediæval monasticism, we should conclude that the author must be one of those modern English malcontents of whom Cardinal Newman is the noblest type and W. H. Mallock the noisiest. It is the seventeenth century equivalent of this class which is represented in John Inglesant, an English cavalier who had been trained by a Jesuit without yet giving up his outward allegiance to the Church of England. At heart, however, he was a Catholic, and while sojourning in Italy was recognized by cardinals and Catholic magnates as a co-religionist. He maintained, in fact, exactly the same equivocal position which many of the sympathizers with the religious reaction in England occupy to-day.

* John Inglesant; a Romance by J. H. Shorthouse. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

He acted and spoke like a Catholic, and even, when the occasion demanded, avowed himself to be one, but, on account of some faint lingering prejudice, hesitated to take the decisive step. As a temperamental bias we can well understand this hesitation, and do not even conceive that it is incompatible with the heroism and sublime self-sacrifice which Inglesant on other occasions displays. But that this medieval cast of mind, with its retrospective habit and willing self-subordination, is an inherently admirable one, we are unwilling to admit.

The characterization of all the accessory figures, perhaps with the exception of Father St. Clare the Jesuit, is feeble and commonplace. And yet, as an historical study, the book is not without interest, while, as a romance, it hardly rises above mediocrity.

Morse's "John Quincy Adams."*

TO JUDGE by this initial volume, the promised series of biographies of American statesmen will prove a valuable addition to biographical literature. Mr. Morse, the editor of the series, has produced in his life of John Quincy Adams a very readable and interesting book. He has had to go over very familiar ground with a short allowance of space, and has succeeded in presenting a picture of his subject with which no one is likely to quarrel. There is in fact hardly a fault to be found with the narrative, except that it is evidently a hasty piece of work, and that it avoids going deeply into the political questions to the consideration of which Mr. Adams's mind and conscience were so wholly devoted. Its great success is in presenting not a new, but a clear picture of the character of Mr. Adams, not only as it must have struck his contemporaries, but as it must appear in history. His virtues and faults are both placed before us with a nice sense of proportion and of contrast. Mr. Morse has rather the literary than the historical or political sense, and hence fails completely to sympathize with the gravity of Mr. Adams's character, which was that of a man born to public life, sprung, although in a republic, of the old race of governing men—a man whose taste for directing and controlling public business was curiously reinforced by the old Puritan religious zeal.

If it had not been for the latter, his success in politics from a worldly point of view might have been far greater. Much as we have been accustomed to hear it upheld as a noble example of perseverance in the right, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of regret that such a vigorous old age should have been wholly devoted to a struggle over the right of presenting anti-slavery petitions on the floor of Congress. Somebody undoubtedly had to appear as protagonist at Washington in the long and bitter fight that was in the end to plunge the country in a bloody civil war; but was it necessary that the monotonous and tedious task of iterating in the ears of Southern fire-eaters the truth that the right of petition could not be abolished by a gag rule in the interests of slavery, should have fallen into the hands of one of the most thoroughly trained statesmen in the country—of a man who had not only been Senator and President, but had filled

half the most important missions of the country abroad, was an accomplished debater, and was thoroughly versed in every public question of his time? It seems at this distance such a terrible waste of human intelligence and vitality, that it is impossible not to resent it. Yet it must be said that, for this work, as well as the rest which fell to his lot, he was eminently fitted by natural character and training. His great power of vituperation, or, to speak more accurately, of denunciation, of sarcasm, of scorn, of contemptuous indignation, which, as Mr. Morse very neatly points out, were closely connected with the violent restraint which his Puritan conscience imposed upon his natural propensities and desires, and which had been throughout his life continual stumbling-blocks in the way of his success, here stood him in good stead, and indeed furnished him with exactly the weapons he needed in the long and apparently losing fight against the slave-owners.

The most valuable permanent contribution made by Mr. Adams to the history of the Government with which he was so long and so variously connected was undoubtedly his "Diary." His treatises, his messages, his speeches, important as they all seemed to him and his contemporaries, now fade into insignificance beside this great store-house of analysis and every-day detail, the composition of which was fortunately not dictated by a desire for publicity, or with the hope of building up or strengthening a posthumous reputation.

There is little in the period of American history to which Mr. Adams belongs to attract the imagination, and there is little in the lives of the statesmen of the period to make their biographies as a rule anything but hard writing and harder reading. Standing aloof from the picturesque drama then unrolling itself in Europe, the course of American history between the adoption of the Constitution and the Mexican war, if it did not run altogether smoothly, ran in channels which, like some of our own large western streams, were mighty and imposing without possessing interesting associations or suggestions. The diplomacy, for instance, in which Mr. Adams was engaged was not of the kind which forms the stirring prelude to wars destined to change the fate of nations and the map of the world; but, on the contrary, represented the pacific efforts of a young country just admitted to the family of nations to take a creditable and dignified position, without assuming an interest in any of the hereditary quarrels and disputes which had made Europe what she was. To be un-European, to be simple, dignified, plain, at peace with all the world, and that, too, without preparing for war, and yet to gain all substantial advantages, was the aim of every American who was called upon to represent his country in great affairs. It was a somewhat *bourgeois* ideal that the men of the post-revolutionary period set up for themselves—more really republican than that of the preceding generation, which had at least inherited the European traditions associating the art of government with aristocracy and monarchy. The generation to which Adams belonged had already the instincts of the democracy of our day in its blood. Adams himself was a genuine democrat, a firm believer in the virtue and intelligence of the people, and devoted to their interests to the exclusion of his own. To resort to a much abused and misused word,

* American Statesmen Series. John Quincy Adams. By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

he was a patriot. His love of his country, next to his love of God, appears to have been the guiding principle of his life. There is something pathetic in the simplicity of his life, though he was so little imaginative or morbid, so devoted to a healthy activity and to the constant employment of all his energies for some practical ends, that sentiment seems almost out of place in connection with him. No man ever had so large a share in the public life of any country, who made fewer friends, or bitterer and more numerous enemies. His life was a constant battle, as often a losing as a winning one; and yet, when the end came, he died with a confident belief that his part could hardly have been played better. The more his career is examined, the more we see that his somewhat curious self-contentment was justified. It is a remarkable, because rare, instance of a public man whose whole life seems to have been guided primarily by his conscience. It is hardly necessary to add—for the fact seems involved in the conception of such a character—that he seems not to have had a single ray of humor, nor the slightest appreciation of the place it occupies in ordinary life.

Morris's "Hopes and Fears for Art." *

It is always a fresh surprise to find reflected in such books and art-works as appear the most removed from public life and politics the spirit of the great world of government and commerce. For this world busies itself with matters that seem quite alien to the thoughts of many authors and artists. Often one detects in them a distinct note of protest or contempt for it, and therefore naturally supposes that it would be the last to have an influence on them. But struggle as men will, and persuade themselves as they may that they can rise superior to their environment, the facts are that the environment is sure to exert its good or bad effect sooner or later. Mr. William Morris, who is not only a ready and pointed lecturer on the decorative arts, but a highly popular writer of modern epics—not only an artist in decoration, but a successful business man, reflects, in spite of himself, the prevalent tone which his masters and associates assume toward that patient, if somewhat dull, monster, the public. It is true enough that he declares, in the lecture on "The Lesser Arts," with which the collection begins, that "I, neither, when I think of what history has been, am inclined to lament the past, to despise the present, or despair of the future; that I believe all the change and stir about us is a sign of the world's life, and that it will lead—by ways, indeed, of which we have no guess—to the bettering of all mankind." This is a sort of *Credo* which is all very well to make, but which is not borne out by the tone of the lectures. A low-spiritedness, not to say a hopelessness, pervades all his remarks, and the very fervor with which he chants his creed at the outset makes one guess the hollowness of his belief. Against it set this statement in "The Beauty of Life": "The danger that the present course of civilization will destroy the beauty of life. These are hard words, and I wish I could mend them, but I cannot while I

speak what I believe to be the truth." And when he is done with outlining a somewhat formless and shadowy "philosophy of the decorative arts," and reaches practical matters, when he gives valuable suggestions in decoration of interiors in the fourth lecture, what does he call his address? "Making the Best of It." This, by all odds the most fruitful and encouraging lecture of the five, bears in its title the feeling of profound discouragement that exhales from every part of the book. It is merely, one may say, the Morris phase of the glorious British privilege of grumbling. But where there is chronic discontent, there is likely to be a persistent cause for discontent. Now, Mr. William Morris has, for himself, very little to complain of. There was doubtless a time when he had not yet sold many editions of "The Earthly Paradise" in America and England, nor yet of "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung," his translation of the *Æneid*, and other volumes of verse. And, at one day, Morris wall-papers had not invaded Anglo-Saxondom to such an extent that the classic bar-rooms of Leadville exhibited their peculiar designs above Eastlake dados. But what makes Mr. Morris now such a Jeremiah about architecture and decorative art? Is it that there are still many, many lords in Great Britain who need kicking? Or do the enormously rich bankers, manufacturers, and mine-owners excite his wrath? For, to tell the truth, the general impression got from his lectures is that obtained from the face of the Englishman whom Thackeray loved to pursue, note-book in hand—the impression that he could not be happy unless he were kicking some one, or being by some one kicked. But Mr. Morris ought to have not only the calm satisfaction of worldly success, but a conscience which tells him that, in some respects at least, he has been an honor to his country—if not from the excellence of his wall-paper patterns, yet surely from the fact that he has not truckled with artistic snobbery, but has followed his natural bent and striven to be a highly educated First Artisan rather than a fifth-rate Royal Academician.

Others of the famous band to which Mr. Morris belongs have done more bragging and far less effective work. The prerafaelites had no more useful member than he—perhaps for the reason that in artistic matters his aim was not too high. The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for instance, although in many respects the leader in art and literature, is not likely to exercise in the long run an influence so wide-spread as Mr. Morris, because his audience is very restricted in comparison. As a painter, Rossetti must be slow in impressing workmen of other countries, owing to the scarcity of his pictures, supposing them to have so much of the impressive quality as certainly belonged to his poems. John Addington Symonds is more comparable with Mr. Morris. His many-volumed and many-paged "Renaissance in Italy" (Henry Holt & Co.) shows, like these lectures, the impress of John Ruskin *minus* the irritating extravagance of the latter, but also *minus* the exciting quality. Now, both Rossetti and Ruskin appear to have had more power in swaying Mr. Morris's ideas of art than is healthful: they have encouraged him in the national malady of discontent, which itself undoubtedly arises from the national malady of misgovernment. We are told continually, and more here than in England, be it remarked,

* Hopes and Fears for Art. By William Morris, author of *The Life and Death of Jason*, *The Earthly Paradise*, etc., etc. London: Ellis and White. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

that Great Britain has the finest government on earth—in view of which it is singular that her art and literature are infected with a tone that can proceed from nothing else but a malady latent in the social fabric. Why these contemptuous letters, vilifications, outpourings of scorn from Mr. Ruskin? Why this grimace of seclusion on the part of Tennyson? Why the unfrank position held by the late Mr. Rossetti before the British public? And why all these whimperings from Mr. Morris, whom, as much as, if not more than, all these men, the public have encouraged, supported, and enriched? It may be the prejudice of a foreigner that attributes these remarkable results to the unhealthy and anomalous state of affairs in the Mother Country, which still permits a dull and often immoral upper class to distribute fashions in politics, literature, and art, and to keep alienated and deprived of their rightful weight in public affairs and private society the strongest, healthiest, and cleverest portions of the population in the British Empire. It is this note that Mr. Oscar Wilde almost struck in the only poem strong enough to float a recent volume of verse,—“*Ave Imperatrix*,”—and it is to the fact of his approaching it at all that must be attributed the arousing of that small measure of applause which he has recently forfeited by his ridiculous performance in the United States.

Campaigns of the Civil War. Vols. V. and VI.*

The fifth and sixth volumes of this excellent series carry the history of the Army of the Potomac down to the battle of Gettysburg, and conclude the story of its defeats and half-successes previous to the time when, under Grant, it moved forward never to turn back. These two volumes contain the story of four desperate battles, two of which were terrible and unnecessary defeats, and the other two almost, but not quite, victories. Reading the two books together one cannot but regret that General Palfrey did not write them both. He is admirably qualified to do so, by his experience, by his studies, by his literary talents; on the other hand, General Doubleday has hardly any qualifications for a historian, and his book bears abundant evidence that it has been written largely, if not wholly, from personal recollections, and not from a careful study of the records of the War Department which have been made available within the last few years.

General Palfrey's is an extremely clear, concise, and well-reasoned account of the military operations conducted by McClellan in September, and by Burnside in December, of 1862; and the judgment which it passes on these operations and on the men concerned in them is likely to remain a standard for many years to come. McClellan is adjudged to be substantially a failure in the field by reason of certain traits of character which always prevented him from “doing anything till an ideal completeness of preparation was reached,” but ample justice is done to his good qualities, his upright character, and his ability as an organizer. Chance threw into his hands at the decisive moment a copy of his antagonist's orders,

revealing all his plans, and gave to McClellan an opportunity to destroy him. McClellan did not profit by the full measure of this opportunity, but he improved it to the extent of fighting a drawn battle, which under the circumstances was virtually a defeat to Lee and eventually caused his retreat. The description of the battle is extremely clear, and its general outline is entirely accurate; one or two minor errors have crept in, as is almost inevitable owing to the vague and contradictory nature of the official reports, but they are not of special importance.

The description of the battle of Fredericksburg and the judgment passed upon Burnside are harsh and perhaps unmerciful, but we believe it is impossible to deny that they are just; and it is eminently right and proper that when over twelve thousand men have been killed and wounded, and a great army defeated, through the incapacity of one man, the story of that defeat should be plainly told and always remembered—even though it be terribly severe upon a man of most amiable qualities, who was beloved by thousands of friends up to the day of his death. Only one sentence seems to us open to criticism; on the last page it is intimated, though not distinctly stated, that Burnside “intrigued for the command of the army of the Potomac.” We believe there is no foundation whatever for such a statement, and that to intimate it is grossly unjust.

General Doubleday's book is remarkable for the absence of nearly all the qualities that make its predecessor excellent. The author has no literary attainments, does not present a clear general outline of the battles, magnifies some features and dwarfs others of greater importance, is unjust to his colleagues and ungenerous to his commanders. He throws upon Howard the whole instead of a part of the blame for the defeat at Chancellorsville, exaggerates his own importance at the battle of Gettysburg, has not one word of praise, but many of censure, for Meade's action throughout the campaign, and makes statements as to Meade's intentions which are flatly contradicted by the sworn testimony of Meade himself as well as of others; and he does not even so much as refer to the existence of this adverse testimony. The book is fortunately its own antidote, for even the casual reader will suspect that many of its statements are inspired by personal animosity or jealousy, and not by historical truth, and this will prevent it from being accepted as a standard. It is most unfortunate that, in a series which is daily attracting more and more attention, and which is doubtless destined to retain for many years a unique place in the literature of the war, so important a battle as Gettysburg should have fallen into incompetent hands. The account of that battle here given is inferior, both in accuracy and in interest, to many which have previously been published.

The Letters of Charles Dickens. Vol. III.*

WHATEVER may be thought of the supposed decay of Dickens's fame, with Dickens, the man, oblivion does not yet appear to have set in. The youngest of writers to-day can almost recall his features when he made his

* Campaigns of the Civil War. V. The Antietam and Fredericksburg. By F. W. Palfrey. VI. Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. By Abner Doubleday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Letters of Charles Dickens. Edited by his Sister-in-law and his Eldest Daughter. Vol. III. 1836-1870. London: Chapman and Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

last visit to the United States. Dandy Dickens, young America was perversely inclined to call him. It required all the veneration produced by years of impersonal acquaintance with the tender side of his nature to restrain a frolicsome desire to assign to the veritable "Boz" a place among his own fanciful creations, to set him down with Winkle and "Samivel Veller."

Before his arrival there was but one opinion of him. With young and old he had a place at the fireside—the ideal relative, who knew all men and understood all natures, whose sympathies reached all sorrows, whose joviality banished all peccant humors. But with his coming came also division of sentiment, which was deepened by the publication of Forster's "Life." It was as if our ideal relative at the fireside had said a harsh word, or had failed to respond to the family toast, and so had gone out into the cold. The place was vacant, and there was a disinclination to look into that particular corner. For most of us, probably, that time of alienation has gone by. We were wrong, both in our earlier estimate and in our later. Judgment has its oscillations, and is a long time in settling upon the thin line of justice: but it does settle in time. Though the place by the fireside will never again be filled by precisely the same jovial, warm-hearted enchanter as before, we would willingly keep the door on the latch and pray for the return of the friend of our early days. Let him come in any shape; the shape shall not be "questionable" any more, and we will never again tell our young friends what clothes he wore, whether the waistcoat was purple or yellow or white—whether the shoe-buckle was silver or gold, whether the voice aspired at its periods or dropped its aspirations unduly along the way.

But this is reminiscence, not criticism. By the publication of the third volume of Dickens's Letters, which cover the period from 1836 to the date of his death, we are taken back again to the Christmas seasons which, in his later years, rarely came without bringing some delightful installment of rich pathos and mirth. The "Letters" hardly give a hint of anything but the frolicsome humor, the vivacity of spirit, the grotesque quality, which belong to the old stories. There are here and there touches of pathos, but the pathetic in Dickens was private and impersonal. He reserved it for his creations, and for the most part banished it from his correspondence. In the latter we get a full taste of his exuberant animal spirits, of his fun, his rollicking, gamesome mood,—private theatricals, punches and the unimpoised Falernian,—excursive digressions from the straight furrow of toil. Most that is best in the book has been published before—the racy letters to James T. Fields, the tender, half-reverential correspondence with Washington Irving, and the jovial extravagance of his railroad despatches to Felton, who more than most men must have reveled in the Aristophanic side of Dickens. How much of the true Dickens extravagance shows in the bit of description contained in a letter to Felton, March 2, 1843:

"C—and I went as mourners. * * * C—has enormous whiskers, which straggle all down his throat in such weather, and stick out in front of him, like a partially unraveled bird's nest";

and in this account of the "blithe black," who is his private and especial attendant in Washington:

"He is the only gentleman in the town who has a peculiar delicacy in intruding upon my valuable time. It usually takes seven rings and a threatening message from — to produce him; and when he comes he goes to fetch something, and, forgetting it by the way, comes back no more."

That, too, is a familiar touch in a letter to Irving (July 5, 1856):

"Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now—twelve for my lord, and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coils his leg up under his chair till dinner-time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes."

More in the spirit of Charles Lamb is the "terrible idea" which occurs to him in connection with the oyster-sellers of Boston:

"What do they do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended there? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster-openers—what do they do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards, and hermetically sealed bottles, for practice? Perhaps they are dentists, out of the oyster season. Who knows?"

In the same spirit is his query:

"Do you suppose the post-office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock!"

It is curious to note that the best things in Dickens's correspondence, so far as this volume represents it, were brought out by his American friends—Felton, Irving, and Fields. He appears to have touched the chords here of many emotions, and evolved music from other sources besides what he calls "that truly national instrument, the American catarrh." But these better strains are already "household words" in America. In this volume we get but few touches of Dickens's love for external nature, which was so inextricably interwoven with his social quality that we hesitate to think of it as a genuine passion. There is one little picture, however, which, though not so exquisite as a dozen introduced in the pathetic wanderings of "Little Nell," yet has its charm. This, too, is brought out by his American correspondence. Writing to Mrs. James T. Fields from "Gad's Hill," May, 1868, he says:

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Leviss Châlet (where I write), and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

It is thus that we love to think of the great master of pathos and human tenderness as enjoying, even a little extravagantly, by the aid of his five mirrors, that genial sunshine of nature, the prototype of another sunshine which he scattered so abundantly in the homes of common life.

Of the rest of "The Letters" a good deal might have been omitted as trivial. We hardly get any new points of a man's character, or any fresh delight in his personality, from his epistles to his tailor. Such documents should be filed away, or given with the appended autograph. We don't care to hear all that a man's valet finds indispensable to know. What belongs to his personality, his mood, or manners, or methods of work and play, to his relationship with his fellows, touches us, if the man is at all magnetic. We like to be told *once* what he wears, but never twice. We are glad to be invited once to the preliminaries of his private theatricals, and go through with him the details, but the second time we prefer to wait for the performance.

A genuine contribution to the new material are the letters to Bulwer Lytton, which touch upon literary topics and afford us stolen glimpses into the artist's workshop. We get an idea of the minuteness of his editorial supervision, the keenness of his studies in character, of his skill in plot, of his acquaintance with popular taste and demand. Some correspondence, also, with contributors to "All The Year Round," and with others, enables us to trace his delicacy in manipulating the crudities of the *genus irritabile*, or in evading the pertinacity of the lion-hunter, in whose presence he might well have said:

"My comforts drop and melt away like snow."

But there is little printed complaint of this sort in the letters. Dickens takes the genial view of human nature. If he laughs at the bore, he seldom curses him. Man has but a short lease of life, and has many co-tenants whose rights are equal to his own. He who finds most wisdom and takes the folly most good-humoredly may not leave a Latin epitaph, but the world will shed more tears at his tomb.

The Memorial History of Boston. Vols. III. and IV.*

THE third and fourth volumes of the "Memorial History of Boston" cover the period beginning with the Revolution and extending to the present day. The coöperative plan upon which the work was originally projected has been followed with no deviation, and the success which has attended it under the vigorous management of the editor is likely to have its influence in determining the execution of similar works. The defects as well as the advantages of the scheme are more distinctly disclosed as the work is occupied with contemporaneous history. The specialists who wrote of colonial and provincial Boston were authorities, in most cases, in their special fields, and the reader put himself into their hands quite unreservedly, confident that he was getting accurate history if he was not always getting readable literature; the subjects, besides, were connected with historic questions having large relations, and a minuteness of touch was valuable since it fortified one's knowledge and made him less liable to fall a prey to easy generalizations. Special treatment, on the other hand, of subjects which are closely connected with current

movements is liable to obscure a true understanding of history and to mislead the reader into a fragmentary and ill-proportioned view of historic processes. More labor is required of the reader, who discovers that he has been given the materials out of which to construct his history, and not a historic narrative woven by one skillful mind. As a slight illustration of this, one might read the chapter on Boston soldiery in war and peace and be ignorant that there was such a man as Governor Andrew; he would discover the war-governor's name only when he came to read of the anti-slavery movement.

The difficulty is in part inherent in the very conception of history. It is as impossible to write contemporaneous history as it is to get a correct interior by photography. The only way to write current history is in the form of annals, and we could conceive of a history of Boston since the close of the revolutionary war, which should consist of specialists' contributions re-arranged by an autocratic editor into one consecutive series of events and provided with abundant illustrative tables. A collection of essays does not constitute a history, and a cyclopedia may make a good book of reference, but cannot take the place of a well-digested history.

Yet, after all, it may be doubted if the coöperative plan, as here carried out, is not the only practicable one when dealing with the life of a modern city. Before the revolution Boston was a miniature State; its colonial importance and identification with the colony of which it was the capital made it have an organic growth. Since the Revolution it has been the center of much life, but its history has been municipal and incapable of any artistic representation. It has been the exponent, indeed, to the outside world of certain phases of social history and of literature, but it is a generous conception of Boston which includes, for instance, among its poets, Longfellow and Lowell and Emerson, and among its prose writers Hawthorne and Sylvester Judd. It can only be said that the spirit of Boston in these latter days annexed Concord and Salem and Cambridge and Amesbury.

When all strictures have been made on the work and its plan, there yet remains the agreeable fact that readers of various tastes may find here abundant opportunity for gratifying those tastes. The merchant, the man of letters, the lawyer, the manufacturer, the school-master, the man of science, will find full chapters upon the themes which most interest them. The book is like a city itself, with something for everybody, and in its multifarious topics giving some hint of the complex organization of civic society. As the city proper of London is but the core of what De Quincy called the nation of London, so the municipality of such a city as Boston is only the mechanical center of a vast association of interests. It is as impossible to get a cross-section of such a city as to make a panorama which should convey a notion of what goes on at any hour in Washington street. That so abundant illustration should have been given is due to the executive ability and unwearied diligence of the accomplished editor and to the hearty coöperation which only an able editor could secure from the well-known collaborators. The work is supplied with an altogether admirable index, covering the four volumes and increasing its usefulness many fold.

* The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts, 1630-1880. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Volume III. The Revolutionary Period. The Last Hundred Years, Part I. Volume IV. The Last Hundred Years, Part II. Special topics. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

Schiller and his Times.*

It is a remark frequently heard in Germany that Schiller is the poet of youth, and Goethe the poet of manhood; that, in other words, a youth who passes through the normal intellectual development will begin by admiring Schiller while Goethe is yet a sealed book to him, and will gradually, as his maturity advances, grow out of the atmosphere of the former into that of the latter. Undoubtedly there is a modicum of truth in this observation, but, like any antithetical saying, it is apt to be uncritically accepted and repeated until it acquires the air of a truism. Schiller's fiery lyrics do appeal to a youthful taste more strongly than the calmer and less headlong songs of Goethe; but even though their thought be often crude, their splendid spontaneity and lyrical impulse will give pleasure to the maturest and most stony-hearted critic; so also the tremendous violence and revolutionary ardor which animated Schiller's early dramas may offend those disaffected judges who deprecate the emotional bias in life as in poetry, but even these can hardly fail to admire the vigor and wealth of imagination which these crude dramas display.

In comparing Schiller and Goethe, one must never lose sight of the fact that the former died at the age of forty-six, when his work was but half accomplished; while it was not till the age of eighty-two that the latter (sealing the package containing the manuscript of the second part of "Faust") solemnly declared that his life-work was now complete, and that henceforth he should regard whatever length of days that was accorded to him purely as a gift. Schiller's career is, therefore, with all its brilliant achievement, almost tragic in its incompleteness, while that of Goethe is impressive as an instance of calm and harmonious development up to the utmost limit that the human faculties in their aggregate have ever reached.

Mr. Johannes Scherr, who is well known in Germany as a voluminous writer on literary and æsthetic topics, has entered very minutely into the incidents of Schiller's life, and by his comprehensive study of the age in which the poet lived has furnished us with a criterion by which to judge. His style, like that of most German scholars, is labored and turgid, and the English translator, who has evidently endeavored to simplify the involutions of the original, has evolved a hybrid tongue which is neither English nor German. In order to enable the reader to judge, we quote the following examples, which constitute but a small fraction of the errors contained in the 454 pages of the book:

"But the young Corsican derived lessons of a *different* sort than the Suabian poet." (Page 30.)

"Elizabeth is a very *different* type of womanhood than Amalia," etc. (Page 130.)

"Kraftgenies" is translated in a foot-note with "rare geniuses," instead of "geniuses of force." (Page 42.)

It was Carlyle and not Mr. Lewes who invented the English term "storm and stress" for the German "Sturm und Drang."

Elsass is in English Alsatia. (Page 50.)

Lavater's greeting to Goethe, "Bist's," and Goethe's

answer, "Ich bin's," are bunglingly rendered by "Art thou he?" and "I am." A slight acquaintance with a German grammar would have shown Miss McClellan that the proper translation would be: "Is it thou?" and "It is I." We don't say in English, "Are you he?" but "Is it you?"

Again, we can see no valid reason why such words as "Titanismus" and "Titanide" should not be rendered by their English equivalents, "titanism, titaness," which are both perfectly intelligible, and in accordance with the spirit of the language, even though they are not found in Webster.

Why "erstaunend" (page 140), as applied to a woman's personality, should be quoted in German is mysterious, when "striking" or "surprising" would be as expressive.

When Goethe is said to be "a genius from crown to soul," it must, of course, be a typographical error. But when Miss McClellan translates *genial* with the English "genial" (page 139), and *Grüsse in der Güte* with "the great in goodness," instead of "greatness in goodness," and employs such daring plurals as "betrotheds" (page 144), she probably does not expect to have the responsibility shared by the printer.

The portrait of Schiller which the American publishers have prefixed to the present edition is one of those idealized poetic heads which are now in great favor in Germany. If Schiller looked as this bold painter has ventured to represent him, his face must have contradicted his character with a brazen pertinacity. But fortunately we know, from Streicher's, Wilhelm von Hoven's, and Goethe's descriptions of the poet, that he could at no time of his life have conformed to the type with which it has pleased posterity to invest him. That he was in his youth round-shouldered, red-haired, and with inflamed eyes, we know from Streicher's testimony, but Goethe modifies this impression by stating that he was in middle life a man of great dignity in speech and manner. Wilhelm von Hoven's account agrees substantially with that of both these witnesses, although he lays great stress upon the sickness of Schiller's appearance the last time he saw him. But all those who came within the sphere of his presence bear witness that he was a great and a good man, whose unending struggle with discouragements and disease were truly heroic. The life of a man who could reach such lofty attainments amid such difficulties cannot fail to convey a noble lesson to those who sympathetically read it.

The American Actor Series. Vols. I., II., and III.*

In this age of brief biographies, when the ancient classical authors, and the foreign classical authors, and the philosophical classical authors, and the English men of letters, and the American men of letters, have each a series of their own, and the musicians and the artists have two, it was high time that there should be a series for the actors also. Sixty years ago, a Parisian publisher brought out a set of "Memoirs on Dramatic Art," partly original and partly translated

* Schiller and his Times. By Johannes Scherr. In Three Books. Translated from the German by Elizabeth McClellan. Philadelphia: Ig. Kohler.

* The American Actor Series. Edited by Laurence Hutton. I. Edwin Forrest. By Lawrence Barrett. II. The Jeffersons. By William Winter. III. The Elder and the Younger Booth. By Asia Booth Clarke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

from the English and the German; for one of these volumes, the translation of the marvelous memoirs of the lovely and luckless George Anne Bellamy, the late M. Thiers, some time President of the French Republic, and then a struggling young writer, prepared the preface. A few years later Colburn, of London, published in uniform pairs of volumes a great number of biographies and autobiographies of dramatic authors and dramatic artists; it was from certain of these volumes that much of the matter of Mr. R. H. Stoddard's interesting "Bric-à-brac Series" was taken. Theatrical autobiographies, indeed, are at all times entertaining, from Colley Cibber's "Apology" to the straggling narrative of the strolling of Mr. Ludlow and Sol Smith. They are full of the true flavor of character, dear to all lovers of what is perhaps rarest of all things in print—the simple expression of self. And they are likely to abound in anecdotes always admirably put. An actor's anecdotes one may venture to liken to the essays of Emerson, which were once lectures; from frequent telling, and dramatic delivery by one knowing how and when to elaborate and to condense, they have gained form and color, and are at last, by attrition, as it were, sharpened to the utmost point.

That this series of histrionic biographies is to be written by Americans is a subject of congratulation, since it cannot but draw attention to the early days of the American stage, unduly neglected by most readers in the United States, and wholly unknown to readers in Great Britain; even so well informed a critic as Mr. Dutton Cook, writing a year or so ago about the elder Booth, showed that he knew only the sketch of his life by the sculptor Gould, and had no knowledge of the other two biographies then in existence. Nor are most American critics much better off. Although there is no lack of highly interesting and entertaining books about special people or special periods on the American stage, there is no one book which tells the whole story concisely and with color. Here is where Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants" is of use to the student of the English stage; it is at once an introduction to the study of the history of the histrionics in English from the time of Shakspeare to the death of Edmund Kean, and a skeleton, or rather a backbone, to which all subsequently acquired and more detailed knowledge may naturally attach itself. The "American Actor Series" is not an attempt to set forth the annals of the American stage, but, when it is completed, its ten volumes will give a fairer view of the history of the theater in these United States than can now be obtained anywhere else, and its success is likely to lead many readers to look at the original records, and it may even induce some one of them to prepare an American "Doran," for which the material is abundant and tempting, as all know who may have read Dunlap, and Wood, and Wemyss, and Sol Smith.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's sketch of Edwin Forrest's life and labors is simple and straightforward. His style is direct and in general free from misplaced rhetoric. Above all, Mr. Barrett is honest; he does not seek to paint Forrest as an injured saint; he is, plainly enough, an admirer of Forrest's art, and not altogether a contemner of his career, but he does not try to hide the stains on Forrest's record, or to palliate the violence into which public disapproval and private disagreement often roused the tragedian. For

these reasons we are inclined to think Mr. Barrett's the best biography of Forrest yet written, and the one which is likely to do most for the tragedian's future fame. Shortly after Forrest died, a humble follower of his, Mr. James Rees, of Philadelphia, who had published a book on the "Dramatic Authors of America," forty years ago, when dramatic authors were even scarcer than they are now, rushed into print with a hastily patched up book about the actor. Later, the Rev. Mr. Alger put forth two ponderous tomes, in which the young giant Forrest was swaddled in immense robes of redundant rhetoric. Mr. Rees's book was shapeless and Mr. Alger's was unwieldy; neither had the elements of popularity; compared with either of these, Mr. Barrett's book is a model. Specially to be recommended are the chapter in which is sketched the state of the American stage when Forrest first appeared, and that in which are cited the opinions of many competent critics on Forrest's acting—opinions often conflicting, but taken together serving well to guide the reader to a right judgment of his own.

Mr. Winter's book about the Jeffersons is a book of another sort altogether; it is an elaborate and pains-taking family history, by a thoroughly competent investigator. Five generations of the Jeffersons have adorned the stage; the first was the Thomas Jefferson who served with Garrick, and the fifth is the Thomas Jefferson who plays *Fag* now to his father's *Bob Acres*. The second Jefferson was the Joseph Jefferson who was one of the chief comedians of the very remarkable company of actors, which was maintained for many years at the beginning of this century at the Chestnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. The fourth Jefferson is the Joseph Jefferson who is known everywhere to-day as *Rip Van Winkle* and as *Bob Acres*. It is upon these last two that Mr. Winter dwells with especial sympathy; reviving the earlier Joseph out of the dust of the recorded past, and drawing the portrait of the living Joseph from the fullness of personal knowledge. The elder brother of the oldest Joseph Jefferson was a clergyman, and went as a missionary to China, where, as Mr. Winter dryly records, "he was immediately murdered by persons who differed with him in religious opinion." The youngest Joseph Jefferson has been a missionary also, as all who have seen "Rip Van Winkle" may testify; and of him Mr. Winter gives not a few interesting anecdotes; for instance, Mr. Jefferson once acted in Hobart Town, in Tasmania, as *Bob Brierly* in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," before an audience that included upward of six hundred ticket-of-leave men! To those who recall Mr. Jefferson's honorable connection with the event which gave its name to the "Little Church Around the Corner," we recommend a reading of page 109, from which they will be reminded that ecclesiastical intolerance existed also in the days of Mr. Jefferson's grandfather.

The third volume of the series is written by the daughter of Junius Brutus Booth, sister of Mr. Edwin Booth and wife of Mr. J. S. Clarke; yet it is less interesting than its predecessors. Mrs. Clarke published a volume of memorials of her father nearly a score of years ago, and in this, as in that, is to be noted a reticence and a dwelling on minor points of personal biography, both of which may fairly be looked for in any memoir by a relative. Though somewhat meager and lacking in color, the narrative is

valuable for its facts. It is pleasant to be reminded that when Charles Kean, the son of his old rival, came to act *Hamlet* at the theater which J. B. Booth was managing in Baltimore, in 1831, Booth cast the piece to the full strength of the company, himself taking the part of the *Second Actor*—just as Talma once played the *Second Porter* in the "Précieuses Ridicules."

The "American Actor Series" was planned and is edited by Mr. Laurence Hutton, of New York, the author of a lively and useful book on "Plays and Players." His work has been done with great care and skill. Particularly worthy of praise are the elaborate indexes which he has appended to each volume—indexes which really double the value of the book.

Dorman's "Origin of Superstitions."*

ONE is at a loss to see for what public purpose Mr. Rushton M. Dorman issues a handsome octavo of nearly four hundred pages under the title, "Origin of Primitive Superstitions." As an exercise and preparatory work for his own private use, it undoubtedly has a reason. Were he an outspoken opponent of revealed religion, stronger indications of arguments against religion might reasonably be looked for. Were he an indefatigable collector of the German type, we would have to have twenty volumes of evidence instead of one. Were he, once more, what the title-page might lead us to await, a philosopher who takes the great mass of material on hand and argues upon it, contenting himself with references to Bancroft, Müller, Humboldt, and the countless Spanish sources of another age, then, indeed, were we to be congratulated. The origin of primitive superstitions! What a fascinating subject! Herbert Spencer has been grappling with it after his fashion, and a very able if not entirely convincing fashion he certainly has. But Mr. Dorman does none of these three things. He leans all three ways, and comes to little result in consequence. The mere enumeration of singular freaks of superstition among the Indians of the Western Hemisphere occupies so much space that one loses the connection, and forgets to what it is that each quotation refers. It is true that Mr. Dorman has blocked out his material into some kind of sequence, and massed it about such centers as "Doctrine of Spirits," "Fetichistic Superstitions," "Rites and Ceremonies Connected with the Dead," "Animal Worship," "Worship of Trees and Plants." Further chapters are on the "Worship of Remarkable Natural Objects," "Sabatism," "Animistic Theory of Meteorology," "Priestcraft." It is also true that Mr. Dorman carries a thread of argument through the various chapters. He connects the fetich, for example, with the doctrine of spirits. Thus: "A fetich is not the inanimate, powerless, material thing to them that it is to us, but is redolent with life. The idol is filled with a spirit; it speaks in the oracle. So the fetich, whether a medicine-bag, or image, or claw of beast or bird, is filled with a spirit." And the worship of animals is referred to the same cause (page 221): "Among the natives of America

animal worship has originated in animism, or spirit-worship. Among primitive peoples, all animals are supposed to be endowed with souls." And again (page 287): "The vegetable kingdom shared with other natural objects the superstitious belief in the animation of all nature by spirits. One of the causes that probably led to the prevalence of the superstition as to trees is the primitive custom of burying or suspending the dead in trees." The worship of the heavenly bodies, also, which Mr. Dorman calls Sabatism, is also referred to spirit-worship, but in a more general way, as embraced in the worship of nature. "Nature worship is wholly inexplicable if we assume that the different objects were worshipped as inanimate, and even the personifications of former mythologists have a flavor of materialism about them that are not truthful to the nature of the primitive mind. The earliest conception of all of these objects of worship was, that they were not inanimate, but animated by a spirit, and thus assumed the character of a living being as real as the human body." All of which is very well in its way, but leads one to ask why Mr. Dorman has thought it necessary to repeat what other men have said before. His tone is that of bringing forward new matter or new arguments.

In regard to the religious beliefs of the Indians, Mr. Dorman sides positively with those who say that the Indians had no conception of a single great God until the arrival of the whites. But neither his own book nor his authorities state the fact carefully. Do they mean to say that *no* Indian had such a conception, or merely that for the most part they were not far enough advanced to understand a universal god? Mr. Francis Parkman is his great backer in this idea. At the same time, Mr. Dorman writes of the Indians of North and South America before the coming of the whites: "All stages of progress are faithfully represented among them, from the most savage root-digger to the most civilized Peruvian. There were tribes of hunters, tribes of fishermen, and tribes of agriculturists. Art is also represented in all its forms. When we arise from a study of their mental characteristics, we cannot help being impressed with the fact that the human mind unfolds itself in all directions with as great regularity as does our physical nature." And again: "The American savages agree in their religious views with the savages of other continents more than with the civilized peoples of their own." Moreover, he agrees that no tribe has been proved to be without any religion at all. All these statements, joined to the well-known reticence of most nations regarding their actual religious beliefs, and to this fact (which Mr. Dorman does not allude to) that the Indians have taken pride in misleading inquisitive white men as to their actual beliefs, ought to make us wary of flat-footed statements to the effect that a universal god was a concept foreign to the Indian mind. Low tribes of negroes in Central Africa, untouched, apparently, by Arab or other white influence, have the idea of monotheism. Is it likely that the races which built temples like those of Palenque never rose to an equal level in religious thought when they overtopped such tribes in every other respect? We consider that Mr. Dorman does not argue as he should from the facts that he has laid before us, and that on a point of capital importance both to the Indians, as aborigines abused in a thousand other

*The Origin of Primitive Superstitions, and their Development into the Worship of Spirits and the Doctrine of Spiritual Agency among the Aborigines of America. By Rushton M. Dorman. Twenty-six Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ways by white men, and also to the whites, as inheritors of their lands and the natural defenders of the reputations of a conquered and impoverished race. When the Spaniards seized Mexico, they disliked to have their own vicious and degraded priests introduced to the Mexicans, because the Mexican priests were so much their superiors in morality and manners. It is bad enough to have treated the Indians as we did. All we can do now is to give them justice, and to allow that lofty religious thoughts and social virtues existed in their civilizations along with many horrors, just as we allow the same phenomena to have existed on the Nile and the Euphrates.

Merriam's "The Way of Life."

MR. MERRIAM'S last book bears witness to a considerable change in his views of religious truth. Whether this movement be regarded as an advance or not will depend on the direction in which the reader is going. Between "A Living Faith" and "The Way of Life" there is not, indeed, any great difference so far as the affirmations of the two volumes are concerned; but the former book was mostly affirmative, while the latter contains many strong denials. It is in the emphasis put upon these negations that the change is most apparent.

"The Way of Life" consists of an introductory chapter, a historical portrait-sketch of "The Character of Jesus," and seven essays, in the form of open letters to a friend, on the religious life. In the first part of the book Mr. Merriam indicates his emphatic rejection of all supernatural elements in the story of the gospel and in the character of Jesus. He believes that the miracles of the New Testament are mythical stories that grew out of an oriental imagination in the first century; that Jesus himself was only a man; that the bodily resurrection of Christ is "a parable, under which lies an immortal truth." He finds in the portraiture which the Evangelists have left us, defective and misleading though it often is, signs of the limitations of Jesus, marks of narrowness and weakness in his character. Nevertheless, the view that is taken of him is, for the most part, reverent and sympathetic. If his life and teaching are not regarded as miraculous, they are acknowledged to be marvelous; if Jesus is not to be worshiped, it may truly be said of him that he spake as never man spake, and that in his moral greatness and his spiritual insight he is fitted to be the Teacher and Leader, if not the Ruler, of men.

The purpose of the writer is not controversial. He recognizes the fact that there are multitudes who regard Christ as God. He does not write for these. To such as are satisfied with this view he has "no word of dissuasion or dissent to utter." But he declares that for himself and many others "the thought of him as God starts questions which bring us straight to self-contradiction." No doubt of that; but those who still hold on to what Mr. Merriam has let go will be apt to ask him whether no such questions

start along the line of thought that he is following. A stark materialism, they might answer him, may be perfectly logical; a spiritual faith never was, and never will be. Certain it is that we can love nothing that lacks personality; equally certain it is that to attribute the elements of personality to "that which we dare invoke to bless" starts all manner of unanswerable questions.

After dwelling upon the identification of Jesus with men in their woes, and declaring that this aspect of his life has made the most powerful appeal to human hearts, he says:

"Fancy and speculation have told the story in a way which reason cannot accept. They have represented Jesus as very God, descending into the world to literally bear in his own person the sorrows of the whole race. That conception expresses, in an allegory or picture,—which has been devoutly received as literal fact,—a truth of history and also a universal spiritual truth. Jesus, not as God, but as man, as the human son of God, did by his own sympathy enter into and suffer under the sorrows of men."

But, if there is here a "universal spiritual truth," namely, that God is compassionate, why should not that truth be shown to man in such a great "object lesson" as the incarnation? Does not reason affirm that to be the most effective method of bringing this truth home to men's hearts? This is a question which Mr. Merriam's critics will be sure to ask, and which he does not distinctly answer.

In the last paragraph of this chapter, Mr. Merriam undertakes to explain the marvelous change which took place in the characters of the apostles after the death of Jesus, and attributes it to some new view that then came to them of the moral and spiritual greatness of their Master, and of the undying influence of his life and work. It was this that made them say that he was not dead. It was this that grew into the story of his resurrection. That these apostles had the power to reach such a transcendental conception may well be doubted. Taking the account that they give of themselves, the theory of their gaining at once such a lofty spiritual idea and being transformed by it will seem to many much harder to believe than the common historical explanation.

The didactic part of Mr. Merriam's book contains much that will be helpful to all earnest seekers after the way of life. There may be a question as to whether "the friendliness of law" is not somewhat overstated in the chapter bearing that heading; and other theories broached may be open to criticism, but the spirit of all these counsels is of the highest. A lofty courage, a serene faith, a heroic cheerfulness, a large humanity breathe through all these pages. The chapters entitled "The Unfailing Resource," "Fullness of Life," and "Immortality" are full of stimulating suggestions; these are the words of a man who, though he may have parted with much that other men hold, still keeps a reverent spirit and a clear vision of highest truth. There is no attempt at fine writing, but many passages of these last chapters glow with genuine eloquence.

* *The Way of Life*. By George S. Merriam. Boston: George H. Ellis.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

HOUSE CONSTRUCTION. III.

Precautions against Fire.

IN a house built of stone or brick no floor-beams should extend more than four inches into the wall; this has been found by calculation and experiment to be sufficient for ordinary floor-beams. The ends of

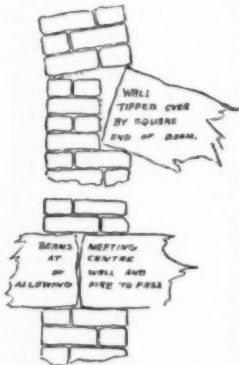


FIG. 1.—BAD METHODS OF RESTING BEAMS ON WALLS.

through the wall. By means of abutting beams fire is often communicated from one part of a building to another.

An undefeased floor, as ordinarily constructed, is from its form a dangerous ally of fire. Being nothing more than a series of boxes formed of the beams, the floor boards, and the ceiling, bristling with splinters, and often partly filled with shavings and chips left by careless workmen, the flames, when once they reach



FIG. 2.—PROPER METHOD OF RESTING BEAMS ON WALLS.

a foot apart, on the outside walls to support the laths and plaster, so that should any moisture strike through, the plastered surface will remain intact. A good way to overcome this difficulty is to run the floor-boards well up to the walls, and when the furring strips are on fill in between them to about a foot above the floor with gauged mortar, which is ordinary lime mortar and plaster-of-Paris. Or these open spaces may be filled to the same height with "mineral wool." If the furring is wide, or the space between the wall

of the beams should be cut beveling, as in the accompanying cut, Fig. 2. This is done to prevent the destruction of the wall by the fall of the floor in case of fire. If left square the part in the wall will act as the short arm of a powerful lever, whose long arm, as the floor falls, prides the wall out with considerable force. If there are interior brick walls care should be taken that the ends of the beams resting on such a wall do not abut, or that the beams do not run entirely

and the inside finish will permit, one or two courses of brick in mortar laid on the floor-boards would cut off communication between the cellar and the space behind the plastering. It is often advisable to stiffen the furring with angular bridging, the same as in partitions, and a second fire-stop may be procured by using coarse mortar and chips on top of the bridging all around the building, which, with floors properly deafened, would render its destruction by fire rather slow and difficult.

The floors should be deafened with "mineral wool," or with hollow brick flushed with mortar, the brick being laid on cleats between the beams; or with mortar and cinder deafening; or with an ordinary seven-eighth inch thick board floor, diagonally laid on the beams and then covered with iron plate or asbestos flooring felt, the finishing floor being laid on top. Somewhat similar methods may be employed for frame houses, care being taken not to forget the brick fire-stop under the first-story beams, which was described in the March number of this magazine.

In a frame house the outside surface of the chimney is usually plastered to lessen the danger of sparks passing through the joints of the masonry; particular

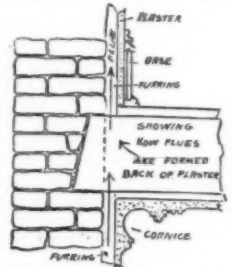


FIG. 3.—SPACE USUALLY LEFT BETWEEN PLASTERING AND BRICK WALL, WHICH MAY ACT AS A FIRE FLUE.

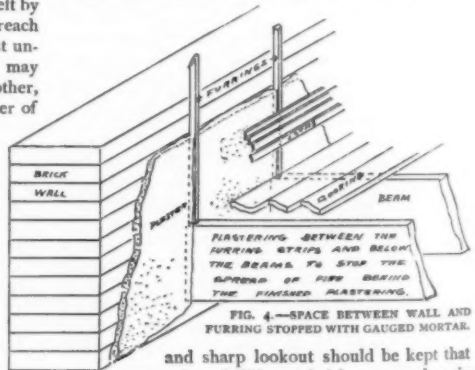


FIG. 4.—SPACE BETWEEN WALL AND FURRING STOPPED WITH GAUGED MORTAR.

and sharp lookout should be kept that no soft or half-burnt bricks are used, as in that case the chimneys may crack open at any moment after being inclosed by furring. Care should be taken, also, to have the chimneys come in the middle of the openings intended for them, as masons rarely think of questioning the accuracy of carpenters. The chimney is

carried up, on the supposition that the opening is right, but if the opening is found to be in the wrong position the chimney is shifted over, so that it rests on the trimmer beam. The trimmer beam runs at each side of, and should be twelve inches from, the inside face of the chimney flue; and the "header," or beam in front of the chimney, between the trimmer beams, should be four inches from the outside face, no matter whether the flues are smoke or air ducts. The header to an open fire-place is of course much further from the chimney. On the lower side of the header of a fire-place is nailed a strip of wood, and from this strip on the header to the chimney wall a brick arch four inches thick is turned, which is called the trimmer or hearth arch, the upper surface of which, when leveled with concrete, receives the hearth-stone. The smoke-flues of furnaces, steam boilers, bakers' ovens, large cooking ranges, laundry stoves, and of all fires of similar capacity, ought to have sides at least eight inches thick, unless there is a fire-clay pipe-lining inside, leaving an air-space, when the thickness of the flue may be four inches.

Flues with thin walls lose their heat more rapidly than those with thick walls, and consequently the

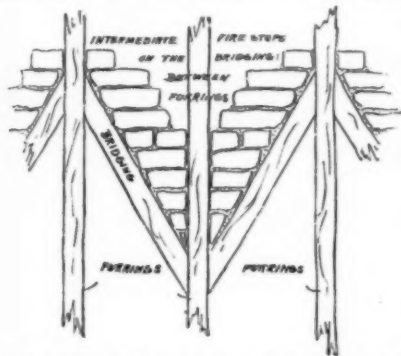


FIG. 6.—INTERMEDIATE FIRE-STOPS OF BRICK AND MORTAR.

draught is not so good. In building the chimney above the roof, care should be taken that the joints are made thoroughly waterproof with cement mixed with sand. The chimney should always be carried up at least three feet above the roof, and should never be constructed with a foot or base immediately above the opening in the roof, as the chimney is certain to settle, in which event the upper portion would be caught on the rafters, and the lower part, sinking away, would leave a dangerous opening. Irregular chimneys can be better bonded, are much stronger, and therefore resist wind-action better than those of the common form. It is a very common thing to see chimneys leaning out of the perpendicular, and they will generally be found to lean from the direction of the prevailing winds. Irregular chimneys are more stable, and they give opportunity for picturesque grouping. Chimney flues are sometimes built four by sixteen inches, inside measurement, but while the area is the same as a square flue eight by eight inches, the latter gives a better draught, and a circular shaft is better than either. If the flues are carried up nearly straight, and without being twisted, eight by eight inches is enough

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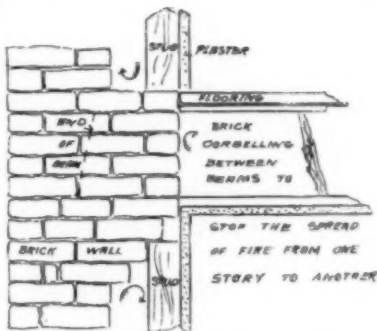


FIG. 5.—BRICK CORBELING BETWEEN BEAMS.

for any stove, or for an ordinary hot-air furnace or a medium-sized open fire-place; the danger of obstruction is so great, however, that prudence dictates flues eight by twelve inches, where practicable. It is necessary to be watchful during the construction of flues to make sure they are smooth and uniform in size.

The chimney partitions between the flues should be well bonded by being roughly mitered with the outside walls of the chimney. If this is not done the partition is formed of a series of superimposed bricks, depending on the feeble adhesion of the mortar for their support, so that not infrequently the partition loses its balance, and leans one way or the other, thus stopping up the adjoining flue. Hoop-iron or tin ties are sometimes used to sustain the partitions, but the mitered joint is better, especially in high chimneys, where a thorough interlocking of the partitions with the walls adds materially to the strength of the shaft. The inside of the flues is frequently plastered with mortar, producing a smooth inside surface, but the plastering may drop down and take with it the joints, and thus open a passage for sparks. Owing to the carelessness, and oftentimes criminal incompetency, of workmen, this practice is forbidden in some localities. Sometimes a plastering of one part lime to three parts fresh cow manure has been used with great success, owing to the polished sur-

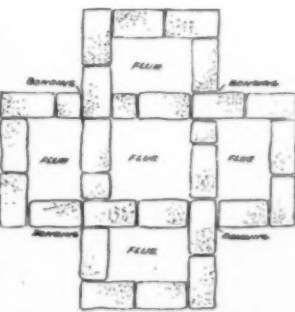


FIG. 7.—PROPER METHOD OF BONDING CHIMNEYS.

face obtained and its greater tenacity over ordinary mortar.

Fire-places are generally built up roughly during the construction of the chimneys, and afterward lined with soapstone or brick. If bricks are used it is advisable to finish the whole at once, and protect it with boards from injury during the progress of the work.

This obviates settling and the danger of open joints between the rough work and the lining, through which sparks may reach the space behind the furrings. The brick-work arch in front of the fire-place and between the ceiling and floor should always be supported on two wrought-iron chimney bars, two inches wide and one-half inch thick, with the ends turned up and down in the piers. Dependence should never be placed wholly on arches over the openings, as these are liable to open, while the wooden centering on which the arch rests while it is building is often left to communicate fire instead of being removed when the arches have set. This is due to thoughtlessness on the part of masons. A four-inch recess in the fire-place often suffices for small hard-coal grates, as the grates project three or four inches from the wall. These work well if the draught is good, but a recess eight inches deep is better, and for wood or soft coal a recess of twelve inches is necessary.

On the placing and construction of heaters depends much of the safety of buildings. The sides and top of brick hot-air furnaces should be kept four inches from any ceilings, floor beams, girders, or wooden partitions of any kind. When the cold air enters at the top of the furnace, and passes over the top of the hot-air chamber, the outside cover ought to be of brick, iron, or tin plate, supported by iron bars, and made perfectly tight. This cover is in addition to and six inches

from the cover of the hot-air chamber. When the cold air enters at the bottom of the furnace the outside cover ought to be made of bricks, with two inches of sand on the top. This cover should be four inches from the hot-air chamber cover, which ought to be either a brick arch or two courses of brick supported on iron bars. The walls of the furnace

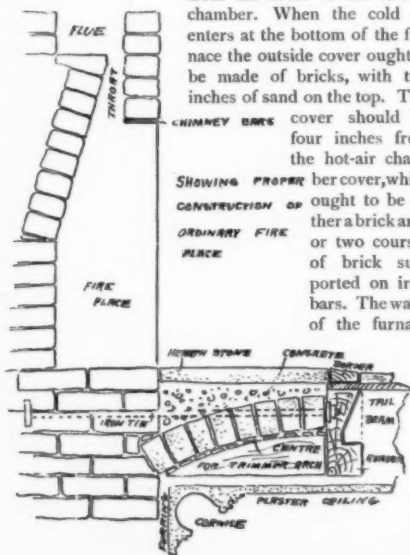


FIG. 8.—VERTICAL SECTION OF FIRE-PLACE.

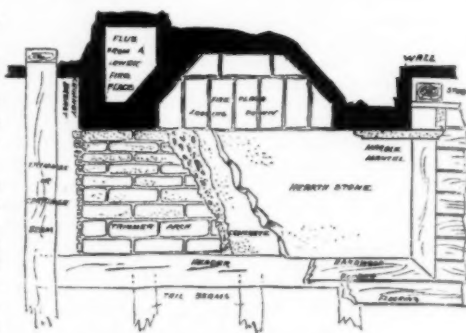


FIG. 9.—HORIZONTAL SECTION OF FIRE-PLACE.

ought to be built hollow, each wall four inches thick, with a four-inch air-space. The walls of a flue or shaft leading from the hot-air chamber, and supporting a register, should be eight inches thick, unless there is a metal pipe inside, when four inches will do. The floor beams should be kept four inches from the outside faces of such shaft. Care should be taken to have the fresh-air box proportioned in area to the number

of outlets, or it should be equal to all the register pipes which may be open at one time, less one-sixth, which is the expansion of air on being heated; and very particular care must be taken to prevent a reversal of currents caused by a sudden change in the direction of the wind, when the air may rush in through the register, down to the furnace and out through the supply box, carrying with it sparks which may set fire to the house. The simplest way to prevent this is to have two openings to the fresh-air box, as nearly opposite each other as possible, or else to carry the supply box entirely across the building, at a little distance from the furnace, and connecting with the furnace by a short pipe. Then the wind may blow at will through the main pipe, as the small one alone supplies the necessary amount of air directly to the furnace. The supply box may be made either of wood or metal. Galvanized iron is the best material that can be used, but if it is made of wood the first three feet of the box nearest the furnace must be of iron or brick. Portable hot-air furnaces should be kept two feet from plastered partitions or ceilings, unless they are protected by a bright tin shield, when the distance may be one foot. A stone slab, or a course of bricks well laid in mortar and extending two feet in front of the ash-pan, ought to be placed under each portable furnace to protect a wooden floor.

Smoke-pipes ought never to pass through the floors of a building. Stove-pipes should never be nearer than twelve inches to any ceiling or partition which can burn, unless a metal shield intervenes, when half

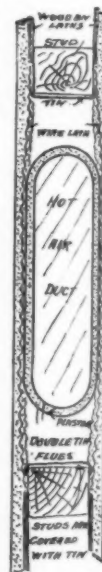


FIG. 10.—HOT-AIR FLUE OR DUCT IN PLASTERED PARTITION.

that distance will suffice. If it is necessary to carry stove-pipes through wooden partitions, double metal collars, three inches apart, pierced for ventilation, ought to be used, or soapstone rings three inches thick, or earthen rings two inches from the pipe, and extending through the partition. Where the products of combustion at high temperatures are disposed of, the distances from wood-work and for ventilation naturally require enlargement.

All hot-air pipes or registers should have at least four inches of solid masonry, whether of brick or stone, for outside casing, and if it is necessary to build such pipes in wooden partitions, a second and outside pipe ought to be placed around the hot-air duct, at least one-half inch distant, and this outside pipe should be three inches from the studding on each side, and the studding should be protected by tin-plate lining, while the spaces from one piece of studding to the next, and across the hot-air pipe, ought to be covered with wire-lath and plaster or slate. The partition, moreover, should be eight feet distant, in a horizontal direction, from the furnace, and if the partition is not on the same floor as the furnace, a plumb-line dropped from it should be the same distance from the furnace.

A small additional expense in using wire-lath throughout a house adds greatly to the security against fire. Besides, the powerful clinch or hold the mortar takes on the wire-lath prevents any force from detaching the plastering, which will not crack or sag. No violence can shake it down, while continued water-soaking will not detach it from ceilings.

For perfect safety, horizontal hot-air pipes should be at least six inches from the ceiling, unless protected

by metal shields, when they may approach to three inches. And if they pass through stud partitions the collars previously mentioned should be employed. Under no considerations should hot-air pipes be allowed between any combustible floor and ceiling. Hot-air registers should be protected by soap-stone borders firmly set in plaster-of-Paris or gauged mortar. All register boxes should be of tin-plate, with a flange on top to fit the groove in the soapstone, upon which the register rests; there should be an open space of two inches on all sides of the register box, extending from the under side of the soapstone and through the ceiling below. This opening should be fitted with a tight tin casing turned under the soapstone, and having the lower end at the ceiling open. When a register in the floor is over a furnace, the open space should be three inches, and if this register is the only one connected with the furnace there should be no register valve with which careless persons could tamper.

Steam-pipes should never approach wood-work nearer than two inches, unless protected by a metal shield, when one inch is the limit. Covers to recesses in walls of brick or stone should be of metal, and these recesses should not be in depth more than a fourth part of the thickness of the wall, and all recesses should be built up solid at the floors.

Gas brackets should be kept at least three feet from any combustible ceiling or wood-work, unless a metal shield one-third the distance down intervenes, when half the distance will answer. All lights near window-curtains or any other combustible material should be protected by glass globes or suitable wire screens.

George Martin Huss.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Ship Ventilation.

PASSENGERS upon ocean steam-ships who occupy state-rooms placed below the spar deck frequently resort to temporary wind-sails to secure a supply of fresh air in their rooms. While the steamer is in motion the leeward rooms cannot be ventilated thoroughly by merely opening the ports. The air passing the smooth sides of the ship does not affect the atmosphere in the rooms, and it remains comparatively quiet. The same thing happens in all the rooms in a calm, and when the wind is ahead or astern. To direct the fresh air into the room, a piece of sheet-tin or a piece of card-board may be crowded into the side of the port, leaving a part to project outside, in the form of a scoop or ear. This makes a wind-sail to throw a current of air into the room. This familiar device has been made the basis of a ventilating apparatus designed to be permanently fixed to the state-rooms of a ship. It consists of a short telescopic tube passing through the side of the vessel, and opening into the state-room near the ceiling. The movable portion of the tube is cut away on one side and closed

at the end, and it may be drawn in or out by means of a handle in the room. When not in use the tube is drawn in level with the side of the ship, and it is then closed water-tight. When in use the tube is pushed out, and as the open part faces the wind (or forward) it acts as a wind-sail, catching the wind and directing it into the room. A floating valve is placed inside the tube to prevent the entrance of water in case the ventilator should be submerged by the rolling of the ship. The only criticism that can be made of the apparatus is that, while the idea is a good one, the apparatus itself is heavy and clumsy, and badly designed. Better appliances upon the same system will no doubt soon be introduced.

The idea of using the rolling motion of a ship as a means of ventilating vessels was made the subject of experiments some years ago, that were described at the time in this department. A simple and comparatively inexpensive apparatus based on this idea has now been introduced upon a number of steam-ships. On the main deck, near the middle of the ship and close to the sides, are placed two upright iron cylinders, resembling common upright steam-boilers. The two cylinders or

tanks are joined together by means of a large iron pipe suspended from the ceiling of the deck below. No valves are used, so that water placed in one tank has a free passage into the other. From the top of each tank are taken smaller pipes that lead to the state-rooms, saloons, or other parts of the ship to be ventilated. These pipes are provided with check-valves opening into the tanks. Other pipes also lead from the top of each tank to the open air above the upper deck. These pipes are provided with valves opening outward. In operation, the pipe joining the two tanks is filled with water and closed air-tight, the water rising in each tank for a short distance. While the ship is at rest on an even keel no action takes place. When the ship rolls from side to side in the sea, the water flows through the connecting pipe from one tank to the other. If the right side sinks down, all the water flows through the pipe into the tank on that side. The air above the water is driven out through the escape-pipe. At the same time a vacuum is set up in the opposite tank, and under the pressure of the atmosphere the air-inlet pipes or ventilators open, and the foul air in the rooms is drawn into the tank. When the ship returns or rolls the other way the action is reversed. The water runs back into the other tank, driving out the foul air and causing the first tank to act as an inspirator to ventilate that side of the ship. This alternate inspiration and expiration is continuous as long as there is any rolling motion. The apparatus, it will be seen, is self-acting. As far as can be learned, one or two such pairs of tanks are sufficient to keep a ship of ordinary size free of foul air while the vessel is in motion.

Combined Gas Producer and Engine.

FOR places where a gas-engine may be useful, and where a supply of street gas is not available, a new combination of gas-producer and gas-engine has been devised. The aim has been to make a producer that should be cheap, simple, and easily managed, and yet capable of making a gas of sufficient richness to be of use in a gas-engine. It consists of a small vessel, lined with some refractory material, and having an opening at the top for inserting the coal. This top is closed by a cover having a rim or flange that fits into a joint filled with sand. At the bottom the vessel is provided with a fire-pot formed of inclined grate-bars. These bars rest at the top upon a circular pipe perforated with fine holes, and designed to spread a film of water over the bars to keep the apparatus cool and create a certain amount of steam. In the upper part of the producer is an annular hood, or cap, hanging down into the vessel. This serves to keep the fuel in the center of the vessel, and leaves an annular space at the top through which the products of combustion may escape. A gas-pipe joined to the top of the producer leads the gas to the scrubber, which is simply a vessel partly filled with water, through which the water bubbles upward on its way to the engine. This is all that is required for producing a sufficiently good gas for the purpose. On starting the apparatus, the producer is filled with coal and the fire lighted. At first, the products of combustion are allowed to escape through a chimney over the scrubber. Then the chimney is closed and the water is allowed

to flow over the grate-bars. It is turned into vapor, and, together with a small quantity of air, enters the producer, the proper direction being given to the products of combustion by the exhaust caused by the engine in consuming the gas. The engine consists of two upright cylinders placed side by side, and having a set of valves common to them both in a circular chamber between them. There is also a reservoir for storing the gas, and a system of regenerators, formed of wire netting, for heating the gas before it is burned. On top of the engine is a small vessel, intended to hold a quantity of some light hydro-carbon for enriching the gas just before it is burned. The operation of the engine appears to be somewhat complicated. The upward movement of each piston draws a mixture of gas and air into the cylinder, and its return stroke compresses the explosive mixture and delivers it into the reservoir. The effective downward stroke is caused by admitting a portion of the gas from the reservoir above the pistons. At the same time a small portion of the hydro-carbon is added to it, and the mixture is fired by electricity. After the explosion, the waste gases pass through the regenerators into the exhaust-pipe and thus escape. The regenerators absorb a part of the heat of the exhaust, and they, in their turn, give it up again to the next supply of gas that is admitted. The engine, while it is complicated, has the merit of compactness and convenience of position, as it stands upright, and, having two cylinders, one is always doing effective work.

Portable Hydraulic Crane.

IN handling goods upon docks or in railroad yards hydraulic cranes are specially useful; but the objection that is commonly raised to them is that they are fixed and cannot be moved about. To overcome this objection, a portable apparatus has been built by mounting a crane on a platform-car designed to be used on ordinary rails. The water-main is laid between the rails along the track, and at convenient distances are placed small branch pipes. The car carrying the crane may be brought to any one of these branches and quickly connected with the main. A telescopic pipe is fitted under the car and provided with a joint free to turn in any direction, so that the connection can be made between the main and the crane at any point in reach of the sliding-pipe, and, at the same time, the crane can be turned completely round in a circle without moving the car or disconnecting the water-pipe. For such a railroad crane a small steam-pump and accumulator and the necessary pipes would be all that would be required in quite a large yard. Two cranes, one fixed and one portable, have been operated in this way in one yard, at an expense estimated at about one-half what would be required were the steam used direct in two ordinary steam-cranes.

Experiments in Horticulture.

EXPERIMENTS have been made from time to time in mulching garden plants heavily with straw, small stones, wood-chips, and other material, and keeping the ground entirely covered during the growing season. Even tiles and boards have been used to cover the ground in strawberry-beds, and in some instances

a heavy coat of cement or mortar has been spread over the soil, leaving only small openings immediately about each plant or bush. More recent experiments have been made with water-proof paper, spread in sheets over the ground, between the plants, in a fruit and flower garden. The paper used was prepared by soaking ordinary kinds of paper in sulphuric acid, and then washing in clear water to remove the acid. Paper prepared in this way is known as parchment paper. The advantages gained by mulching in this way appear to be a greatly increased rapidity of growth and increased crops, with a material saving of labor in keeping the soil clear of weeds.

New Form of Sidewalk Light.

In the iron and glass pavements used on sidewalks to light basements and cellars, the openings in the iron frame or sash are filled with small pieces of glass, usually rounded or crowned slightly on top, and flat, or perhaps slightly pointed, below. A new shape has been recently given to these glass lights that greatly increases their value. They are made flat on top, and are designed to fit tightly into the openings in the sash. Below the sash they are formed in the shape of long pendants, flat on one side and rounded on the other, and bent at a slight angle in the direction in which it is desired to send the light. In the apparatus examined the glasses, or lenses as they are called, were designed to reflect the light in a horizontal direction into the building. While all the light that could enter the room was obtained from the sky directly overhead, the amount of light obtained was remarkable. Each lens appeared to act as a silvered mirror, reflecting nearly all the light that entered the glass from above. Compared with the ordinary sidewalk sash, the amount of light admitted to the room seemed to be at least double. The design of the lenses examined seemed to be somewhat defective, yet the results obtained were good. The idea is a simple one, and if properly worked out will prove of value. Roof and wall lights are also arranged in the same way, each lens in the sash acting as a reflector to throw the light downward or horizontally as required. The lenses can be fitted to any of the sidewalk or roof sashes now in use, without disturbing the sash.

Novel Separator.

THE success attending the various forms of magnetic separators for separating iron-waste and scraps from grain and particles of iron, or from iron sands and gravels, by means of magnets, has led to the invention of a method of separating particles of gold from sand. The best of the magnetic separators have already been described here, and the new apparatus is worthy of mention only as pointing out a new direction for experiment. The separator consists of a circular pan or vessel, having raised sides and a narrow rim around the bottom on the inside, the center of the pan being open. The pan is mounted upon arms or supports that meet in the center, and are here supported by a vertical axis. By means of the proper gearing or belting the pan may be given a rapid rotary motion. Within the pan is a flat disc, also connected

with the axis, so that the disc will revolve with the pan. Above the apparatus is a cover and a hopper for guiding the mixed sand and gold-dust into the machine. While at rest the pan is partly filled with quicksilver, that rests in a ring next the sides of the pan and is kept in place by a ledge on the inside. This ledge can be raised or lowered as desired by means of suitable machinery. When the machine is in motion the centrifugal force causes the quicksilver to rise in a film up the sides of the pan, and this position it holds as long as the motion continues. At the same time the ledge on the inside is lowered automatically, so that anything falling against the inside of the pan would drop through the machine into a guiding spout below. When the sand bearing the gold is placed in the hopper, it falls upon the revolving disc and is driven by centrifugal force against the sides of the pan. Here it meets the film of quicksilver, and the particles of gold are caught and held by the quicksilver. The sand merely strikes the quicksilver and falls down below. When all the sand has passed and the machine is stopped, the interior ledge is raised to catch the quicksilver as it falls back into its original position. It may then be taken out, and the gold hidden in it may be extracted by any of the usual processes. The invention is interesting as pointing the way to a new field of work in the separating of mixed materials. Reports seem to show that the first machine is a practical one, and new experiments will no doubt find still wider application of this idea of separating substances by the affinity or attraction of one material for another, when by any means they are brought together. Taking all the separators together it appears that difference of gravity, as in the centrifugal dryers and milk and cream separators, magnetic attraction, as in the iron, sand, and grain separators, and electrical attraction, as in the bran separators, have been already employed. The new apparatus suggests the use of chemical affinity to the list and greatly extends the field.

Disposal of City Refuse.

THE necessity of getting rid of ballast, ashes, and waste material collected in sea-board cities has led to the invention of a class of boats called hopper barges, in which the refuse may be carried to sea and thrown overboard. A new boat, designed to overcome the great danger and expense following the use of open floats and scows, such as are used in New York, and the great cost of iron steam-driven hopper barges, has been recently made the subject of experiments. The new boat is designed to be self-discharging and, at the same time, sufficiently large to go to sea in all weather, and to carry large loads with speed and safety. From an examination of the boat, on her return from a trip to the sea, she appeared to be well designed and roughly but thoroughly constructed. The boat consists of two parts, called pontoons, joined together in such a way as to present the outside form of an ordinary ship's hull. The stem, keel, and stern-post are in one piece, as in any hull, but here the resemblance stops. The two halves of the boat are independent of the keel, and are joined together and kept in place by three heavy wooden bridges extending

across the boat from side to side. The outside of each pontoon is of the usual shape, sharp at the bow and rounded at the stern. The inside is, however, planked and calked water-tight and extends from the keel to the deck, near the outside. Thus the two parts, when in their normal position, form a V-shaped opening or well in the center of the boat and extending nearly the whole length. At each end are vertical partitions, extending from the keel up to the deck and inclosing a small space in each pontoon, that serves for cabins and lockers corresponding to the air-compartments used in metallic life-boats. Each pontoon is a complete boat in itself, and, while it would not stand alone in the water, when placed side by side, the buoyancy tends to force the lower parts together, embracing and firmly binding the stem, keel, and stern-post. At each end of the pontoons are large segments of wood, shod with iron and carrying a short piece of gearing. On the three bridges, and extending the whole length of the boat, is a shaft carrying wheels geared into the segments. There are also heavy iron rods hinged to the lower side of each pontoon, and connected with sliding bars under the bridges. Each bridge is supported on the pontoon by a journal, so that the pontoon may turn on its axis without disturbing the bridge. In using the boat it is brought to the dump, and the rubbish is shot into it till it is loaded. It is then towed to sea by a tug. On reaching the dumping-grounds, in deep water, one man standing on the center bridge between the pontoons, by the turning of a wheel unlocks the pontoons, and the weight of the load forces the two hulls apart. They turn under the bridges till the sloping sides within are vertical, when the entire load instantly drops out. The tug, meanwhile, steams rapidly ahead and drags the boat through the water, forcing a powerful current

directly through it and washing it out thoroughly. The man who holds the pontoons in this position by means of the hand-wheel then releases them, and they swing together and lock themselves automatically. The whole operation takes only ten minutes, and while the tug is turning around to go home the cargo has been discharged. From an inspection of the boat at the dock it appears to be fully equal to its duty. It can be controlled by two men, one to steer and one to unload, and is sufficiently large and strong to go to sea at all times without endangering the lives of the crew. The design must be regarded as perhaps the best yet brought out, and it is capable of being applied to vessels of either wood or iron, and of any size that may be desirable. The boat examined is 34.65 meters (110 feet) long and 8.82 meters wide, and has a capacity of 500 tons.

Preservation of Wood.

THE increasing cost of wood in this country has led to a great number of experiments in preserving all kinds of wooden structures exposed to the weather from decay. Among the more recent plans suggested is one for impregnating wood with asphalt, combined with some antiseptic material. The finished wood, ready to be put together, is first submitted to heat to drive out the moisture, and is then placed in a hot bath composed chiefly of asphalt and carbolic acid. On cooling, the solvent of the asphalt evaporates, leaving a skin or coating of the asphalt on the surface of the wood that resists water and keeps the antiseptic material securely locked within the pores of the wood. The exterior of the wood presents a smooth, black surface that does not need to be painted. The process is about to be tried upon a large scale.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Fickle Mollie.

I THINK all day of Mollie, and I dream of her all night,
Yet I'm never quite contented even when she's in my sight;
For 'tis, "Ah, I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis, "Ah, I love you not!"
Until, pretty, fickle Mollie, I wish you were forgot.

She's a fair and lovely creature, the sweetest of her kind,
If she'd only be consistent, I ne'er a fault could find;
But 'tis, "Ah, I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis, "Ah, I love you not!"
Till I swear, O fickle Mollie, I wish you were forgot.

My heart is tossed this way and that, my feelings ebb and flow,
Till, wild with joy and mad with pain, I know not where to go;
For 'tis still, "I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis still, "I love you not!"
Till I vow that fickle Mollie by me shall be forgot.

Oh! Mollie, Mollie, Mollie love! why will you tease me so?
For you I never can forget, your love can ne'er forego:
And though you love me, Mollie, and though you love me not,
Full well you know, O Mollie dear, you'll never be forgot.

Jennie E. T. Dove.

Sir Jones and his Ride.

SIR JONES he twisted his slight mustache,
And he gazed in the glass with pride,
"And if it were not," he said, "so hot,
I would take her this day to ride;
For she is wealthy and I am poor,
And she is fair to see,
And gayly she laughs at my little jokes,
And sweetly she smiles on me."

Sir Jones he pondered in thoughtful mood,
And he gazed in the mirror still,
Till at last right firmly he upstood,
And he said, "By St. George, I will!
For she hath ducats and I have none,
And she hath a house so brave,
While I in this garret must pine alone,
A woolen-goods-merchant's slave!"

Sir Jones he hired a stately steed,
And a buggy both narrow and high,
And he drove to the lady's door with speed,
And waited for her reply;
For it was a legal holiday,
Yclept the Fourth of July.

The lady graciously said him yea,
And she decked herself in white,
And he lashed the steed, and they went with speed,
Until they were out of sight.
And what he said will never be known,
Nor yet what she replied,
But he brought her back on that self-same track,
From a very short half-hour's ride.

Sir Jones he gazed from his window high,
And his face was sad to see,
And he ground his teeth, that Fourth of July,
Saying, "Curs't shall this holiday be!
Yea, ever henceforth, this Fourth of July
Shall be a black-letter day,
For she said me nay, with scorn in her eye,
And I for the steed and the tall buggy
Must a whole week's salary pay!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

The Tryst.

(PANTOUM.)

SWEET love my willing footsteps led
Upon the brightest morn in May,
And o'er the dewy fields I sped—
A lover, hopeful, young, and gay.

Upon the brightest morn in May,
My love looked o'er the fields for me—
A lover hopeful, young, and gay—
How happy I! How anxious she!

My love looked o'er the fields for me;
I saw her, though she saw me not.
How happy I! How anxious she!
"He must—he cannot—have forgot!"

I saw her though she saw me not.
'Neath shading hand she strained sad eyes.
"He must—he cannot—have forgot!"
A tear has fall'n—she softly sighs!

'Neath shading hand she strained sad eyes.
Afar across the dewy lea
A tear has fall'n—she softly sighs.

"I see him, though he sees not me!"

Afar across the dewy lea
She saw her lover hastening on;
"I see him, though he sees not me!"
She laughed. "I'll hide: he'll think I've gone!"

She saw her lover hastening on.
I knew the spot which held my dear.
She laughed. "I'll hide: he'll think I've gone!"
"In vain thou hidest, I am here!"

I knew the spot which held my dear,
And to her side I quickly flew.
"In vain thou hidest, I am here!"
My heart is fond, my eyes are true!"

And to her side I quickly flew,
And o'er the dewy fields I sped;
"My heart is fond, my eyes are true—
Sweet love my willing footsteps led!"

George Kirkhope.

Old Saws and See-saws.

FROM Eighth street up, from Eighth street down,
This is the manner of this great town:
From Eighth street up, the women are spinning it,
From Eighth street down, the men are earning it,

Borrowing, buying, begging it, lending it.
From Eighth street up, the women are spending it:
'Twill be the manner of this great town
Till Wall street's up and Harlem's down,

Till green grass grows in Tompkins Square,
Till all the L's reduce their fare;
From some street up, the women burning it,
From some street down, the men still earning it;

Father from son, if need be, rendering it,
That daughter and wife may still be spending it.
From Eighth street up, from Eighth street down—
A see-saw rhyme and a see-saw town.

A. E. Watrous.

To a Stolen Fan.

ON this pinion, drooping idly,
Wing of many a lightsome word,
Repartee and murmured answers
Flew to ears that gladly heard;
Now no mistress bids its plying,
Folded like a moth 'tis lying.

Butterfly, no rougher tempest
Than a gale of mirth dost know;
Flutt'ring o'er on balmy breezes,
Hov'ring where her blushes glow,
Lips like flowers to thee confide
Perfumes that thou waifest wide.

Bird of Paradise, when weary
Thou dost brood upon her breast,
Shelt'ring rashly ardent whispers
That too far would leave the nest;
Mak'st thy wings a bridge of sighs,
Or an ambush for her eyes.

See! a message here is written,
Carrier-dove, beneath thy wing,
And a name—not mine—another's!
Vampire bat, 'tis thus I'll fling
From me one whose deadly art
Fanned my cheek and drained my heart!

H. J. B.

The Fair Copy-holder.

VON window frames her like a saint
Within some old cathedral rare;
Perhaps she is not quite so quaint,
And yet I think her full as fair!

All day she scans the written lines,
Until the last dull proof is ended,
Calling the various words and signs
By which each error may be mended.

An interceding angel, she,
'Twixt printing-press and author's pen—
Perhaps she'd find some faults in me!
Say, maiden, can you not read *men*?

Forgive me, gentle girl, but while
You bravely work I've been reflecting
That, somewhere in this world of guile,
There's some one's life needs your correcting.

Methinks 'tis time you learned this art,
Which makes the world's wide page read better;
For love needs proving, heart with heart,
As well as type with written letter.

Charles H. Crandall.

Cabin Love Song.

Oh, listen to me, darkies,
I'll tell you a little story;
'Tis all about my true love,
De Flat Creek mornin'-glory;
She's nice as any jew-drap
Inside de open flower;
She's sof'er dan de moonshine,
An' I lubs her eb'ry hour!

CHORUS—Mag is a sunflower,
Mag is a daisy;
Mag is de very gal
To run a nigger crazy!

Her head is like de full moon,
Her lips is sweet as a cherry;
Her furrud's smooov as a lookin'-glass
An' slick as a huckleberry;
Her face is like a picter,
Her teef is white an' pearly;
Her eye is bright as a lightnin'-bug,
An' her h'ar is 'mazin' curly!

I like to chop de 'backer-patch
Wid Mag right close behind me;
I'd like to be a 'backer-wum
Ef Mag would only find me;
I'd like to be a flock o' sheep
Ef Mag would dribe me 'bout;
I'd like to be a 'tater-slip
Ef Mag would set me out!

I seed her for de fus' time
In thinnin' out de corn;
She made my feelin's flutterate
An' now my heart is gone;
Oh, I lubs her like de mischuf,
I's bound to tell her soon,
An' I'll cote her at de shuckin'
On de changin' ob de moon!

J. A. Macon.

Four Feet on a Fender.

It is anthracite coal, and the fender is low.
Steel-barred is the grate—and the tiles
Hand-painted in figures:—the one at the top
Is a Japanese lady who smiles.
There's an ormolu clock on the mantel; above
Is a masterpiece; *fecit Gérôme*:
On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and
mine,
Trimly shod, in a row, and—at home.

My slippers are broidered of velvet and silk—
The work of her fingers before
We stood at the altar. To have them made up
Cost me just a round five dollars more
Than a new pair had cost at my boot-maker's shop:
But each stitch was a token of love,
And *she* never shall know. Ah, how easy they are
On their perch the steel fender above.

Words fail me to tell of her own. There's a chest
In her father's old garret,—and there,
'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past,
She discovered this ravishing pair.
They are small, trim, and natty; their color is red,
And they each have the funniest heel.
White Balbriggan stockings, high-clocked, underneath,
These *decolleté* slippers reveal.

Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day
They led the old fellow a dance.
They were bought with Virginia tobacco, and came—
Who would guess it?—imported from France.
How odd that yon stern-faced ancestor of mine,
In the earlier days of his life,
Should have loved her who tripped in these red
slippers then—
The young grandmamma of my wife!

The course of some true loves, at least, runs not
smooth;
And I'm glad that 'tis so when I see
The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there,
Which belong to my lady—and me!
Two short months ago in this snug little room
I sat in this soft-cushioned seat;
No companion was near save my pipe. Now, behold
On the polished steel fender four feet!

Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields
To the Moslem—the raptures that thrill
The soul of the Hindu whom Juggernaut takes—
The bliss of Gan-Eden; and still
I'll believe that no gladness which man has con-
ceived
Can compare with the tranquilized state
That springs from two small feet alongside one's
own,
On the fender in front of his grate.

L'ENVOI.

In vain the illusion. The trim feet are gone;—
They pass by my door every day—
Yet they stop not nor tarry, but swiftly pass on—
Nor can I persuade them to stay.
And a bachelor's dreams are but dreams at the best,
Be they never so fond or so sweet.
The anthracite blaze has burned low; and behold
On the fender ~~now~~ lonesome old feet!

A. C. Gordon.

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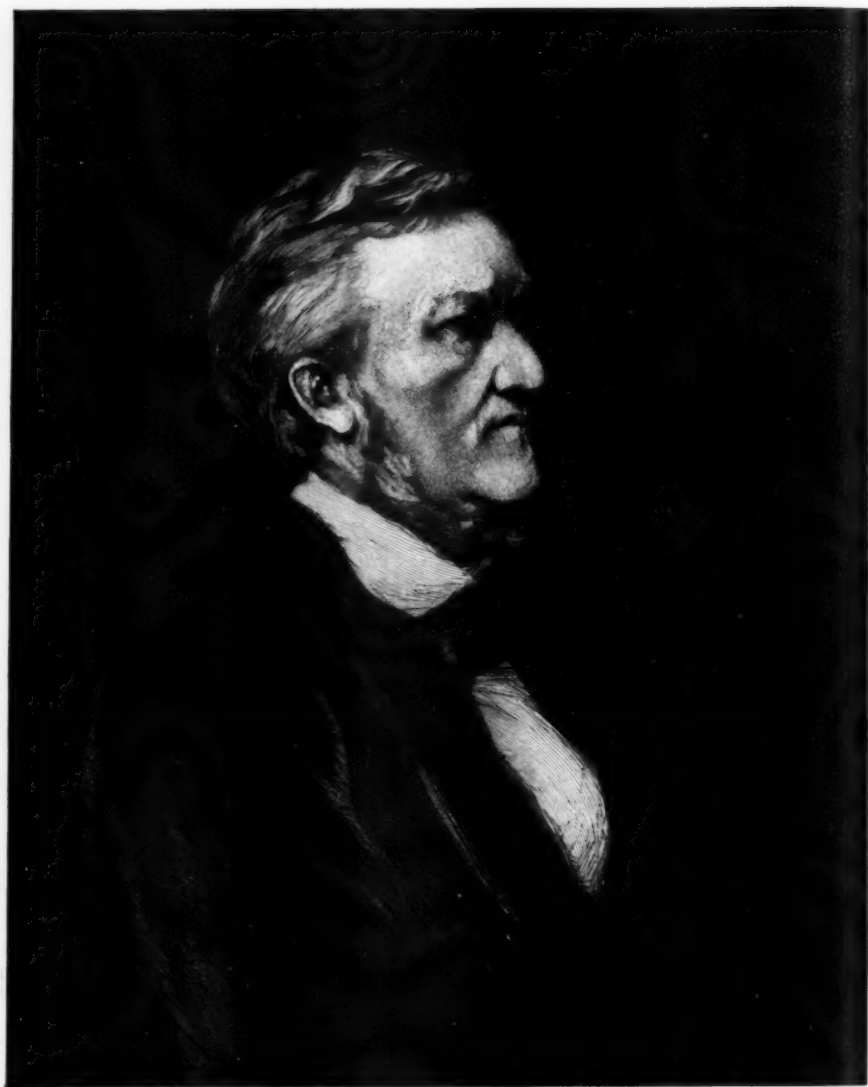
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Robert Wagner.